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# THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT MARRIAGE AND MEDICINE

## *By the Same Author*

THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT DOCTORS
THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT LOVE AND LIFE
THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT BIOGRAPHY
TAKING THE LITERARY PULSE
THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT LITERATURE
IDLING IN ITALY
MY ITALIAN YEAR

# THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT MARRIAGE AND MEDICINE

BY
JOSEPH COLLINS

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# PART ONE
# MARRIAGE

# I

## WOMAN AS WIFE

MARRIAGE is inevitable. For the normal individual it is nearly as inevitable as death. Marriage exists wherever human beings are found and its position in primitive or enlightened people may be considered the most revealing and reliable index of civilization. It has existed since the beginning of the human race and it will endure as long as the race lasts. A small proportion of all mankind is congenitally celibate, and some persons, deluded or illumined, believe they feather their heavenly nests by renouncing marriage. They have the assurance of the organizer of the Christian religion that their conduct is conducive to salvation.

Marriage is legitimate intercourse between man and woman, sacramentized by Church, legalized by State, conventionalized by Society. It is a disciplinary measure devised by God to promote man's self-realization and perpetuation. He created him bigamously and gaited him monogamously. Marriage is motivated by pleasure, profit, desire for progeny and protection, and precipitated by love. Everyone knows what love is but no one can define it. It is popularly called frenzy, but no one has yet defined insanity satisfactorily. It has been said—and truthfully—that love is a physical and mental state during which everything in the mind, heart, and senses is annihilated. In the presence of the one who excites it,

ambition, obligation, past, future, needs and wishes all vanish. Love in the soul is a different thing from love in the body, and love in the mind is different from either. Though we do not know what love is, we know a great deal about it and what we know best of all is that it is evanescent. Body-love is the most transitory; soul-love the most durable.

The individual possessed by what he calls love has less dominion over it than he has over life; when his time comes, he goes no matter how much he wishes and strives to stay; when love's hour expires, it goes. Happily it often returns.

The number who proclaim and who believe in the sacredness of marriage has steadily diminished since the time of Luther and Henry VIII. In Christendom, only conforming members of the Roman Catholic Church maintain that it is holy and forever indissoluble. In Israel, though it is still a consecration, a representation of union with Jehovah, it is, and always has been severable. The State concerns itself with marriage to insure the economic rights and relations of those who contract it and their issue. Once woman had no part in the State and only through marriage did she become a member of it. The State has progressively given woman the same rights as man and, it follows, must give her the same protection. To the State, marriage is a going concern that needs direction and administration. It is with marriage as a convention that the world is now concerned.

When we are told that marriage is daily becoming less stable, less successful, it is marriage as a physical and psychological relationship, marriage as a fulfilment that is meant. La Rochefoucauld said, "There are some

good marriages, but none that affords many delights." It is because no one believes that statement that marriage has acquired such a bad name. Whence the belief that marriage affords many delights no one knows, but it is a constant accompaniment of youth. Parents, poets, and priests connive to perpetuate the delusion and unite to broadcast it. Each one has to find out for himself; when he does he often shouts it from the housetops and frequently invokes the law to free him from his bondage.

It is widely proclaimed that marriage is a failure and that if it is to function in the future, it must be reformed. It is only relatively a failure. It does not come up to expectations; that is not the fault of the institution, it is the fault of the individual. He must undergo reformation, and like all reforms his must be based upon enlightenment. When the reform has been effected, doubtless marriage will have a less important place than it has had in the structure of society and community; as an institution it will suffer, as a personal relationship it will prosper but it will remain the best system known for carrying out the common life. The enlightenment that one who is determined to make marriage successful must have is knowledge of self. Should he have to rely upon his own effort to get this, he runs the risk of marrying before he can accomplish it. Selfishness is the great wrecker of matrimony, self-control the great welder.

Parents and teachers must charge themselves with the task of enlightenment. Were parents fully to discharge their duties to their children, and were teachers intelligently to supplement them, neither unhappiness nor disease would stalk us as they do to-day.

The sense of inferiority is responsible for immeasurable misery, and the personality deformities which it

causes are most disfiguring, yet little is done in nursery or school to eradicate it when the roots are still short and slender. Intelligent, understanding parents and emancipated, observant teachers could easily supplant with fact the delusion upon which it is based. Had Ibsen's parents known how to inform and orient their son in the formative years of his childhood following the sale of his father's property to pacify his creditors, he never would have cut the grotesque figure he did, so at variance with his genius.

In view of the fact that the matrimonial ship has gone on the rocks innumerable times, it is astonishing that experienced pilots do not endeavour to chart a safe course for those who are determined to sail their own ships. It is equally astonishing that those seeking to reform marriage do not see that what is needed is to humanize and civilize it. Children and young adults are vouchsafed no information by their parents about matrimony. They have to learn to play the most difficult of all games without the smallest instruction. It is within the province of parents to pass judgment upon the partner that their child selects, and not only to shape his determination to wed or not to wed a certain person, but to share with him the essence of their experience.

We take infinite pains to apprise our young of the peril of polluted water; the danger of wounds made by rusty implements; the hazard of neglected colds; the peril of contact with fly and mosquito—but we let them undertake the great venture of life without warning or information.

Our country is so beholden to its theoretical freedom and supposed liberty of action that it would seem like

high treason against the nation to advocate the possible advantages of letting parents choose a husband for their daughter. The measure might promote some degree of tyranny, but it would probably diminish the number of disasters. The judgment and experience of parents should enable them to estimate the qualities required for an ideal *paterfamilias*, and to recognize them in their prospective son-in-law. Where the young woman would hope for pleasure, the parents would see stability and common sense; where physicial charm would be irresistible to her, they would expect moral standing.

The disadvantage of a choice made by the parents is, as the French custom has proved, that they are more anxious to secure the material future of their daughters than individual happiness leading to self-realization; they are more attracted to financial prosperity and social position than to ultimate success and latent achievement; they want to "do well" by their child and in their over-anxiety they are apt to forget that sometimes two birds in the bush are better than one in the hand. And then, there is the quasi-certainty that daughters would not accept parental verdict. There, again, enlightenment given to children from infancy would prove invaluable. Children who have never detected their parents in an untruth or in an evasion are more willing to abide by their judgment when important decisions are to be made. Granted, however, that the individual must choose for himself, what follows?

Anyone setting out upon a journey whose roadway leads through stretches of Cimmerian darkness and alternating hill and hollow, would be likely to provide himself with some means of illumination and some accessory to strength if he had received credible warn-

ing. That is, he would do so were he sane. The chances are also that the traveller would have a definite goal in mind, would know where he wanted to land, why, and what he would do after he got there. Many people who set out on the long journey of matrimony, studded as it is with hardships, pits, and abysses, seldom prepare for rough going and inclement weather; they are not attired suitably for possible mishaps, and they invest only in parasols that prove inadequate when rain and hail are encountered. Poor equipment and lack of preparedness are the crux of the whole matter.

Boys and girls should be warned by their parents that a time will come in their lives, many times possibly, when they will be seized by a frenzy that will not only destroy their perspective, pervert their reason, and warp their judgment, but will make them immune to counsel and rebellious to direction. And this will seem all the more justifiable to them because they will be obeying one of nature's constant clamours, the need of companionship, the urge to live in couples, which is carried through practically all higher living organisms.

Should a person determined to marry display similar foresight and make preparation equal to that made by Commander Byrd before setting out for the South Pole, his marriage might be an epochal success.

It is too much to expect that a youth shall be so prudent and forehanded as to select his life partner because of physical possession or mental quality which might balance, harmonize, or compensate his own, but it is not too much to expect that he give attentive hearing when he is warned that what he is one day going to call love is not durable, that it comes and goes like the wind blowing where it listeth.

Love he comes, and love he tarries,
Just as fate or fancy carries.
Longest stays when sorest chidden,
Laughs and flees when press'd and bidden.

Bind the odour to the lily,
Bid the sea to slumber stilly,
Bid the aspen ne'er to quiver . . .
Then, bid love to last forever.

Could youth be convinced also that pulchritude is a poor marriage mediator, there would be fewer partnerships based on a passing fancy, and more planned for a lifetime. Beauty concentrates erotic attention as the burning glass concentrates heat rays. It is the best matrimonial bait, and although one does not marry for beauty, pretty girls have more offers of marriage than plain ones; and strong-looking, handsome men are accepted with greater alacrity than feeble, ugly ones. Incidentally, the determination of modern woman, in view of all this, to divest herself of adornments given her by nature, and to substitute others provided by art, is beyond comprehension. Her hair, even though it be her one asset of beauty, she cuts, and her legs, though they are patterned after the spindle or the piano, she displays; her consuming ambition is to have a boy-like bosom, eel-shaped abdomen, and snake-like hips. When she succeeds and is shorn, she is as far removed from the ideal of feminine beauty that seems to have existed since mythological times as it is possible for her to be unless she should scar or deform herself. She says the ideal of bodily beauty is subject to variations similar to that in other fields of esthetics, and that she merely expresses the most recent one, which has the double advantage of harmonizing with comfort and promoting health.

It is a noteworthy coincidence that the new ideal and this country's most thriving institution *de luxe*, the beauty parlour, developed simultaneously.

But what we should say to those whom we are ambitious to orient in matrimony is that bodily harmony, let us say, instead of beauty, is more often associated with mental harmony and emotional equanimity than ugliness or somatic disharmony are. The ugliest people in the world are to be found in institutions for the feeble-minded and asylums for the insane, and in prisons for degenerate criminals. This means that an unbalanced mental organization often goes with disharmonious physical structure.

It would make tremendously for the stabilization of marriage were we able to convey to youth before it is seized by love something of what is known by biologists and physicians concerning temperament. A man who marries a woman with a temperament entirely dissimilar from his own is riding for a fall. A sensitive, idealistic woman, on the other hand, who marries a realistic, deep-chested man with a sense of humour will have a more satisfying life journey than she would have should she marry a man of her own type, for in this instance they complement one another. Husband and wife must have points of contact on their spiritual horizon; they should be of the same cloth, but not of the same pattern.

Strangely enough, dissimilars attract one another. A sociable, jolly man, subject to emotional fluctuation, is intrigued by the dignified, sedate, self-contained woman. It is one of nature's adroit ways of improving or benefiting the race; it is one of man's instinctive reactions. It, plus some mysterious emanation of sex nature, is the explanation of love at first sight. Dissimilarity of

temperament makes for better progeny but for less durable matrimony. It is the explanation of the success of so many love-children, so-called. It would be difficult to find a better example of dissimilarity of temperament than the parents of Leonardo da Vinci, the most many-sided genius the world has ever known. His father was a man of education, a gentlemen. His mother was illiterate and a peasant. When the dissimilarity is not profound, that is when the temperaments are not antipodal, when one mortises readily into the other, or supplements it and complements it, the partnership is often as successful as a partnership should be. Dissimilar temperaments generate tempestuous matrimonial storms, but healthful calm and hedonic sunshine always follow. Similar temperaments generate a heavy, still atmosphere difficult to breathe and subversive of effort. Draughts and temperature variations are as essential to bodily health as psychological irritation and repulsion are to mental health. But there are extremes of heat and cold that are prejudicial to health and there are emotional stresses and spiritual strifes that are destructive of happiness. There are many gradations of calm, the greatest of them is death.

Everyone understands what is meant by the term, consummation of marriage. It was always proper to admit that we knew it, never proper to discuss it. Fortunately the latter practice has now become proper and profitable. Once it became clear that unhappiness and ill-health stood in direct relationship to our treatment of the sex instinct, the wall of silence was scaled.

Matrimonial harmony is more dependent upon the sexual gait of the partners than upon their tempera-

ments and less dependent upon love than is universally admitted. It is one of the mistakes made by men and women to believe that marriage has much to do with love. The best they should hope for is that love and marriage may sometimes coincide, but it is as rational to love someone with no thought of marriage and no desire for it, as to marry without feeling toward one's partner the ecstasy we are wont to associate with love.

Among the many delusions that man cherishes, the most grotesque is that woman as wife has a low sex-coefficient, as mistress a high one. The one great difference between the love of a wife and that of a mistress—and even this is a rule with many exceptions—is that there enters more maternal affection in the former, more sexual attraction in the latter. A wife wants to protect her husband as she would a child, and her desire for a child increases her love. A mistress is often seeking protection and is generally unwilling to become a mother; her love, perforce, is more limited; it is restricted to the man as man, not as an enlarged edition of an infant.

To illustrate my contention that the satisfaction of desire is as necessary to the wife as the mistress, I shall cite a case which recently came to my notice. I was consulted by a young woman who was disturbed because supreme intimacy with her husband had lost its pleasure. She was apprehensive lest it meant that love for him was going also and, realizing that her nature was one that demanded love, she sought to keep what had been given to her which she had found most satisfactory. Her husband, college-bred and a man of parts, expressed the greatest astonishment when I pointed out to him that he was not giving the right interpretation

to the rôle of husband or playing it properly. He did not know, he averred, that nice women experienced pleasure similar to that which he sought and found in conjugality. When I made clear to him that man loves because he desires and woman desires because she loves, and that success in marriage means mutual gratification of desire, a bright light was thrown upon his uxorial pathway. I suggested to him that he commit to memory a few lines that Iago's wife spoke to Desdemona:

> "Let husbands know
> Their wives have sense like them: they see and smell
> And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
> As husbands have. What is it that they do
> When they change us for others? Is it sport?
> I think it is: and doth affection breed it?
> I think it doth: is't frailty that thus errs?
> It is so too: and have not we affections,
> Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
> Then let them use us well: else let them know,
> The ills we do, their ills instruct us so."

From time immemorial, it has been held that men and women are dissimilar and tanks of ink have been spilled describing their structural and functional difference. There *is* one fundamental difference: each secretes a particular *gene*, the technical name of the heredity element, and these genes are not only structurally but functionally unlike; one is all action, the other all repose; one pursues, the other waits; one gives, the other receives. The two sexes differ only in so far as the common racial characters are held in abeyance or modified by the functional characters of each sex. The essential thing to remember is that every individual is both man and woman; in reality, this is

well known, for we speak of masculine women and feminine man and we say so-and-so is one-hundred-per-cent man or woman; but what we do not realize is that the factors of the masculine and feminine are actually imbedded in each individual, nor are we aware of the fact that a man may be masculine physically and not mentally or emotionally, and vice versa. The intensely masculine and feminine individual attracts the opposite sex powerfully, but often disappointingly when it is found that the mental sex-index does not square with the physical. There are many causes of misery-marriages but the most important is sexual unadaptability. A man whose mental sexual character is frigid is driven to drink and despair by the erotic ardency of his wife, while the frigid wife finds the love-making of a concupiscent husband tolerable only by setting her teeth and reciting poetry to herself.

One of the difficulties in writing about marriage is properly to evaluate that which is called in English the marital relationship and in French love-making. One thing is well known and that is that the foundation of the mansion of matrimony is often built on quicksand which begins to move during the wedding night.

Human beings vary so in their sex appetencies and capacities. What is normal for one is grossly abnormal for another. There is probably an average but no one knows what it is, and it fluctuates at various periods of life. It is generally assumed that sex activity is at its summit in the third decade of life and that thereafter there is a steady decline. A gifted biologist and trustworthy biometrician, Dr. Raymond Pearl, has made investigations that seem to show that with unrestricted legitimate opportunity, the peak of sex activity occurs

prior to the age of twenty and that men who marry young, that is before twenty, exhibit throughout life a higher degree of sexual activity than men who marry between twenty and twenty-four.

Another thing that is known about the marital relationship is that there are times when it attracts women, times when it repels them, and times when they are quite indifferent. With men it has no relation to time. The person who will not recognize or heed this situation is like the aviator who disregards weather signals and spurns the coöperation of meteorologists.

Again, the reactions of love-making are very different in men and women. Man's love burns more fiercely before and during conjugality, woman's after. Man is grateful to the woman who yields, woman to the man when she has yielded.

Sex plays a major rôle in the life of some, a minor one in the life of others. When players discuss the relative importance of the rôles, there is often little agreement. An opinion based on the representations of drama and fiction would probably be erroneous, but one more consonant with reality may be formed from a neurologist's lifetime contact with men and women. My opinion, thus based, is that the sexual relation of man and wife is the keystone of the matrimonial arch, the kelson of the ship of marriage.

And then, there enters into the problem the important element of individual tastes. It may be too broad a statement to assert that to the average young man, a woman is a woman whether or not he is in love with her, admires her, respects her; and it may be giving too much credit to the finesse of the average woman to maintain that, for her, love is the essential element of

desire; but the probable truth is that, to a woman, conjugality depends for its pleasure upon the individual. She may have neither pleasure nor satisfaction with one, and find in another all that she requires of both; whereas the young man who does not experience physical flutter at the sight of an attractive woman is rare. So when one speaks of the frigidity of some women, it might be more reasonable and harmonious with fact to inquire whether what passes for such is not an unfortunate ill-mating rather than an emotional hiatus.

Of the hundreds of cases of matrimonial discord available to illustrate that lack of sex appeal is the greatest foe to marriage, I select the case of a man who had made his way rapidly from farm boy to college professor. Without advantage of name, friend, or finance he had become, while still a young man, well known to educators, and in a measure to the public throughout the country. His ambition to succeed had restrained him from marrying. Among the students he found in his classes when he was thirty-four years old, was a young Norwegian woman who had broken away from the trammels of small aristocracy and come to this country to fit herself for a career in philology. Her industry and seriousness quickly gained for her the professor's attention and before the year was ended those qualities, fortified by beauty of body and sympathy of mind, secured his friendship. She returned to her native land in the summer and they corresponded. Then a letter came saying that headaches from which she suffered were dependent upon eyestrain and that the eminent specialist of Copenhagen to whom the family physician had sent her advised that she abandon all literary work for at least a year and give herself over to certain exercises

that would effect balance of the eye muscles. In writing this, she revealed to the professor what Charlotte Brontë revealed in one of the letters she wrote to the director of the pensionnat in Brussels, all of which letters are now in the British Museum.

Her predicament moved the professor's compassion, her revelation of love quickened his emotion and, recalling her beauty, charm, and intelligence, the instinct which he had left uncoördinated with his other instincts and activities took him in hand and he wrote and proposed marriage. She accepted by cable. During the following Christmas holidays he went to Norway, they married, and immediately set out homeward.

There had been no real love-making. Though that which is called "petting" was doubtless known then, it had not yet achieved the tremendous popularity which it has to-day. They spent the wedding-night in Christiana, but she was virginal when they boarded the steamer at Kristiansand and even when it arrived at Hull, for the crossing was rough. They stayed in London a few days and there she became his *de facto* wife. She had been without experience but the professor's outlawed instinct had often swayed him powerfully. Although of unusual intelligence and capable of quickly arousing the interest and admiration of women he admitted that he knew little about their amorous needs, how to develop or shape them. He had no idea that often individual effort must connive with propitious circumstance to secure the coöperation of the partner, and he admitted that he had not made such effort.

The professor took her to his home, a small comfortable house in the suburbs, which he administered with

one servant, and the young wife elected to use the guest room for her bedroom. Her husband visited her there with diminishing frequency. And the winter passed. In the Easter holidays he went to Atlantic City. She pleaded engrossment with changes in the house which could best be made were he away and did not accompany him. The evening he returned, he found this note on his bureau:

DARLING CLAUDE:

You have no idea how glad I am to have you back. I have missed you every moment you have been gone and I shall never let you go away without me again. I want you to promise me something. When you come to-night, I want you just to hold me a long time. It will give me a feeling that I can not describe, one of peace, serenity, and satiety sprinkled with voluptuousness too. It is the pattern of the feeling Dostoevsky used to have before an epileptic attack, I am sure.

You know, I have been thinking a lot about marriage this past week. My idea of the perfect marriage would be to live with you, just as a brother would live with a sister. How proud I should be of you and how I should thrill when I heard you praised and exult when every honour came.

When the call comes for you to be president of some university—it is bound to come, you know—my one determination will be to keep you from every distracting contact so that you may give yourself, with your energies undiminished, to your great work. Claude, you little know how proud I am of you, how I love you. Next to God, I believe in you. I want to help you and I want above everything to be your wife. But can't it be the way I want? The other is such a bore, and it does not mean anything anyway, unless you want children and you have said we cannot afford to have any until you get a larger salary or your book is published.

Be good to me, my man, and I'll help you, O so much, with the book this summer. Come to me, Claude, but remember—and don't say a word about this letter—just hold me.

I had noted in the club where I dined in the summer that the professor was there with increasing frequency, and that he was changed. It did not require a professional eye to see that he was preoccupied, irritable,

unsocial, and that he wore a harassed expression, a haunted look. His manner was changed as well.

When he said he would like to consult me, I thought he was apprehensive of some insidious disease. His complaint the next day was of symptoms commonly called nervous: lassitude, irritability, inability either to concentrate or to sustain thought, disordered sleep and digestion, rising dissatisfaction with himself and with the world, and increasing conviction that he was finished.

Not a word about his matrimonial infelicity did he vouchsafe until questioned, and even then not the kernel of it. Finally, I said to him that in the absence of all attributable cause, and all evidence of disease other than disturbance of function, the only explanation of his condition was that it was of mental origin and I suggested that his wife come to see me. Even that did not pry his secret.

With her, I took a different tack. She told me the whole story of her amorous life. Her father had been her ideal as a young girl and her brother as a mature girl. Until she had come under the daily influence of her husband, who intellectually and physically reminded her of her brother and who had hands like his and many of his mannerisms, she had never been in love with any man save her father and brother. A few days later, the professor told me the whole story. It tallied with the one his wife had told. There were no recriminations, and they were divorced and she lived happily ever after with another husband, or as happily as a person who is the cause of such calamity and disaster can be.

She must have been a different kind of wife to her second husband, for I frequently see her in the Park,

or on the Avenue, with two fine looking children, about thirteen and ten years old. It was just before the War that I helped them disentangle their matrimonial skein, the War to which the professor's life was sacrificed soon after his country entered it.

Obviously the lady had found the right church, but had entirely mistaken the pew. It was to her credit that she was affable and polite to the usher who apprised her, and even more to her credit that she went a second time to the same church and got in the right pew.

Had the professor laboured to teach his wife the arts of love with the same facility and industry that he taught his students the arts of literature he might have rivalled Metchnikoff as a husband. Poor deluded creature, he believed, like Anatole France, that sex should be left to live an independent life; that it need not be coördinated with all one's activities, whether they be those of the spirit or of the flesh. It can be so treated or maltreated, of course, but the results are often disastrous.

In view of such cases as this, and there are countless similar ones, it is neither legitimate nor reasonable to expect that marriage will be more successful to-morrow than it is to-day unless we see its basic relation in the right light. Fortunately, we have grown too enlightened to find it necessary to consider the relation of the sex instinct and its indulgence to sin, yet it is that consideration from which most of the mischief has flowed. We should be profoundly beholden to the oracle who could explain why we were created capable of creating, and endowed with a lust to create, and at the same time taught to believe that it is a sin to create, save under conditions and restrictions framed by pietist and

pharisee; why all discussion of or reference to this power has been taboo save *in camera;* and why what is vice in one enlightened nation is virtue in another.

Marriage is an art. It is the only art in which one is expected to become proficient without having received any instruction. This is preposterous. Yet, how can it be taught? It cannot be taught but it can be learned. The facts upon which it is based can be and should be placed before every human being during the years when nature is preparing the individual to practise the art. And it is quite as essential to place before him the fictions of marriage as well. The conditions under which it has been practised successfully should be pointed out; and likewise those that are almost certain to entail failure.

The first and most vital thing for those who would marry is to understand that they are marrying a human being, not a god, and that human beings always recognize the frailties of others, rarely their own. No power can make them believe this if they are told it while they are in love; like every information about marriage, it must be given them before. The time to begin telling them is when they are children, and the place, the home.

The next thing they should be told is that the qualities to seek in a partner are health and character, not beauty and passion. Finally, they should be told that it is not true that marriage makes two people one. From the biological standpoint its chief purpose is the creation of individuals, but from the psychological standpoint it has many others. Psychology recognizes that the sexual instinct is the fundamental physical basis for states of mind that influence the lives and condition the activities of every normal man and woman. It plays an

important rôle in the social, psychic, and esthetic life of every individual. Marriage permits the activity of this instinct and legitimizes its integration with the life of the possessor. That is one of the prerogatives of matrimony. Marriage should create individuals, but it should respect and foster individuality. The regret is that it does the reverse.

Were married people to appreciate the necessities of individuality and recognize its rights, the graph of divorces would soon take a downward trend. So long as man testifies with speech and conduct that woman is his chattel in any way, manner, or form, marriage is bound to be a failure. Man is superior to woman in some ways, inferior in others. They both have rights, the same rights, and the more they are respected the less friction and fight will ensue.

Probably not one person in a hundred tells his chosen partner of the limitations, motivations, and personality peculiarities which he knows he has, nor does he make much effort to learn the habits, tastes, and aspirations of the one he seeks to marry. It has been said that in all the professions everyone affects a particular look and exterior in order to appear what he wishes to be thought; therefore it is probably too much to ask the man or woman in love not to do the same thing. Yet spiritual congeniality is as essential to successful marriage as corporeal sympathy. The woman who finds pleasure and profit from books and the theatre is unlikely to do good teamwork with a man who hates books and likes prizefights.

While I am writing these lines, a man asks me to counsel him whether he should try to get his wife to return to his bed and board. She had been a wage earner

before he married her and he had believed their marriage fairly successful until he received a letter from her written in the city of her parents where she was visiting. It stated plainly that her love for him had gone and that she did not believe it right or decent to live with a man she neither loved nor respected. Then she went on to say that everything he did offended her and everything she did angered him; that she had never been able to make her valuation of him equal to his own; that he insisted upon being treated as a sensitive man while treating her as a person without feeling; that a servant for whom he had no more consideration or courtesy would not remain with him a day though she were paid for staying; that she did not like his friends and he was never civil to hers, that their conversation consisted of censure, disapprobation, and disparagement, that they had but one participation in common which was pleasurable to him and galling to her and she "guessed" she would not go back. It seemed to me a good guess. The friend who brought him to me said he had known him from boyhood; that he was amiable, kindly, generous, sociable, easy-going, and that he did not patronize bootleggers. Had he been to his wife what he was to his friend, she would probably not have left him.

So many women marry with the mistaken notion that they can cure their husbands of swearing, whistling in the bath, or attempting to kiss them with a cigar in the mouth, or other defects less annoying, perhaps, but more censurable, such as drinking, gambling, and philandering. The time to cure them is before they marry, and they should be warned that a relapse is almost sure to occur.

It should be possible to find out the habits, tastes and

inclinations, speculations, diversions, ideals, points of view, beliefs, of those with whom we hope to live peacefully, pleasurably, and profitably all our lives. But, if my observations and annotations are to be relied upon, it is rarely done. I am obliged to say again, though it is like the refrain of a song, that when it is done, it usually has no effect because of the enamoured one's mental state.

Women have a reputation for being impulsive, unreasoning, vacillating, fickle. I have known many who were not. Among them was one who in her twenty-fifth year decided to marry a foreigner. After having exhausted all means of marital adjustment available, they were divorced. Though she is neither in love nor planning to marry, she has qualities of mind and body that attract men, and curious to know what she learned of matrimony from her experience, I recently asked her what would be her requirements in selecting a husband. In substance this is what she said.

"When I married, I must have been in love with my husband; all the reasons I have since been able to suggest to myself for having been led to utter the binding 'yes' I now realize to be what you call rationalization, an attempt to convince myself that I was not so blind as time has shown I was. If I could convince myself that I never endowed my husband-to-be with the heroic qualities and conspicuous charm that would have made him less than a man and more than a god; that I was fully aware of his faults and shortcomings, I might carry the burden of my mistake with a lighter heart. But there is no denying that I believed him to be a lively personification of most of the virtues and all of the qualities that women admire in men: that he was brave and chivalrous, kind and generous, truthful and skillful,

ardent and lovable, and that he combined qualities of mind with adornments of spirit. I gave little thought to the monotony of life in common, to the varnish which courtship inevitably spreads over the personality of the hero, and I know that, had I been told my future husband was neither better nor worse than almost any other individual I might have picked, that he would be as prompt to see, admire, and pay court to the charm of other women as he was to see, admire, and pay court to mine; that his courage was indeed as real as I thought but of remarkable little value in conjugal life; that his kindness was more a manifestation of indolence of mind than generosity of heart; that he would find it easier to smile and forgive than to correct and resent, and that there might come a time when the ardency of his love would pall on me and make of marriage the least desirable of social states, I would neither have lent ear to it nor would I have taken a single step to convince myself of the truth of any judgment but mine. I was blind and did not know it, and would not have known it had it been proven to me seventy times seven.

"And now that the mistake has been made and corrected, so far as it can be, the scar to my *amour-propre* is no longer vivid red but a pale pinkish discoloration, and as life and its opportunities unfold themselves to me, I am not sure of what I should do were I confronted with an offer of marriage; but I know definitely a number of things that I would not do, and one of them would be, regardless of what society and family might think, that I would *not* marry a man whose life I had not shared and in whose intimacy I had not lived for a period of time before engaging myself to him. And this does not mean trial marriage or legalized union with

ties not as eternally binding as those of the Church; it means exactly what it implies: living in the intimacy of a man whose wife I was not ready to be. A number of objections may be made to such a course, one of the most unanswerable being its unpracticality. There might be scores of reasons why such an experiment could not be carried out with any degree of comfort. But when one is determined and wisely cautious, one must find a way for the will. If the man whose life I would consider sharing legally thought it so brazen on my part that his respect for me were lost, then the question would be settled without experiment.

"It is generally admitted that differences in temperament are desirable in marriage, and wisely so. Two hot-headed temperaments would last together about as long as rose petals remained unwrinkled. But no matter how different temperaments may be, for matrimony to be successful, tastes must be similar, inclinations lead toward a common goal, and if hobbies are different at least essential interests must be congenial.

"No one can say unerringly what another person's tastes, hobbies, inclinations, and manners are until he has shared that person's bed and board. Even then he may never, or not for many years, be entirely revealed, but at least one who sees a potential life partner before breakfast and after tea, on days when success has been liberal and on nights when headaches are troublesome, in sunshine and in snow, in moments of nervousness and in weeks of distress, may form a reliable picture of his personality. Unless such an experiment be tried, an opinion can be based only on what the person himself tells, and the way in which he behaves at times when he himself chooses to be seen.

"Amateurs of painting who buy pictures to decorate their homes are advised to ask themselves this question, before purchasing, Can I stand looking at this picture on my bedroom wall, every day of my life? and buy according to the answer. I used to believe it would be wise, before accepting a husband, to ask oneself the same question and act accordingly. But now the question is changed, Shall I go mad if I don't see this man three times a day across the dining-room table, and in my bedroom three hundred and sixty-five nights a year? The answer is habitually, No, I shall not. . . . But then one may compromise with oneself.

"I suppose the experiment I have in mind is really easier of performance by a woman who has already been married, whether widowed or divorced, than by a woman who has always been single. Why? Perhaps because after a woman has been married she never again feels quite so bound by convention, and she has no longer that overwhelming conviction that what she does matters much or that she has a reputation to make and keep. And therein lies the salvation. Let young girls and single women marry according to the old law and rule, and find themselves either in a land where dreams are reality and happiness present at every turn, or discover that they are married to ordinary men and would be wise to forget their heroic ideals and remain married. But let those who are attempting it for the second time carry it out on an experimental basis first and earn for themselves the reputation of gaining wisdom by experience."

If this woman, who is now in the forties, and who probably begins to feel keenly the need of man-companionship, had been properly instructed and care-

fully oriented, her matrimonial venture might have succeeded. But she was educated in a convent, her home atmosphere was one of luxury, she was brought out in artificiality and kept from the realities of life and its responsibilities. She married a man who was insensitive to reality and indifferent to responsibility. No wonder they could not do teamwork. It was as impossible for this couple to amalgamate as it was for Denise and Horace, whose infelicities are so graphically and masterfully portrayed in *November Night*, one of the best novels of the year.

Not many years ago a man asked me to coöperate with him to inform and orient his brother who had announced his intention to marry a woman who had a career in an old profession and was striving for one in a new. It so happened that one of her previous husbands was my friend and that I knew his brother had gathered affidavits and documented an enormous amount of evidence so damaging to the lady's reputation that it might truthfully be said that she had a "past." It was submitted to the wooer. His comment was, "I don't believe a word of it. I know she is a pure, noble woman who has been maligned and betrayed." However, that did not prevent her from taking her lover on the honeymoon trip! Even then her spouse was not convinced that she was not lily white and gold pure. She scaled his eyes finally and also depleted his purse.

It may be that present-day mothers do attempt to tell their daughters something about the consummation of matrimony, but mothers of previous generations did not. Though so many of them realized that their own lives had been sterilized by their ignorance and awkwardness, conjoined with the rapacity and stupidity of

their husbands, few were determined that their daughters should profit by their experience. Mothers by and large have limited their admonition, advice, and instruction of the entailments of matrimony to a few generalizations, and to the men who marry their daughters they merely say: "You will be kind to my child, won't you?" which is a lady-like way of saying that he shall not possess her by force.

The confidence women granted me most frequently in my professional life is that when they married, they were absolutely ignorant of all matters pertaining to the genesic instinct, its potentialities and peculiarities, and that they did not know it was susceptible of development and discipline or that it could be blighted. Those were the days when ignorance was called innocence. Mothers now frequently tell me that their daughters' knowledge of such matters is so comprehensive as to give them concern and they wonder where and how they acquired it. I am convinced that it is not from experience. It is an integral part of the movement that was initiated, or at least given impetus, by an English governess, Mary Wollstonecraft and which was called "Suffragism," now "Feminism." Her wish was "to see women neither heroines nor brutes, but reasonable creatures."

The wish has not been fully granted but all signs and portents indicate that one day it will be. Perhaps there is nothing that can deliver them over to reasonableness more directly and expeditiously than knowledge of the most marvellous thing in the world, their own biology, their sex dynamo, its potentialities and uses, and how to run it. Were I president of a college for women, I should abolish it, and if my trustees blocked my determination,

I should have the students taught only three things: biology, logic, and folk-lore. Poetry and mathematics, biography and history would not be "verboten" nor would any of them be "required." If this plan found disfavour, I should discharge my trustees, and if they would not go, I would.

Fathers do not give their sons any instruction about the essential marital relation. They just let them muddle through. Their excuse is that they do not know how to tell it and they are convinced it is not nice to tell it. They might, however, tell their sons planning to cross the matrimonial threshold that they are about to start playing a game that requires two players both of whom must participate if they are to have equal keenness for the game and share in the pleasure and benefit more or less equally. It is because the wife not only gets no pleasure from playing it, but oftentimes pain, that so many of them are reluctant to continue the game after they have taken it up. It is only the most callous and insensitive player who insists on playing tennis after it has been shown conclusively that he cannot acquire a stroke.

Enlightenment and common sense are the solvents of the matrimonial problem. The man has the whip hand in matrimony. He may seek and get enlightenment about a feature of it which everyone admits is the most important, without cost of moral reputation or social position. Therefore, it is incumbent upon him to enlighten the woman who marries him. The most abyssal ignorance I have encountered in my life is the ignorance of man about the sex nature and needs of women. If he gave a tithe of the time and intelligence to them that he gives to learning and playing golf, he

would soon cease to be the love-duffer that he now is.

The object and aim of life is self-realization. It is as true of women as of men, and one must have freedom to achieve it. One of the troubles with marriage is that it still retains the tradition that woman is the glory of man and that she was created for him. Once that tradition disappears marriage will prosper, providing as much common sense is brought to bear upon it as is brought to business.

There are some husbands and wives who should live apart most of the time, and all should live apart some of the time. The number of people who can survive the double bed at night and three meals together in the day without wishing to die or clamouring for divorce must be very small.

When a jockey is determined to win a race he gives a lot of attention to getting a good start. Contestants in the matrimonial race would win more frequently if the jockeys strove for place more skillfully.

The best lubricant for the wheels of the matrimonial chariot is commendation; the most efficient brake is condemnation; the most effective shock absorber is concession. The occupants should always bear in mind that the desire to merit praise fortifies virtue.

Matrimony is the best game in the world. It is the sheerest stupidity to say that it will be superseded. Some cannot learn to play it; others play it indifferently. That is no reason why experts should abandon it, or duffers should not try to become pundits. Like many other games it has been much improved, but it still needs improvement.

Hurling brickbats at marriage is quite the thing to do now. It is high time someone began to throw bou-

quets. Marriage is the most sanitary disciplinary measure available to man. It is the safest and surest way of satisfying the sociability or herd-urge existent in every human being; whether it be a product of social or of organic evolution does not here concern us. It is of biological significance approaching in importance that of the primary instincts of hunger and sex.

Marriage is to loneliness what religion is to doubt and fear, its most implacable enemy. It is the most powerful antidote to selfishness that we have, and with its entailment of parenthood it builds character by thrusting responsibility on the partners as nothing else does.

It is the best cure known for the disease called "quest of love" which everyone contracts and to which so many succumb. It is not a sure cure, but it never fails to alleviate. There is nothing "just as good." Those who offer something in its place should be distrusted.

The man who will treat his wife courteously and considerately, and the wife who will keep a cricket on the hearth instead of a critic need not hesitate to marry.

There is no form of association into which man can enter without sacrificing some personal liberty. The matrimonial association demands more perhaps than any other. Those who are not prepared to make it, those who are not willing to surrender some personal freedom, should not marry.

The unforgivable sin of matrimony is to hamper and obstruct the self-realization of the partner.

The civil warfare of marriage should be replaced by revolution which will destroy every vestige of privilege and tyranny. What those who would marry need is enlightenment; those who are married need it more.

## II

### WOMAN AS MAN'S COMPANION

THERE are a few truths about marriage that are universally admitted: that it is venerable, vulnerable, inevitable are some of them. Nearly everyone wants to marry and most everyone succeeds. Perhaps it would be no exaggeration to say that all those who do so wish at one time or another that they had not. This regret may be transitory or it may lead to the divorce court. The number of married persons who are seized with the permanent variety of dissatisfaction grows greater every year in this country. One out of every eight marriages is now dissolved by the courts. In the past fifty years the divorce rate has increased nearly 350 per cent. The Church, of every stripe and label, is alarmed; individuals and organizations devoted to man's welfare and the country's reputation are concerned. Men and women who feel it a privilege and a duty to live harmoniously with the conventions and ethics that civilization, culture, and enlightenment have tried and found worthy see in this rapid increase of divorce the heralds of national decline.

They think something must be done about it, otherwise the foundations of our social structure will be undermined and the supporting pillar of society razed. Others call attention to the fact that our prosperity, education, peace, and contentment have kept pace with the divorce increase. That cuts no ice with the pietist or preacher. They maintain that there are no elements

which guarantee a nation's preservation if the moral law be violated. Divorce violates it in the vast majority of instances. About one half of all divorces are granted for desertion and in the majority the charge is fraudulent and collusive.

Society is ill, desperately ill. Many doctors have been summoned and not a few have volunteered their services. Their confidence in their methods of treatment reminds me of Mr. Kipling's experience when, nearly forty years ago, he lay ill of pneumonia in a New York hotel. The physicians in attendance were men of great repute and one of them was known for his skill and wisdom throughout the country. They were even wise enough not to give the patient medicine, and in those days that *was* wisdom! Suggestion, advice, entreaty poured in upon them and the family from every side and through every avenue of communication. Some of it was sensible, some of it so ludicrous that it would have moved to laughter a man in deepest melancholia, some so pathetic that it would move a maniac to tears; but all of it was sanguine.

Similarly, in this illness of our society, advisers are not lacking. Among them none is so sure that he has the remedy, or more insistent that it be tried than Mr. Ben B. Lindsey, one-time judge in the Juvenile and Family Court of Denver. He calls his remedy "companionate marriage," and he defines it as legal marriage, with legalized birth control and the right of childless couples to divorce by mutual consent, usually without payment of alimony. He asks that his remedy should not be confounded with that known as "trial marriage." The latter, he maintains, is a travesty of marriage, the former the real thing.

A marriage that ceases to be a marriage when the wedded pair wish to be unmarried is at least an excellent imitation of a trial marriage. The one difference between them is that in the companionate marriage someone has said to the man and to the woman, "I pronounce you man and wife," and if anyone throws bricks at them, that person can be haled before the law. Judge Lindsey asserts that companionate marriage is already an established social fact in this country and that it is conventionally respectable. He means, it is to be supposed, that birth control is being practised by some married couples until they find out whether or not they like one another sufficiently well to go on living together; that is, whether they are physically and temperamentally adjustable. If they are not, they frame a conspiracy and, aided by a lawyer, obtain a divorce. Judge Lindsey believes that this is becoming so universal amongst the educated that soon we shall be a nation of hypocrites, the best people evildoers, and that every educated mouth will speak folly. Indeed, what Judge Lindsey is aiming at is to fit the law to the hypocrisy rather than alter the hypocrisy to conform to the law. And he wishes to put within reach of the poor and ignorant the weapons, used so successfully by the rich and enlightened, with which they can defeat nature. Until now, the ignorant and the poor have been spared the hypocrisy for they could not find much information about contraception, and lawyers do not give their services without pay. Were Judge Lindsey's theory practicable, they would be on a par with their social superiors.

He maintains that "scientific contraception promises what may develop into the most revolutionary change

in human affairs that history has ever recorded." So far there is no Constitutional amendment in this country forbidding prophecy, and surely a judge should be entitled to an opinion, even to an expression of it. Before hearkening to it, however, one thing must be kept in mind: there is no such thing as scientific contraception, and of all the contraceptive methods known some have been practised on this planet eight million, seven hundred and sixty four thousand, two hundred and thirty years, probably longer, by rich and poor, enlightened and ignorant, Christian and pagan. Whether or not the practice is offensive to the Lord, as it was when Judah's second son used it we do not know; for though doubtless He deals with us now as individually as he did with those whose deeds are recorded in *Genesis*, His acts are not so direct, dramatic, or drastic to-day as they were then. The sinner of to-day is allowed to live not only long but prosperously. His punishment is delayed until he reaches the Beyond. Onan did not have to wait for his.

We know more ways of preventing conception than Onan did, but we do not know any method that approaches his in efficiency. There are pleasanter ways, and there are ways that call for less watchfulness and inhibitory capacity, but there is none "just as good."

There has been more hocus-pocus about contraception than about anything save gold mines. I am not here concerned with the question of morality which its practice raises. I am concerned with its propagandists and its technique. An earnest, educated Englishwoman and a fervid, determined Austrian, animated by missionary spirit and swollen with publicity, have told the world they know a secret. Not only have they been

permitted to do so, but they have also been permitted to talk and write about the potentialities of the propessary and the check-pessary as much as they like. England and Austria are free countries. In this home of valour and land of fetters, it is against the law to distribute contraceptive information save to married people by physicians, to cure or prevent disease. Therefore, contraceptionists have developed a persecution complex and make a bid for the sympathy that is always on tap for the under dog. But no one who will wash his hands and face and can read need have difficulty in getting information about contraception. All that he has to do is to go to a medical library, look under that word in the card catalogue, write the name of the book or pamphlet on a slip of paper, and hand it to an attendant. The book will be promptly brought to him. And if he is too ignorant to find a medical library? It requires no more enlightenment to find one than it does to find a bootlegger, though it does require more education to use it.

The vast majority of those who should not bring children into the world know quite well how it can be avoided but it is too much trouble. They just cannot be bothered! If some one will do it for them then it would be most acceptable.

Contraceptionists would have us believe that there are methods of preventing conception which are sure and which can be used without injury. Nothing could be further from the truth. Judging from the figures furnished by statistics which are notoriously unreliable, the method practised by Onan and that devised by Dr. Condom fail in about one third of all cases.

Of the former, nothing need be said here. Familiarity

with the Bible, and its direct method of approach suffice to make explanations unnecessary. As to the second, there may be some doubt as to its origin.

It has been currently reported and widely believed that there was a French doctor who gave his name to the popular contraceptive device. The French return the compliment by speaking of it as "la capote anglaise." The truth is that a similar device was utilized during the days of imperial Rome, and about 1555 Gabriel Fallopius, in his book *De Morbo Gallico*, describes it and its uses. However, it was in the book of Daniel Turner, *Syphilis, a Practical Dissertation on the Venereal Disease*, which appeared in 1717 that the word had its birth. He speaks of condum without giving any hint of the etymology of the word. A German writer, Ferdy, points out that the accusative of the noun "condus" comes from the verb "condere" which means to hide, to protect, and he suggests that the word passed into common speech, as did words like "quantum," "consortium," "summum." As to the other names, condon and condom, which have also been used, they seem to have been the result of a vicious pronunciation: condom instead of condoum.

It was in the Nineteenth Century, in 1826, that this device was barred from use by the Church. There appeared a decree from Pope Leo XII, condemning its use "because it interferes with the orders of Providence whose purpose is to punish its creatures through the organ with which they sinned."

There is another method of contraception which is most popular in France and of which no one can remain entirely ignorant who sees or reads the illustrated papers of that country; it is responsible for the low birth rate. As a method, it is more efficacious than any which is not

purely mechanical, but it dents our chivalry, for it throws the entire burden of the job upon the woman—and, in this country, she protests.

Chemicals enter into the domain of contraceptives, but those who use them come to grief oftenest. More than 60 per cent. are failures, and in addition to that they are not infrequently injurious. Indeed, it seems that the potency of injury is in direct ratio to their efficacy.

Is there, then, no sure way of preventing conception? There is one which is absolutely infallible but which is as helpful for those who are seeking advice as telling them that not to approach fire is the best way not to be burned. There is a sure way to keep tobacco dry in England: keep it in a tin can hermetically sealed. But it becomes damp the moment the cover is removed.

But there are objections to these methods of safety. The main objection to the first is a hygienic one, to the second a hedonistic. Discussion of the first would entail a particularization of the details of procedure into which it would be neither ethical nor practicable to enter here. It must suffice to say that, unless applied skillfully and used with circumspection, there is danger of injury to tissues closely concerned with reproduction.

Neither shall we discuss the second method here. Those who know it from experience will understand the metaphor and the implication.

The supreme objection to all contraceptive methods is in the spiritual field, rather than in the material, and this fact seems to have escaped contraceptionists. They see in reproduction an act of nature, and nature, it is well known, is most wasteful of its seed and prodigal of life.

Of a myriad seeds,
She often bears one to bear.

They may be aware that the great objection to their theory is the strong conviction among civilized people of the sanctity of life. Many believe that it is sinful to interfere with the stream of life which keeps the world going, and that methods used to stop the natural flow entail spiritual penalties and cause moral turpitude. They have been taught this for centuries and it is difficult for them to forget it.

But contraception advocates aver that it is more in keeping with the sanctity of life to respect, care for, improve, and develop a minority than to procreate a majority which is sure to suffer in the strife for existence.

They seem to forget, however, that if our social duties are many and varied, our biological duty is one: to reproduce our kind. Men and women have been endowed with the capacity to do so by their creator who has devised it in such manner that the utilitarian end is veiled by the pleasurable means. Man is willing to suffer agonies when they are necessary to his life, but he would be unwilling to submit to any one of them if they were necessary to the act of giving life to others. When it is attended with pleasure, he hurries to it, and when it is attended with the greatest pleasure man is capable of experiencing, he not only turns to it at every opportunity but strives to make opportunities. Mating is an instinctive response to a biological craving for a special form of physical gratification upon which depends the survival of mankind. Man has survived because he has been able to appease his sex hunger, and should he continue to survive it will be for the same reason. In

responding to this biological craving, man and woman reach a degree of intimacy with nature, blend in supreme ecstasy with the most sublime of joys, and reach toward God with such success that they become akin to Him in their creative capacity.

To be supremely ideal, however, the indulgence must be accomplished under auspicious conditions, without plan or premeditation. Everything that deprives it of spontaneity curtails its capacity for giving pleasure. It should indeed be the culmination of a desire for intimate communion with one who is loved and respected, rather than a deliberate act. In other words, the sexual act should be the natural display of love and its apotheosis and not the means of providing an outlet for lust.

The pleasure that attends it is the balm of life—indeed its unique object. When one reaches an age where other interests must replace it, when nature gives warning that she is no longer pleased to countenance the supreme pleasure, its memory lingers but life loses much of its zest. When the act is attended by no pleasure, as is not infrequent, its utilitarian motive is seldom sufficient incentive to an enduring bond. So it would seem obvious and logical that all should be done that can be done to cultivate the pleasure that comes from intimacy with a loved being; progeny follows, or does not follow, but it does so as an after-thought; immediate pleasure is the essential element. The procreative side of the act is a different matter. Calculation enters into that: thoughts of perpetuating one's name and providing against old age and infirmity, desire for physical immortality. When the hedonic and the procreative as-

pects unite, perfect beauty results. When they are separated, the participants are officiating at the altar of ugliness.

Americans have had it impressed upon them that pleasure is sinful, beauty akin to paganism, and personal satisfaction selfish and vile. Work, pain, and abstinence from joy are acceptable to the well-thinking and the well-behaved. Prohibitions affect—or tend to affect—all sources of self-indulgence. It is time that these doctrines should be reversed and that we should be taught that the pursuit of beauty and pleasure has not a little to do with the pursuit of happiness and salvation.

Contraceptive methods regulate sexual intercourse and make of an act whose pleasure depends upon spontaneity, a duty to be performed at a time when one has troubled to make ready for it, a deliberate action planned beforehand and as idealistic as the punching of a clock in a factory. I quote from a booklet entitled "Birth Control" by Herr Ferch, edited with an introduction by the Rev. A. Maude Royden who recently shocked Chicago by smoking cigarettes: "Intercourse must on no account take place on the day the pessary is put in, nor, at earliest, until the following day." To anticipate the time when one is safe against progeny means a risk; to delay it renders preparations ineffective. This is the great objection to theories of conception control. They do not work in practice as they do on paper. A man and a woman who love one another enough to feel a desire to blend in one embrace, and to offer the most precious of gifts on the altar of love, will not be willing to regulate their desire so as to play for safety, perhaps to thwart their desire by deliberation and planning.

There are still many of us who believe that the children born of pure love radiate love and genius more than any other. Should their advent be regulated by consideration of time, conditions, circumstances, conventions, and material propitiousness, the love element would be destroyed and worldly wisdom and economic sense could not replace it advantageously. A militant advocate of contraception in this country says: "Birth control is hygienic, scientific, and harmless." Anything that is disharmonious with nature cannot be scientific and many physicians have testified that it is injurious. Life-long contact with individuals afflicted with nervous and mental disorders should make neurologists more competent witnesses than laymen. No one can practise any form of contraception, save relative continence, habitually, without being injured spiritually, and few without being injured bodily. Some forms are more injurious than others. That which Onan practised is the most; that advocated by Marie Stopes and Johann Ferch, the least.

There is something in life besides health; there is truth and beauty. Contraceptives of all varieties dent them both. I suspect that many advocates of contraception are so under-sexed that they are not keenly sensitive to the beauty of the act of human creation.

Normal sexual relations between husband and wife are not merely the gratification of animal appetite. They constitute a natural and healthy relationship capable of subtle beauty, made up of a definite number of factors which contribute to adjustment on every plane—physical, mental, and emotional—and this adjustment is absolutely indispensable if marriage is to be a success. These relations have been manhandled by the

Church, vulgarized by convention, and now they are being materialized by contraception. They have withstood and shall withstand every shaping or thwarting influence.

The most trying quality of the contraception advocate is his cocksureness and conviction that he has the secret of proper living. "It would be difficult to overstate the economic, the eugenic, the broad social significance of contraception which is even to-day changing marriage in some of its fundamental aspects." It would be easy to overstate and it is daily being done. Exactly what fundamental aspect of marriage it is changing we are not told, and the suspicion arises that the reason we are not told is that it is not so.

Those who are seeking to better the conditions of life, to improve the race and to increase the happiness of its constituents, are deserving not only of praise but of our coöperation, but they should not alienate us by statements unsupported by fact, and promises which cannot be fulfilled. So far there is no warrant for claiming that fewer means better children. They may be better fed and clothed, washed oftener and less subject to seasonal inclemencies, but that character and personality, ability and self-realization will be enhanced, neither eugenist nor contraceptionist can possibly know, and to assert that they do is pretense and arrogance.

That there is a population problem even the most sanguine must admit. Birth control may be a way of solving it. Indeed it may be the best way, but that must be left to the wisdom of congresses constituted of scientists, specialists, and socialists, such as that held in Geneva last year, to decide. It cannot be solved by uplifters motivated by emotion; emotion is an un-

reliable guide to sensible opinion, action, or conviction in every field save religion, and it is less adapted to the population problem, especially to the quantity question, than to any other.

Until the time thrones began to totter a large population was held to be most desirable. Frederick the Great expressed it tersely: "I look upon men as a herd of deer in a gentleman's park whose unique function is to keep it populated," and Adam Smith wrote, "The most decisive mark of the prosperity of any country is the increase of the number of its inhabitants."

Many serious, illumined minds have their *pia maters* distended by thought of the possibility that some day there will be more people on the earth than there are means to nurture them. It is not unlikely that such thought gave man concern before attention was centred upon it 125 years ago by Malthus, an Englishman, who had forsaken the cloth for economics. He believed that he had made a great discovery, namely that population tends to increase in geometrical ratio while food tends to increase in arithmetical ratio.

Like many other discoveries that came from England, the circulation of the blood for instance, this had been anticipated by an Italian; but Ortes's *Reflessioni Sulla Populazione* fell flatter than Cesalpino's *Circulazione delle Sangue.*

Malthus contended that the rate of increase in population being out of proportion to the increase in its means of subsistence, the former should be checked mainly by moral restraint, but he was not adverse to an act of Parliament. Though the theory was found to be beyond fact, it provoked enormous discussion and

influenced such epoch-makers as Darwin and Wallace. Both acknowledged their debt, the latter in the following words: "Both Darwin and myself, at the critical period, when our minds were fully stored with a considerable body of preserved information and reflection bearing upon the problem to be solved, had our attention directed to the system of positive checks as expounded by Malthus. It is an important detail that Darwin read this book two years after his return from his voyage, while I read it before I went abroad and it was a sudden recollection of the teachings of *Principle of Population* that caused the solution to flash upon me." Such progeny should have satisfied Malthus.

His theory parented the practice dubbed neomalthusianism, a euphemism for contraception, though it must be said that Malthus himself disapproved of this practical application of his principle. Contraception has, therefore, had its day in England for one hundred years, a stormy day, it must be said, until recently. The storm broke with great violence in 1833 after the publication of Knowlton's *Fruits of Philosophy*, and again forty years later. One of the results of the latter storm was the condemnation of Bradlaw and of Mrs. Besant to six months' imprisonment and a fine of £600 for the circulation of an edition of *Fruits of Philosophy* which they had printed. There have been similar trials in other parts of the world, but none got the publicity that the Bradlaw-Besant trial did. Contraception is thus no new thing. The impetus that it has had from Dr. Marie Stopes and her followers has brought it into a limelight no more brilliant or directive than the advocacy of Mrs. Besant; the only difference is that now Britain neither fines nor locks up those who

advocate the doctrine and spread it among the unenlightened.

There is one instrument to shape the human race: enlightenment; education, it might be called, were not that word used synonymously with learning.

I am convinced that there is greater chance of improving human beings materially and spiritually by teaching them the purpose and duty of life than by telling them how to use preventives of conception. Nothing so serious could happen to the world as to have impotence and sterility thrust upon it. Both are fostered by contraceptives. When the fundamental principles of biology, physiology, psychology, and sociology are taught in the schools of this country at the expense of algebra, history, and grammar, race improvement and individual happiness will gain momentum.

The issues involved in so-called birth control are one thing for the individual, another thing for the race. The physician is able to help the former solve his problem and the sociologist and eugenist may be able to help the latter, but from where I sit contraception does not seem to be the means to use. Birth control exercised properly, is an excellent thing in the right hands. The trouble with its present advocacy is that its aim is to put it in the hands of the ignorant. They should first be enlightened. What we need is a league to foster procreation; one of its chief functions would be to encourage healthy, enlightened, prosperous women to have many children, as a sort of compensation for the infirm, uneducated, poor women who would be advised against having progeny and taught how to avoid having it. A woman blessed by fortune and heredity should seek out a sickly, ignorant, poverty-stricken woman

and promise to have many children on condition that the latter should have none. In other words, she should do what a Republican and a Democrat do when something prevents one of them from going to the poll; they agree that if one does not go, the other will not. Thus the average of voters remains undisturbed.

It is next to impossible to persuade a woman of health, education, and affluence to have more than two or three children, and a woman of bad heredity and poverty to have less than five or six. The former should have double that number. There is nothing that compensates for the infirmities and tediums of old age as grandchildren.

The difficulty in discussing birth control *per se* is that there are many standpoints from which it can be discussed: the moral or religious, the pragmatic or expeditious, the hygenic, the economic. Even from the standpoint of the Church there is no agreement; in a general way it may be said that the Roman Catholic Church is altogether opposed to it and the Protestant Church largely in favour of it providing it can exact the conditions under which it is practised. From the point of view of civilization, world-betterment, it is absolutely true that birth control is most desirable. But conception control should not be used synonymously with limitation of progeny. Those who are able physically, morally, and financially to bear children should bear as many as they can. Those who are not should bear as few as they can, and the latter should be provided with all possible means to aid them in that determination.

From the point of view of hygiene, I have already said what I believe and I repeat it here in one sentence: protracted *coitus interruptus* is prejudicial to health.

Birth control fosters selfishness, facilitates egocentrism, frustrates fecundity, and forces a responsibility upon man which he has not yet shown himself capable of assuming. Should he show himself capable, he might be entitled to practise birth control.

Disinclined as one may be to discuss contraception from the standpoint of morality, one would be strangely obtuse not to admit that information about contraceptives and their use is bound to change our practice of sex morality, though it does not alter our theory. The sex urge in woman is not so imperious as in man, probably because it has been repressed and inhibited for so many centuries. The source of the inhibition has been fear. Morality based upon fear has value for the community, but none for the individual. The reason the country is so rich in prohibitions is that it is so poor in ideals. Women have found excessive the price which they had to pay to appease the social tyrant. They may now testify without losing caste. They should be heard. If our idealization of women as pure, modest, chaste is founded in error, we should know it. It is lamentable that we should lose any ideal, but if this is a false one we shall be better without it.

There are two reasons why birth control should have the serious attention of every thinking human being. First, though it concerns the welfare of the world, the happiness of every individual is bound up in it. Should the present rate of propagation continue it will not be very long before we shall be confronted with the most serious problem that the world has ever posed, viz., with what shall hungry mouths be fed when the earth no longer produces sufficient food? Every day it is becoming more apparent that the re-

lationship of man to the earth is *the* one world problem. Birth control may be its solution. Should it be, we shall have to throw over all our present ideas and convictions of sex morality.

Should the day come, progeny will be the one luxury. Dispensation from the state to avail oneself of it will be obtained only by those who submit evidence of worthiness. Means of satisfying what is called the primitive urge, meaning lust, will have to be provided. It is idle, and many believe it improper to speculate as to what such means will be. The other side of the shield is that before the time of terrifying disparity between mouths and food comes, science will have provided man with conquests and adjustments which will avoid universal starvation and make human slaughter unnecessary.

The keystone of the bridge to happiness and efficiency which the birth-control solons who are advocates of companionate marriage would build is contraception; the buttresses are economic freedom and eugenic prosperity; the right of way is divorce.

If a man can support his wife and she is willing to be supported, well and good; if he cannot, she must provide her own living, either by the sweat of her brow or from the purse of her parents. It is to be presumed that a wife may support her husband should they be of one mind in the matter.

It is universally admitted that marriage is for the masses the beginning of an economic struggle in which the husband is frequently defeated and the wife always disillusioned. If parents are willing to support their wedded children until the time comes when these children are convinced that they can live together till death parts them—and who can ever be convinced of

it?—parenthood has taken on greater obligation, and progeny is conceded wider privilege. Those whose parents are neither rich nor generous and who wish to try companionate marriage must support themselves. That is the best feature of the project. Woman needs a number of props that she may accomplish her spiritual emancipation, but none so much as work. The male child is brought up from infancy in the knowledge that as soon as he reaches manhood he will work; and in the majority of instances his scholastic education has in view the kind of work he will do and aims to prepare him for it. The girl, on the other hand, is brought up to believe that her job in life is to hook a man who will support her. She may have to work for a while that she may buy tempting bait and angle in promising waters, but such work is a means to an immediate end. She will work, not for pleasure nor for self-expression, but that she may open the gate to the Elysian field. When she first arrives, she is convinced the pasturage is sweet and that it will last forever. She does not browse there long before it begins to taste bitter, and soon she feels spiritually undernourished. Many attempt to get out, more stay and starve.

The symptoms of this marasmus are restlessness, dissatisfaction, drink, drugs, despair, and divorce. Every one, women most of all, should hail any measure, conventional or mandatory, which makes woman work, so long as it does not impose acceptance of the Soviet principle or undermine morality. It would be difficult to say anything new about the value of work as a soul satisfier or as a source of pleasure; but as a means of self-realization it has no equal, and as a mischief prophylactic it has few superiors.

Anything that will act as an antidote to the weakness which tempts women to rely on men for the solution of their problems, to seek guidance in every perplexity, to play safe in the sphere of belief and opinion, should be acceptable to them.

The more opportunities that come to women to show that they are the equal of the so-called stronger sex, the better pleased they should be. Sight should not be lost, however, of the possibility that their gain will be man's loss. A man who really loves his wife wants to support her. It is a privilege, a pleasure, and a pride. The pleasure of giving is keener than that of receiving, and infinitely more beneficial. Deprive man of it, and the beast may peer out. It has long been believed that wife as well as babes are an incentive to man's labour and effort; in proportion as he is deprived of it, his ambition is lessened. Chivalry has lost much of its flavour and not a little of its display, but "women and children first" is still good form on foundered ships. It will be a sad day for man when woman becomes entirely independent!

It is no new interpretation of love to look upon it as a species of madness, nor is it a new characterization to refer to it as frenzy. Marriages are planned, contracted, and consummated while the partners are mildly insane. The average duration of most curable psychoses is about eighteen months; this one lasts about two years, often longer and not infrequently less. Companionate marriage gives the partners time to recover before they offer hostages to fortune. Its originator does not attempt to state definitely how long a couple should wait before they know they are adjustable, but they should wait until they are sure of it before they have a baby, and

until they have means to support the mother, conduct the birth with safety and comfort, and bring up the children properly. Nor does it give any hint as to when the mother should return to work after childbirth. That is a very important matter.

It is a mistake to assume that women like to work or dislike to be supported. Probably nine out of ten workingwomen hail matrimony as a liberator from the bondage of work far more joyously than as a messenger with a licence for new pleasures. Few, save those who have not been compelled to work and who find killing time the poorest sport in the world, view work in the right light. If shopkeepers, manufacturers, and natural resource promoters were to share their profits with those who help make them, working people would regard work under a new aspect. Should the women who try companionate marriage tell the world that self-respect is developed by self-supporting work, it would help the cause.

The majority of women not only like to be supported, they like to be protected, sheltered, and looked after generally and generously. They particularly like to have their thinking done for them. Comparatively few are lamps unto themselves, and many of those are careless in trimming and keeping their lamps alight. Should companionate marriage cause the light of the ideal self to burn more brightly, decrease the gloom that now envelops woman's efforts at self-realization, point out to her an easier and surer path to her goal—self-development, spiritual growth, happiness, usefulness—it would not lack converts.

Possibly parents might be induced to put two concrete facts before their children in their plastic years: that

their duty to God and nature is to have as many children as they can bring up sanely, healthily, and prosperously; that their duty to themselves and the state is self-realization. They should be taught all that is known about these duties and the best way of discharging them. So long as children are brought up in crass ignorance of the fundamental principles of physical and spiritual growth, as they are now, we shall continue to be uncertain of our marital footing. Should that ignorance be dispelled, we might confidently look for safer and better matrimony.

There is no doubt that much of matrimony's success depends upon sexual sympathy and adaptation. Companionate marriage aims at determining the degree of such sympathy and adaptation before children are born. But the very means employed, which its advocates maintain should be made legal, tend to defeat that end. Its advocates deny it, but my conviction is based upon what has been told me by those who have essayed it. I fancy most physicians of experience will agree.

It is to be presumed that all who contemplate or contract companionate marriage hope and intend to have children. They should be informed that the longer they delay, the less is the likelihood that they will have them. This is not the weightiest objection to this form of marriage, but it is a serious one. It will be said that many who contract the ordinary marriage postpone the advent of children. They too pay. Nature stands just so much swatting; then it swats back with sterility. A pertinent question is: How long should it take companionates to find out whether they are adjustable? Some discerning ones can find out in a few weeks, others require several years. The calamity is that many of

those who are convinced they are adapted to each other sexually, discover later that they are not. Men find it out more frequently than women. The person who wrote "Inconstancy, thy name is woman" used one syllable too many.

Companionate marriage is, in reality, a sop to satisfy our modern Cerberus, Madame Grundy. Anyone who does not wish to take the risks of matrimony, no matter on what side they be, had better try out the thing he or she is most in doubt about. They need not tell the world. A woman is no more injured by trial of the things that she hopes she will like well enough to want them for her lifetime than she is by trial marriage. It is merely a question of words.

There is another important question for its advocates to answer: Why do they say that companionate marriage will promote and facilitate conjugal love? Everyone who has experienced and observed it knows that conjugal love is largely a matter of mutual regard and common interests. In companionate marriage the common interests are not developed, since the partners go their respective ways, with their own individual interests and engrossments, and the only thing they have in common is board and bed.

The feature of companionate marriage which is most repugnant to many who do not see eye to eye with the Church is that which seeks to establish that the female partner is not harmed by the companionship she has experienced. From the physician's point of view, she may or may not be. It depends. To state that sex experience *per se* injures woman is to state an absurdity. But the strength of tradition is measureless, and there is no better established tradition than that a woman

who has sex relations beyond sacramental or civil matrimony is "damaged goods." The companionate advocates will say that she has been married and that her assets as wife and mother have not been depleted by her experience. Her status is the same as that of one widowed by fate or law.

However one looks upon marriage, one must admit it is an important discipline. If it can be dissolved for the wishing, our character is sure to suffer.

Companionate marriage has merit, but it has one tremendous demerit. By separating sex relations from parenthood it razes the strongest pillar of matrimony. Many a man puts up with a wife who has borne him children and many a woman tolerates her spouse because he has been the means through which she has fulfilled her physiological destiny and been permitted the most potent satisfaction of life: to see, suckle, and succour her child.

One has to adjust one's self to life after middle age as well as before. Children are the medium through which the adjustment is accomplished. The parental urge can be substituted only in youth. Delays are proverbially dangerous; never more so than in parenthood. Youth is selfish. Age, when it brings altruism, is often marked by incapacity. Parenthood is the most important business of life, and self-realization the most imperative duty. Birth control fetters the former, though it may facilitate the latter through a loftier idealism. Women must then be good for the sake of being good; men, that women may consent to bear them children.

And with the possibility of refusing to bear children, while enjoying all the pleasures of physical intimacy, the freedom that modern youth has accorded itself so

generously in latter years will suffer still fewer restrictions. Judge Lindsey says: "I dissent from the extreme of continence prescribed by our sex code; and I assume the companionate marriage would be a reasonable compromise with our present conventions and with our present want of education and self-control and these matters of sex conduct. If such a code were once established, further freedom in that direction might later become practicable without injury to society and without any departure from sound ethics."

This, it would seem to me, might gain the enmity of others than the blue-eyed Nordics, one-hundred-percenters, and religious fanatics whom he is fond of ridiculing.

There is no lack of contradictions and of statements inconsistent with fact in the heated advocacy of companionate marriage. "I consider divorce a great evil, to be provided against, not by forbidding divorce, but by so altering the basis of marriage that divorce would seldom be necessary" does not tally well with the statement that "companionate marriage is legal marriage, with legalized birth control and with the right to divorce by mutual consent for childless couples, usually without payment of alimony." To make the road to divorce easier does not seem, at first or second sight, to make it less attractive to pedestrians.

To say, also, that birth control has brought the companionate marriage into existence is nonsense. The thing that has brought it into existence, if it is in existence, is that thinking men and women have come to realize that two persons of opposite sex who would live together must be adjusted sexually. The only way to know if they are adjusted is to try it out. And by making

birth control, a misnomer for conception control, legal it makes the contracting partners judge whether they are adjustable, not only sexually, but spiritually, emotionally, physically.

And though we are already fettered by too many laws, there is a proposition on foot that three legislative enactments be passed:

(1) A bill repealing the present laws against birth control, legalizing and regulating the right of birth-control clinics to carry on and give advice to married women who may use the information or not, as they choose, leaving it to their personal judgment whether they should remain childless and if so, how long.

(2) A bill to amend the laws relating to divorce. The clause added to it would provide that "where couples are childless, and have failed, and where the couple mutually desire a divorce, the divorce to be granted without further expense or needless delay." This would require no lawyer, any more than getting married requires a lawyer. A judge can marry people—by this law a judge could unmarry them.

(3) A bill to regulate the property status of the divorced. It would deal with the right of the wife to support and alimony, and grant or withhold such support and alimony according to circumstances.

It may be premature to pass judgment upon an idea which, after all, has been devised for the greatest good of the greatest number of people, at least with the best intentions possible. But there seems to be not the smallest likelihood that companionate marriage will become "good form." The tyrant custom or convention rules with great ease in this country. Our national infirmity is spiritual indolence. We have profound aversion to

change and the devil's alleged hatred of holy water is mild compared to our hatred of heresy. We have rules of conduct and are determined that our fellows shall hold fast to them. We have standards of morality to which they must conform, otherwise they will be visited by our particular variety of dervish who will punish them in his own special way. We are avid of praise and intolerant of criticism, and there is one thing we cannot stand—growing pains of the soul.

As a nation we are not "psychic." This country is not a good place to start anything, particularly anything in the line of reformation. We emptied our reform reservoir in the early Sixties of the last century, and we have not been able to refill it. We are hopeful that it can be accomplished, but the advocacy of companionate marriage and of legalized birth control does not encourage us much.

## III

### WOMAN AS WOMAN'S COMPANION

ONE of the commonest remarks made on meeting or hearing of a celibate woman who has looks, charm, or ability is, "It is strange she has not married." A generation ago, the answer to the question, "Why hasn't she married?" would have been different from what it is to-day. Then, likely, it would have been: "Because no one asked her." Now a dozen reasons would be given. Indeed, Dr. Katherine B. Davis, who recently made some investigation of the sex life of 1200 unmarried, so-called normal women, five years and more out of college, found there were thirty reasons given why they had not married. Only 5 per cent. had not been asked; 8 per cent. were never in love, and more than 28 per cent. had not married because they never met the right man. This "never met the right man" means that women of education have become more fastidious and discriminating in the matter of husbands and that they no longer take them on for one reason: support. In other words, modern man is often rejected because he does not come up to specifications. It would have been instructive to know in what way the men who proposed marriage to these women did not measure up to "right man," and particularly to know whether the deficiency was in the material or in the spiritual sphere. From the standpoint of the body there is no doubt that we have improved. We have athletics

and hygiene to thank for that, but there is still a vast amount of lowered vitality and defective functioning to be combated. However, they will be counteracted if not conquered, should golf continue to increase in popularity and should not fashion, which has made health and energy stylish, yield once more to "vapours" and languor for women, pallor and romantic looks for men.

We appreciate more keenly the pleasures of the healthy, functioning body than our forebears did, and we have begun to admit that it is probably acceptable to God that we care for our bodies with the same solicitude that we care for our souls. It is not easy to say whether we have made comparable progress in the spiritual field. We have made greater headway with physiological depravity than we have with moral depravity.

If the 305 out of the 1077 college women who remained celibate because the "right man" never crossed their path had told the whole truth, many of them, I suspect, would have had to admit that they were not normally sexed, that is, their nature did not clamour periodically or constantly for the caress and companionship of man; or, if it did, it was readily quelled. Some would be likely to admit that they had found adequate appeasement for their amorous longings in the contact and communion of their own sex.

It should also be kept in mind that half of the women who lent themselves to Dr. Davis's inquiry were teachers. It is one of education's misfortunes that many abnormally sexed males and females get into its ranks. Discipline plays such an important rôle in pedagogy that women teachers are sometimes selected and re-

tained because of their masculine qualities. Better introduce smallpox into a school for girls than a homosexual spinster.

Then there are women to whom a life of abstinence appeals. Last year I picked up a book in a hotel in Cornwall and was captivated by a sentence. It was a plea that we all be at least shabby and comfortable, since we cannot all be distinguished. There was reference to a duke who appeared at a Cambridge function wearing a pair of worn boots; from a hole in the right one there emerged a gray woollen toe. Having just returned from a three weeks' walking trip through lovely Devon and romantic Cornwall, I was shabby and comfortable, and I had also a ducal possession; all that was lacking was a gray woollen toe. Padstow haberdashers were not able to provide it, but I was consoled when I realized that it was my left boot that had the largish hole.

I was curious to find out more about the author and learned that she is an elderly spinster who has won for herself a reputation in academic circles. Out of her experiences she has written this book in which she idealizes the state of celibacy for women. Her doctrines are evidently of interest to many, for the copy of her book which came into my possession had been used roughly. According to this woman's admission, she has never been attracted to family life. She has found interest and satisfaction among those of her own sex and she has idealized her ambition—which was to found a community of learning for women with vows of consecration. Such a person in the position of an educational leader may be a dangerous influence, as parents concerned with the harmonious development of their daughters' intellect and affect must realize.

There are many reasons why so many college-bred women do not marry; not only does the segregation and isolation that education entails keep them from contacts and intimacies from which love and matrimony flow, but it facilitates friendships which arouse latencies and promote fixations that might never disturb or dominate their possessors had they been properly male-pursued. Education sadly needs de-bunking. It should educate us to live as well as to make a living.

That the sexual impulse is endowed with the capacity of sublimation, that is, with the power to exchange its nearest aim for others of higher value which are not sexual, is beyond question. Those who convince themselves that this instinct, essential to humanity, was given to them for sublimation, should let monasteries and nunneries support them while giving themselves over to realization and expression. Fortunately, they are few in number, compared with those who believe they were endowed with the creative instinct that they might use it, given intelligence to use it properly and moral sense to use it decently. Christianity and convent are responsible for the majority of celibate women, nature for the minority.

A few women are born asexual, a few homosexual, and a few become homosexual from sexual fixation or from perverting propinquity.

We know a lot of things our parents did not know; that the atom is a complicated system, not a unit; that hydrogen is the primordial stuff of which the world is made; that the atmospheric ether is the greatest power. We have gained a stupendous knowledge of the material

world. We may eventually find out something about the spiritual and more about man. We have some information of his whither; we may be on the threshold of learning some of his whence. We may speculate and we may dogmatize about the destiny of humanity, but science one day may reveal it.

One of the strange things about human beings that has existed in all times of which we have record is that a very small proportion of them (between two and three per cent.) are so constituted that they can only experience love with persons of their own sex. In the Christian era they have been looked upon as sinners by the Church, criminals by the law, and monsters by society. When Athens was the cultural, esthetic, and artistic capital of the world, paiderastia or boy-love was the patency of distinction.

In the *Phædrus*, the *Symposium*, the *Charmides*, the *Lysis*, and in the *Republit*, Plato while dramatizing the real Socrates gives ample evidence of his own personal sympathy for it.

There were two forms, the chivalrous and martial, which received formal organization in the Dorian states, and the sensual and lustful, which, though localized in Crete, pervaded the Greek cities like a vice. No one can read Theognis or Pindar, Æschylus or Sophocles, Plato or Socrates without realizing how tremendously the so-called chivalrous form was worked into the social system and how it became an important education and military agent of it. It is quite probable that the genesis of the state itself may have actually arisen out of this affective sphere.

In all the periods when art flourished most con-

spicuously, and it may be said in all epochal eras, homosexuality has been looked upon either with favour or with less horror than at other times. In the time of Pericles in Greece, of Augustus in Rome, of the Renaissance in Italy, of Louis XIII in France, of Shakespeare in England, of Hafiz in Persia, it received great favour. There certainly was a recrudescence of it in Europe thirty years ago and there would seem to be one here at the present time. It may be an inexplicable accompaniment of colossal prosperity.

Strangely enough, these same Greeks had an abhorrence of sexual inversion among women. It existed, but it never became an integral part of the social system, nor did it receive social sanction, although for one brief period it assumed the form of an institution in Æolia. The love of female for female in the era of Greece's supremacy was looked upon much the same as it is to-day. When Greece merged with Rome, homosexuality lost all semblance of virtue. It became a vice, and a vice it remains to this day. A vice it doubtless is in many instances, but there exists a born homosexual to whom it is as natural as the pulsation of his heart. His situation is pathetic to the last degree. As enlightened human-beings, it is our duty to recognize and realize this, and it is incumbent upon us to deal with it in a more humane way than we have been doing. It is a sign of our enlightenment that we are becoming more and more inclined to submit it to our intelligence, not to our emotions, and to deal with it impartially. It would be an indication of our perspicacity were we to distinguish the genuine from the artificial, the born from the acquired, and of our humanity to help the former and reform the latter.

One of the many enigmatic things about it is that in all times of which we have record some of the greatest men have been of this nature. It would be easy to compile a list of sculptors, poets, painters, musicians, warriors, explorers, statesmen, scientists, theologians who were thus born—and lived. It is beyond question that many of the esteemed writers of the present day are of this class. Few have the courage to admit it as the most influential esthetician and extreme libertarian of contemporary French letters has done in his biography, which has now been withdrawn from circulation; that is, the third volume which contained a narrative of his amours with Arab and European, and his marriage to a woman of his own country has been lopped from it. But likely neither would they deny the influence of homosexuality upon art.

Some recounting the immortals and illustrious, have claimed that in them was to be seen an example of the sly and covert way nature sometimes acts. She would have two sexes for procreation and utility, and a third, a superior one, for esthetic creation and interpretation. They speak of their peculiarity as erotic estheticism, maintain they are the result of organic determinants originating in the germ and sperm cells. In other words, they are as normal as heterosexuals are. They are fewer and higher.

Freud maintains that homosexuality is an accident, a mishap, a misfortune; that the creative instinct in everyone is first turned inward to the individual himself; then outward to the parent of the opposite sex, then toward someone of the same sex, and, finally, toward someone of the opposite sex. The pathway of the libido is like a baseball diamond; it has four bases and the

libido must make them one after the other. It may get stuck on any one of them. Under normal circumstances, it takes from twelve to fifteen years to make a home run. Some remain on first base, some on second, others on third all their lives.

Doubtless an intensive erotic attachment to a feminine person, usually the mother, exists in practically every male homosexual. A similar attachment for the father is not so constant in females, but as such attachment occurs in the very first period of childhood, it is usually forgotten. Such attachment is the primary stage. The boy then proceeds to repress the love for the mother, the girl for the father. The next step is for the boy to identify himself with the mother, the girl with the father, and by taking their own persons as models through the similarity of which they are guided in the selection of their love object, they become homosexual and return to the stage of autoeroticism. The persons they now love are substitute persons or revivals of their own childish persons which they love in the same way as the parents loved them, the mother the son, the father the daughter.

There is something peculiarly repulsive about this hypothesis but like all of Freud's explanations it has much plausibility. We might wish that the theory were based upon fact for then the victim could be cured. Persons who think diagrammatically are helped to understand aberrations of the sex instinct by Freud's explanation, although it is probably not the correct one. Biology, not psychology, will doubtless give the correct explanation. Already zoölogists and physiologists have sufficient evidence to assure us that sexual abnormality of human beings will be explained by the behaviour of

the X-chromosome, the "solitary hearted" of the male and female species-reproduction cells.

The glorious Greeks still offer an obstacle to the acceptation of either hypothesis. It is not possible that soon after the heroic age the X-chromosome got the whip hand in the field of human creation; neither is it possible that the young Dorians and Cretans abruptly should develop mother-fixations. The only explanation is this: unisexual indulgence has existed as long as man. It is universal in all parts of the world and under all conditions of society. The Dorians had their share of it. They took this vice and made a virtue of it. They deprived it of its effeminacies, brutalities, and gross sensualities, and made it an ethical and an esthetic criterion. It is likely they had about the same percentage of born homosexuals as we have to-day. The innate possibilities of the body have changed very little during the time of which we have record. The men who accomplished this did also with thought, word, pigment, and marble things that have never since been equalled.

In giving heed to the existence of this strange anomaly, we must not lose sight of the fact that it presents two problems: the individual problem and the one posed by corruption of others.

I am not here concerned with the significance of homosexuality, but with its occurrence. We should learn all that can be learned about it; particularly we should watch out and guard youth against its prowess and powers of evil, and we should keep in mind that depravity is never so satisfied as when it is indulged disguised as morality. Homosexual love is a barren, inconsistent, hopeless love which obeys none of life's calls, an enemy of society and a solvent of morality.

Whether or not there are more homosexuals to-day than there were yesterday or a century ago, both natural and artificial, I have no means of knowing. I only know that twenty-five years ago I found out a man or a woman was homosexual only when the hand of the law had grasped or was about to grasp them; or when, from the nature of their complaint, I charged them with being of that category. Now it is of common occurrence for them to consult me to know whether they shall marry, how they shall sublimate their erotic impulses, or if gratification of their amatory appetites is prejudicial to health. Within one week of the present year, two women, one twenty-five, the other thirty-four, both connected with "fashionable" boarding schools, sought my advice; the first to know whether she should marry, the second, whether it would be injurious to give rein to an impulse so imperious that it was undermining her health to keep it in check. From such experience, and from what I am told, I am inclined to believe it is on the increase.

Probably, it would be more truthful to say that homosexuality has always tended to crop up periodically. Like Neo-Platonism, it is subject to periodical recrudescence. A generation ago, there was a resurge of it in England and Germany that reverberated throughout the world.

Another reason for believing that it is on the increase is the prominence given to it in modern literature. Until recently, homosexuality had rarely been made the subject of play or novel in English, but now it is discussed with the freedom, if not the frequency, of adultery. Although New York denied *The Captive*, I have not heard that Cleveland censored it. It seemed quite fitting that

the French should receive with approbation Jacques de Lacretelle's delineation of it as a normal possession in *La Bonifas* and in Marcel Proust's *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* since they had not received with disfavour its portrayal as a vice by Catulle Mendès, and *Mademoiselle de Maupin* is considered one of their great classics. But England and America had no preparation for *The Unlit Lamp*, for *Dusty Answer*, and various other books in which the way it dominates and drives its possessors is described in great detail.

Should one make a composite picture of Elizabeth and Joan of *The Unlit Lamp* and compare it with Marie of *Bonifas*, one would be amazed at the similarity between them. The English heroines were both as thoroughly British as persons of culture and intelligence can be anything in particular, and Marie Bonifas with her typical characteristics and national qualities could not have been anything save French. Yet, all three suffered from the same inability to fall in love with the opposite sex, all were morbidly devoted to women, all found their ambitions unfulfilled and had to endure the sneers and sarcasms of their fellow beings, and all had their horizons limited to the confines of a small, provincial town. Joan was the daughter of a colonial officer, Marie was the daughter of a cavalry major; Joan was plain but fascinating looking, Marie ugly but robust; Elizabeth ardent and forceful, Marie masculine and passionate. The infirmity of Joan was due to the powerful influence of her mother's love, a love that was cruel, morbid, and unwholesome, but so demanding and fulfilling that Joan became ready soil for the sowing of abnormal love; Marie owed hers to a fear of a taciturn, querulous,

irritable father who developed in her a horror of the male sex; but Elizabeth, the vampire of *The Unlit Lamp*, the aggressor, passionate and wilful, was born abnormal; her responses to her own sex had always been of the nature of love, and yet she is the only one who married and apparently made a success of it.

Both Miss Hall and M. de Lacretelle refuse to admit that there enters perversion in any of the characters, though neither is keen to make them particularly admirable. In *The Unlit Lamp* there breathes love in its deepest and most developed form; some of the conversations, were they read independently of the book, could be taken as being carried on by a man and a woman deeply attached to one another, and the two forms of love between women, the masculine and the feminine, are depicted clearly and unmistakably. If one wished to combat similar desires and attachments, and if the experience of others could serve one, the moral of the book would be convincing, as the tortures, agonies, hesitations, and unhappiness that flowed from such abnormal contact were nothing to the utter wreck both women made of their lives; the three women even, for the mother who sought in her daughter a compensation for her frustrated desires did not find it when she needed it most. Joan, all of one piece, giving herself with every fibre of her being, allowed Elizabeth's life to annihilate her own life and her career, and Elizabeth, cut out for a splendid future, withered and involuted because she could not renounce Joan. It is not a pretty picture Miss Hall made; and the reason is due largely to the fact that passionate love between women, when there enters into it no real affection, no tenderness, none of the soft-

ening qualities that women are believed to have so richly, is more primitive and beastly than any other form of sentiment and resolves itself generally in insane jealousy. That brutal, demanding force of Elizabeth's love for Joan coloured and poisoned everything with which she came in contact, and Joan's tense response to it took on its power and blindness.

Miss Pim, the governess, wrote: "Judith is an exceptionally clever child. . . . She laps up knowledge as a kitten laps milk." What Miss Pim said of Judith one might say of Rosamond Lehmann, and be referring to the same person. Her first novel, *Dusty Answer*, is one of the best expositions of the psychology of youth that has recently been published. It takes a sensitive, self-conscious, intelligent, good-looking, well-bred girl who has filled a solitary childhood with romance and ideal, through Cambridge, and leaves the reader in a state of doubt as to whether she fell victim to the lesbianism of Jennifer Baird or not. Incidentally, she reveals and depicts the mind and thought of a man, Roddy, similarly pursued and tempted by Tony Baring, and who probably succumbed to him more definitely and willingly than Judith could succumb to Jennifer.

Judith was one of those many hypersexed persons who make appeal to her own and to the opposite sex. It is a matter of chance or luck which way such a person goes. In the right environment and with healthy contacts she goes straight. In a college for women, and under conditions which throw her nearly entirely with her own sex, she goes deviously. Judy was a potential homo, not a born one like Roddy. There is a doubt whether Judith was really tempted by her love for Jennifer, but there is none that the love men gave her,

and in whatever form, appealed to Judith; all save Martin's. With her, love was much more an expression of youthful emotion, innocent enthusiasm, a display of an ardent and much alive nature than a clamour of instinct. She needed to love someone, and seductive Jennifer came along in search of her. Jennifer is as true to type as Sappho herself. She would have loved women even though she had not been in a college filled with them, while Judith, had she never gone to Cambridge, might never have entered into that strange sisterhood. Geraldine, Jennifer's soul mate, was right: "A female institution would be a marvellous thing if it were not so nauseating." The most nauseating of the inmates is Mabel, the spotted-faced ugly, dull, unattractive octopus, trying to catch every new girl and finding herself politely snubbed or rudely endured.

One cannot quite picture Judith's heart-broken feeling after the deception of Jennifer. Even Roddy whom she loved enough to offer herself to him did not hurt her so much when he rejected her gift; even Julian could not drag a cry of indignation from her when he said he would have her for mistress but never for wife; Jennifer alone was capable of so hurting her that she thought her heart would break and reverted to her deadly sense of personal inferiority. The influence of Jennifer was all-pervading, her personality was constantly felt, her absence always deplored. Where is Jennifer? Judith would ask herself a hundred times a day after they had separated. Jennifer alone mattered. This novel does away with the idea that has been long accepted: when one woman loves another with the sort of love normal women give to men, there can be no place in her life for anyone, save possibly another

woman. Judith loved Roddy and Jennifer with all her love, but she knew that those two must never meet—not even mentally—so she never mentioned the name of one to the other. Judith was wise, but Roddy would not have cared. Nothing could make Roddy care, not even Tony.

Strangely enough, Judith, who appealed to women—three at least in Cambridge sought her—was attractive and attracted to at least three men, four even, with whom she came in contact; all different from each other, all individual specimens of very definite "types," all loving her, and any one of whom she might have married without a shiver, save Martin, to whom she was engaged. In an effort to make her heroine taste of everything, respond to environment, be an entity into herself, the author has made her novel unsatisfying because of the questions it leaves unanswered and the lack of solid ground upon which to build an acceptable opinion of Judith.

The only definite reaction of love Judith experienced with Jennifer was jealousy, which was a real torture. But she was also jealous of Tony when he absorbed Roddy; jealousy was more instinctive with her than homosexuality.

*Dusty Answer* is the frankest discussion of lesbianism that has as yet appeared in the English novel. It is part of the author's art to disguise it so that all readers do not recognize it. I asked the "hostess" of a London book shop, which maintains a "lounge" where one is encouraged to ask questions about writers and their books, to what she attributed the vogue of the novel. She thought it was largely due to the writer's comparative youth; she was, like her heroine, a Cambridge graduate

and therefore in the know; she was the daughter of a celebrated father, a famous oarsman in his day; she had recently married into a well-known family, etc.

"But don't you think it is extraordinary that readers have taken with avidity to a fictional discussion of abnormality or deviation for which you put your greatest minor poet in Reading Gaol a generation ago?"

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Just that."

"It never occurred to me," said the lady, a spinster of uncertain age, with an air of slight embarrassment.

There are many like her. It is passing strange what goes over the heads of discerning people.

The great dynamic power that is meant when we speak of sex has for so long been looked upon as a thing to be denied, to be received only covertly, to be indulged according to rule and regulation, that it is nearly impossible for us to treat it as a beneficent, health-giving, happiness-promoting force. Sex has been treated like diplomacy: darkly, secretly. The result has been crippling and death. The time has come when women must insist upon being told all that is known about their genesic instinct, how it may be handled so as to develop or curb it; how, when it gets headed in the wrong direction, it can be turned and put on the right road and instructed how to go.

I am convinced that many women addicted to homosexual practises are the product of school, college, club, association, and other institution that huddles women together. It has a definite relation to their economic freedom also. Young women going to cities, or in cities away from their homes, to earn their livelihoods and make careers, have neither time nor opportunity

to make contacts and associations with young men which lead to love and promote marriage. They are dependent for companionship upon their own sex, and for reasons of economy many of them live together. Such propinquity sometimes causes the sex instinct to deviate, to fan into flame a latent deviation, to convert a potential perversion into an actual one.

Latent sex perversion is far more common in women than in men. Actual perversion among them is rare compared with men. Sex perversion in women has a mystic quality, in men an esthetic. Many women get adequate appeasement from caresses and contacts that have small physical basis. In my own experience it is uncommon to meet a homosexual woman who has had what may be called "definite physical relationship" and uncommon to meet a homo-sexual man who has not.

The most complete man-woman I have known assured me that she had never gone beyond a passionate kiss or a close embrace. She is an altruistic, high-principled woman, who has made her way in the world in an executive position. To my question, "What restrained you?" she replied, "Fear." Fear that she might do someone else harm, and that she might get so under the dominion of a person that she would lose her individuality. Her history, a most instructive one, is that she is one of five children of ordinary, easy-going, moderately successful, middle-class parents who never spoke of love and gave no indication they knew it existed. Her earliest recollection is that she wanted to be a boy. She thinks she could not have been three years old when observing herself she decided she was not completely or properly built, and she appalled her mother by appearing before her one day supplemented in such way by wood and

adhesive that she rivalled her brother two years her senior who was complete. She never had any interest in little girls or what they said or did. She was intrigued by boys and she could do everything they did save one: an act of nature for which she was repeatedly punished because she insisted upon doing it standing. Her father was her childish *beau idéal*. He died when she was in her teens and she felt it incumbent upon herself to care for her mother as he did. She liked tramping and canoeing, hunting and exploring, and loved to dress in boy's clothes. Physically, she developed harmoniously and menstruated when she was fourteen: that function has always been normal. Although she has been thrown in close and attractive contact with boys and men all her life, that is, thirty-two years, she has never had a thrill from one, a desire for close contact or intimate relationship. All her thrills have been from her own sex. At first from women older than she, lately from younger ones. She first realized sex feeling when she was in high school. It was excited by one of the teachers whom she showered with attention: flowers and sweets. The teacher did or said nothing to push her out into the ocean of love. She merely accepted her as a worshipping slave. There was a succession of these episodes, always with teachers. She had intimacies with girls but no "crushes." When she went to college she developed a sympathetic, satisfying friendship with a woman seven years older who had interrupted her teaching to return to her alma mater for a master's degree. They lived together for two years in close intimacy and spiritual contentment. The flood gates of her sex-passion were always opened by herself, and it was not necessary to open them often to prevent overflow or threatened

bursting. Soon after she got her degree, her friend married and now has five children.

The next serious affair was with a woman fifteen years her senior who had been married but who had abandoned it as an unsatisfactory arrangement. She was not divorced, merely separated from her husband by voluntary and mutual agreement. It was with this woman that she nearly went on the rocks. Their intimacy was close, but it was platonic. Though my patient was the aggressor, her victim was the vampire and the shrew, who reduced the pursuer to a pulp devoid of rights or personality. Othello's jealousy was soft stuff compared to that of her victim. This went on for four years. Then she had to decide between suicide and separation. The effort to put through the latter made her a "nervous wreck," and that brought her to me.

She visited me lately to tell me that she was "falling" for a young girl in the organization she directs. Was she not running the risk of getting in her power? Would it not, were it known, cost her the position that she had striven to obtain and with which her future is bound up? Would she not have surcease of her torment when she crossed the rubicon, which was in the remote distance?

I answered her questions satisfactorily and then asked some.

"Do you think that if you had had it explained to you by your teacher that you were abnormal sexually, and you knew as much about it as you do now, you would have striven to become heterosexual?"

"No."

"Have you ever in walking or dreaming state thought of a man's embrace?"

"No."

"Have you of women's?"

"A million times. Sometimes I think of nothing else."

"If you could have a choice, which would you prefer to be a man or woman?"

"A man. Now I am a man with a woman's body. My attitude toward women is one of dominion veneered with chivalry; that's why I get along so well with them."

"But in one respect you are very unlike a man. You pursue your game but don't bag it. How do you explain that?"

"Fear has kept me from doing it. Not fear of being found out. I am not ashamed of being homosexual. I had nothing to do with it. I was made that way. I am one of the sports of biology. I know enough about gamete and chromosome to know how I originated. I would I knew why. I should like to know what nature has up its sleeve when it makes persons like me."

"What do you believe the duty of physicians and parents is toward homosexuals?"

"To try to make them heterosexual when young. Therefore it has to be detected early. Persons who do not know all you know and all I know about sex should not procreate. Parents kill themselves to feed and educate their children, then they kill their children's souls by leaving them ignorant of the thing about which they should be enlightened above all others: the possession that links them with God, their creative capacity."

"But you say if you had known what you are when young, you would not have tried to become what is called normal. Is that not a contradiction of what you now say?"

"No. I am normal. My norm is not your norm. I am

a congenital homosexual. It would be as impossible for myself or anyone else to make me fundamentally heterosexual as it would be to alter the shape of my face, the colour of my eyes, the way my hair grows. It is an integral part of my make-up. I could submit to the embrace of a man but I should hate to do it. Even the thought of it is so repulsive that I cannot give it a moment's tenancy. I know and I am sure you know that the majority of girls who contract lesbian habits are not homosexual at all. They are victims of homosexuals. In proof of this, most of them marry when the opportunity offers and bear children."

"But you do not mean to say to me that because a person marries and procreates that proves she or he is not homosexual? The majority of homosexuals who have consulted me were married or were planning it."

"Homosexual men marry far oftener than women. There are many reasons for this. It is a smoke screen for them, a refuge of safety; and then they like the society of women. As you know, many of them are like the late Robert de Montesquiou, social assets. I know dozens of men in New York: writers, architects, musicians, doctors who are social favourites, and many of them use matrimony as a cloak.

"Strangely enough, women homosexuals are rarely social favourites, and though men are often attentive to them, they do not attract men as normally endowed women attract their male analogues. The reason for that is that men resent their dominancy. Normal men like to make love to feminine women; abnormal men find feminine women charming, if they don't have to make love to them. Most of the women with whom I have been intimate like me because I treated them as men would

treat them, chivalrously, I mean. Some of them had never experienced such treatment and they fell for it; but that does not mean they were like me; it merely means they were hungry for love and caress. As soon as they got it from men, I was in the discard.

"The reason I have for saying that parents and teachers should watch out to see that the sex endowment of the young develops harmoniously is that I believe there are ten lesbians made for every one that is born. And then, what about gland treatment? Can't you give masculine girls and effeminate boys some sort of gland substance that will give them a boost, increase their balance in the bank of sex, as it were?"

"Do not think I disagree with anything you have said. I merely wanted to know how you reconciled an apparent contradiction. I am also of the belief that if you can get hold of what I call potential homosexuals early enough and if they are fortunate enough to have amenable parents, they can be assisted to normal sexuality. Just how much the administration of the reproductive glands of the sheep or preparations made from them may help to accomplish this, we are not yet in position to say. For them to be of any benefit whatsoever they must be used in early childhood."

Environment is the thing: orientation, enlightenment, discipline, companionship, training. It is strange what can be done with a human being when the time is right and the shaping instruments are adaptable and adequate and wielded by a steady, strong hand.

Childhood, enlightenment, and determination make a threefold cord that is not easily broken.

# IV

## WOMAN AS MOTHER

THE question whether mothers are born or made has been much discussed. As they are both born and made, the answer should not be difficult. The maternal instinct, like all others, is given to individuals in varying degree. Some get full measure, others scant. The crux of the question is: Can an individual who has been given scant measure enhance it? We are assured that we cannot add to our stature by taking thought, but by invoking art and employing artifice many appear to accomplish it. In the same way, by plan and strategy one may appear to be an approximation to the natural mother. Strangely enough, the synthetic mother is often more capable, that is, more nearly the perfect mother, than the natural one, for the same reason that intelligent lazy people are frequently more efficient than naturally industrious ones, because they reason and think while the latter put their emotions to work. The maternal instinct alone may have been adequate for motherhood at one time, but it is not to-day. Biology, chemistry, and psychology must supplement it.

The maternal instinct is more primitive, fundamental, and dominant than the mating instinct. It is constant, the mating instinct is cyclical. Sexual love is not highly developed in primitive humanity, maternal love is. Sexual love has increased with civilization, maternal love has decreased. All primitive women would give

their lives for their offspring, some modern women say they would. The farther away we get from primitive times, the gentler and more reasoning maternal love becomes.

The maternal instinct, the parent of all tenderness and love, though not an intrinsic impulse of life is a gradually developed product of organic evolution. In many women it has to be aroused. Some have a measure of it before they become mothers, some do not experience it until they feel their child at the breast; others, the minority, never feel it and any display of maternal feeling by them is an artifact fabricated from intelligence. It is popularly held that little girls play with dolls instinctively, and that this affirms maternal feeling. In the majority of instances such play is imitative rather than instinctive.

Maternal love is the only real love. What man calls love is a by-product of his lust wrought by the maternal instinct, tempered by its possessor's tenderness, shaped by her mating urge and stamped by her devotion. In the mating instinct and in maternal love we find the hopes and beauties of humanity.

Every woman, save the sterile, is potentially a mother and by utilizing her acquired knowledge she may become an actual one. She has only to exercise a momentary fascination over the willing male, put up with weeks of discomfort and hours of pain, and use her intelligence and knowledge in behalf of her fruit until it matures.

Because of the gradation of instinct endowment and the varying capacity for attaining, receiving, and assimilating information, mothers cannot be standardized. They may, however, be classified into good, bad, and indifferent; wise and foolish; cruel and indulgent;

natural and unnatural. Here, I shall make a simple classification into ideal mothers and murderous mothers. The ideal mother is she who realizes the actuality of heredity, the potentiality of environment, and the dignity of her mission: to create an individual and develop an individuality. The murderous mother is she who destroys the individual during its intra-uterine days, or who hampers the development of individuality in the formative years of life. It is with the latter that I am particularly concerned.

A paradoxical state of affairs exists at the present time. It is said that there is an increasing aversion to motherhood, that though women are willing to bear one child they are unwilling to bear several, and that there is a clamour for knowledge of birth-control measures and freedom to apply them. Should both the aversion and the determination become operative, overpopulation and lack of food supply need not worry us. Another state of affairs approaching absurdity is the contrast between the ideality and the reality of motherhood. It is our practical ideal, as beauty is our theoretical. But modern motherhood is far from ideal. The participation of many mothers in the rearing, education, and orientation of their children is slight, selfish, and spasmodic.

One of the many Foundations for promoting health and knowledge should undertake to find out from one hundred thousand women of ordinary health and in comfortable circumstances why they are averse to bearing many children. To make the results of the inquiry valuable, half the number should be from what is called society, half from professions and superior occupations. By "many children" is meant more than five. The

reason that is given nowadays is that child-bearing is an interference to self-expression and to self-support. It interferes with self-indulgence also, but that is less generally admitted. People who use the term "self-expression" do not always mean the same thing: some do not know what they mean and some mean self-gratification. Self-expression is the coördination of instincts and emotions so that they act autonomously and harmoniously, and their display for an end that benefits the world and profits man.

Motherhood, correctly interpreted, properly indulged, and wisely administered is the acme of self-expression. Women often say that is man's point of view, that he does not realize the longings that motherhood leaves unfulfilled, the aspirations it does not appease. The answer is: were mothers to devote themselves to their picture as Leonardo did to the Gioconda, satisfaction and contentment would stalk them as rebellion and boredom do now. The founder of the psychology called "Behaviourism" says he can take any healthy well-formed baby born of a long line of crooks, murderers, and prostitutes, and bring it up so that it will be a credit to any respectable community. If Dr. Watson can do that, why should mothers not do it for the children of cooks, merchants, and preachers? He is willing to tell them all he knows: in fact some think he has already told them more than he knows.

Countless parents have normal children and there must be at least a million in this country who can command an ideal environment. Think of being able to bring individuals into the world who would be immune from all the misery in life, save that which comes from poverty and disease! If mothers can bring up children

to whom fear is unknown and jealousy impossible, they have the most interesting and the most remunerative job in the world.

Women of distinctive mental quality and women whose husbands have signal talent should remind themselves that there is good reason to believe that intellectual ability is inheritable. It may be given to them to bring into the world a Bach or a Beethoven, a Darwin or a Dostoevsky.

That maternity interferes with self-support is obvious. That it does not prevent it is equally so. Science is so skillful in supplementing maternity and providing substitutes for certain features of it that the mother need be secluded only a short time compared to what was necessary when she had to nurse and rear her child. However, it remains one of the obstacles to woman's complete independence and must be so recognized.

It would be an indication of man's determination to let woman have fair and full opportunity to prove that she is self-sufficient and self-sustaining, were he not only to admit her into every field of activity from which revenue is obtainable, but to replace her there without loss to her of money or position while she is giving hostages to fortune. That he does not do so is shown by the experience of married women teachers. Thus we have the anomaly of recruiting the profession which is universally admitted to be one of the most important for our moral and spiritual welfare from the ranks of those who should never be allowed to enter it, namely, celibates. Only parents are capable of giving children the sort of instruction they must have if we are to speed the wheels of intellectual progress. It is regrettable that the Jews do not practise what the Talmud seems to

teach: that only married men and women are equipped to educate children.

It would be safer to engage as teachers only those who are married. Unmarried applicants would be likely to say they intended and hoped to marry, but they might change their minds and what is more probable they might never get the chance to marry. So many queer ones, women especially, get into the teaching profession that men shy at them. It was Pestalozzi, the great Swiss reformer whose effect on all branches of education is felt even to-day, who said, "the essential principle of education is not teaching; it is love." Celibates have not the essential principle, or if they have they dare not avow it.

Apart from economic difficulties, there are women who deny themselves maternity, or who limit their productiveness to two children on the ground that to do otherwise impedes and thwarts self-indulgence even though it antidotes their craving for self-expression. Of these I have nothing to say. One who believes it is the supreme duty of every woman endowed with mating instinct to bring forth as many children as she and her husband can rear without strain to her strength or to his purse, can scarcely see eye to eye with the woman who gives profit or pleasure precedence over her duty as parent to society and state.

Many reasons justify a woman for having no children, but the only good reason why she should not have many if she has one is inability to give them heredity and environment that will provide a reasonable assurance of health, sanity, and education.

The maternal expression of the well-to-do has three foes to combat: indolence, ignorance, and selfishness.

Motherhood is an art, but it is also a profession. It is quite possible for a genius to excel in more than one profession: Leonardo was a great painter, great engineer, and great naturalist, but for one person so gifted there are thousands who cannot excel in one direction. Motherhood ideally conducted calls for all the strength, time, and talent that the vast majority of women possess or can muster.

Every woman, genesically normal, should make up her mind early in life (and as women mature mentally earlier than men it should be possible for her to decide in her teens) which she will elect: matrimony or medicine, the stage or the shop, the law or the library. Should she elect motherhood, she should commit to memory the fifteenth and sixteenth verses of the Third Chapter of Revelation. Better be a Laodicean in any other field than the maternal. During the interval between her determination and wedding, she should learn some trade or profession, not with the idea of making a living then or later, but for the good of her body and of her soul. Once that is accomplished, she should begin training for motherhood.

Where can she receive the training? In the laboratory of her mind, in the workshop of her heart. When should she receive it? When her mind is plastic, her heart tender, in the days of her youth. It is her own attitude toward motherhood that should determine the training. If she has made up her mind she will have only one child, it is not worth while to get the training. The child will probably grow up to be a monster anyway, unless she is a very unusual mother. There are, it need scarcely be said, women who are compelled by ill health and misfortune to limit themselves to one child. Such children

often develop as harmoniously as those who have several brothers and sisters. But they have exceptional mothers. To any woman who realizes that motherhood is a full-time job, training is not only worth while, it is essential. After she has made up her mind how wholeheartedly and devotedly she will give herself over to bearing and rearing children, she must then take up the matter of her relation and commerce with teachers.

The chief reason why pedagogues hold all parents save themselves in disrespect is that so many mothers subordinate intellect to emotions, and refuse to meet the teacher for conference and coöperation in a field whose fertility and cultivatability is unknown to them both. The father who thinks he discharges his parental duty as educator when he leads his child by the hand five times a week to the school door, and the mother who believes she discharges hers by writing now and then to the teacher that Clifford talks in his sleep because he has to study evenings, or that she does not understand why Cynthia does not get better marks in mathematics, should both think again.

There is little hope that our present mode of education, which looks upon the child's mind as an empty box that must be filled with material from which fame and food can be fabricated when the child becomes a man, can be reformed until parents and teachers learn to coöperate. Before the horse and the ox can be made to pull together, they must be "broken" separately and together. Before parents and teachers can pull together they must be enlightened individually and collectively.

I recently discussed the so-called Dalton system of education with a college-bred parent at the risk of my

reputation for sanity. This country is bursting with money. Why not use some of it for individual as opposed to mass education? Everyone admits its feasibility and superiority. The mind is not an empty box to be packed; it is a box if you like, the lid of which is nailed down, and it is the parent's duty to pry it open and to examine it that its size and peculiarities may be determined. If they do not know how to do it, they should have it done. The box may be shallow, it may be deep, it may be recessed or partitioned. Once we find its size and shape, capacity and peculiarities, we may confer with the professional filler; we may even work with him.

Were I rich, I should endow first the Classification Clinic founded by my friend Pearce Bailey, a psychologist of vision, a physician of understanding; then, a school where the curiosity of children would be fostered; then, a college in which only the best ways of acquiring knowledge were taught; and finally, a university in which one could do as he pleased, when he pleased. On reflection, I should also endow an asylum for bigots.

The unforgivable sin is not the same for everyone; for Stavrogin it was to rape an imbecile pauper cripple, and then marry her to humiliate his people; for St. Matthew it was blasphemy against the Holy Ghost; for me, it is to blight the personality of your own creature by selfish solicitude; to fetter the rhythm of life in a human being for whom you are responsible; to spoke the erotic wheel of an individual by coddling surveillance so that it can never turn completely in the image of yourself that you have been permitted to make; to feed your self-love and nurture your jealousy with your own flesh and blood. How many mothers have

I seen doing it; how blind they were to what they were doing and how antipathetic to any effort to enlighten them! I have seen mothers refuse to leave the bedside, day and night, of their sons for whom illness was a badly needed discipline. I have seen them turn deaf ears to the assurance that not only did their vigil not shape the course of the disease, but that their over-solicitude engendered fear, the great ally of disease. I have seen them haunt the environment of their delirious and deluded young despite the assurance that the welfare of the patient was enhanced by taking themselves out of the picture. I have seen them companion their sons in such a way, with so much assiduity and display of the relish of love that they could not fail to cause a mother-fixation. I have seen them restrict the activities and contacts of their children narrowly to the home circle, with the tacit understanding that it was not only sufficient but no other was as good, and then when the boys went to college and the girls into society, I have seen the former fail to "make" clubs or intimates and the latter succeed in making wall-flowers.

Murderous Mothers, I call them, and I have met hundreds. Nothing has so convinced me that motherhood is an art as the many botches of their making I have encountered. We encounter them in fiction as well as in real life. Wilbur Daniel Steele has described one recently at great length in *Meat*, but his heroine excites our sympathy, for spiritual deformity was thrust upon her. The purity obsession which took possession of her had its roots in an experience with a perverted male cousin. Instead of telling her parents, she let it seep through her acquired mind into her inherited mind. When she hears that a Buffalo policeman has met her cousin's

overtures with a bullet, she believes his death destroys her incubus and she has an hour of exaltation during which she conceives. When the child is born it has a birth-mark similar to that of his degenerate cousin. In addition, he is so puny and rachitic that he is raised at the expense of constant care and expert counsel. The child and the purity delusion are born simultaneously. Henceforth, sex is sin, alcohol is sinister; whence? where? why? are taboo. An elder son and a foster-daughter of the same age, who had lived until they were ten like Adam and Eve before the Fall, suddenly began to weep and hide and tremble because they were naked. For the sake of bringing to manhood the little monster who has brought discord and destruction to the household, the mother sacrifices husband and children. She prohibits alcohol, limits pleasure, and shackles freedom because her last-born cannot manage them. Flagg becomes a drunkard and a day-labourer. Fern, the foster-daughter, transported from her paradise where sex and sin were unknown to a realization that both are hideous, turns man-hater and is saved from the other extreme by a propitious deception. But to the child who caused her heart pain and sorrow, the mother devoted all her love; she made ambitious plans for his future and fitted her world to his needs; and she built a wall around him that he had to scale to get out into the world. Every now and then he mounted it and got safely on the other side, but always he injured himself going or coming and just as he achieved the age of manhood, he fell while scaling it and broke his neck.

His death broke the spell. Flagg changed back from drunkard and Fern from man-hater and they married, and surely lived happily ever after, for Fern said to him,

when he was holding her tight, "You have got to know enough never to let me go. You have got to be stubborn, got to be pitiless with me. And patient, my dear, for a while."

Mr. Steele is right. Men in fiction should be stubborn and pitiless and patient, but not in real life. They should be understanding, firm, and determined. They should with sweet reason convince their wives that a mother who sacrifices her own pleasure for her son's welfare will find her compensation in grand-children and her reward during old age, the time when women need reward most.

One also sees upon the stage the handiwork of murderous mothers. Eugene O'Neill has recently portrayed one in *Strange Interlude*. Charles Marsden would marry Nina Leeds were it not that he had a mother-fixation and then a sister-substitution. Eventually he did marry her when the original and the substitute passed on, and when he was half way down the decline of years, "in a gray ivied chapel full of restful shadow . . . and in the hour before sunset when the earth dreams in afterthought and mystic premonitions of life's beauty." Should Marsden, the finished product of iniquitous mother-activity, be unconvincing, the playgoer can see the same activity at work in Nina Leeds and her love-son Gordon who is the composite child of her idolized lover killed overseas, of his real father, Dr. Darrell, of his alleged parent, her husband, and of "dear old Charlie" uranian admirer of Nina. She exercises her efforts and ingenuity to bind Gordon to her side as closely as he was before he breathed the outer air, but Gordon was the kind of youth to whom the "Ifs" of Kipling did not apply. In the language of Mr. Babbitt he was a

he-man, so when Madeline came along, Mother was in the amatory discard.

The murderous mothers of reality are more ferocious than those of fiction. From the scores on which I have notes I select the following not only because it is a good illustration, but because I have had the victim under my eye for more than twenty years.

A generation ago, long before "glands" became popular, indeed before the layman knew what a gland was, I wrote an article about a strange disease heretofore undescribed in this country, the chief feature of which is progressive enlargment of the ends of the long bones to constitute a variety of gigantism, and dependent upon disordered secretion of the gland within the skull called the pituitary. A colleague in California read the article and when his son, many years later, seemed to him to be growing too rapidly, he wrote to me in apprehension that the boy might be developing acromegaly. I advised that he be examined by one of my former assistants then practising medicine in San Francisco. He reported that the boy was unquestionably deficient in certain internal secretions, particularly in the secretions of the gonads and thyroid. He was put under treatment, and two or three years later, when the family were en route to Europe, I saw him. He was about fourteen years old, six feet in height, with rounded face, miniature bosom, prominent hips, feminine voice, hairless skin, and he was fat. His manners were those of a perfect lady, his features those of an imperfect man. His father related that he had never been able to interest him in games of any sort, or to persuade him to go on any of the fishing or shooting trips that he frequently took; that when he went for his summer holiday to the mountains, his wife

and son would go to some fashionable resort or to Europe; that the boy never had formed one intimate friendship with boy or girl. In fact, he did not like girls. Possibly he would have liked them had he had a chance to see them or to flock with them, but his mother kept him so close to her that he had no such opportunity. She distrusted girls; they knew too much nowadays. The more the boy stayed with his mother, the more content he seemed to be. His two interests in life were his mother and reading. He hoped to become a writer. In fact, he had already written plays and stories and one of his plays had been acted by amateurs. He was fond of his father, possibly even loved him, but their point of contact was an intellectual one. The mother had always "spoiled" the boy and nothing the father could do had prevented her. She was adamant. He had realized a long time before that the boy should have been sent away to school, but he had not been able to accomplish it. Though his wife had the manner and air of reasonableness when dealing with others, with him she was beyond reason or appeal. Their lives had little in common, and each succeeding year lessened that little.

His own story was simple. His father, a pious Wisconsin lumberman, had been at one time a labourer. He was determined that his sons should become gentlemen, so he sent them to college. The one with whom I was dealing was sent to Yale. Six years later, he was not only a gentleman but a doctor and then he married the daughter of a Presbyterian minister whose acquaintance he had made while he was in college. She was sweet, pretty, and socially his superior. He was sure he had picked a winner. He did not have to wait long to find out he had not. One child appeased all her cravings for

maternity. The doctor's ability was recognized by the community where he practised and his income was adequate to provide his family with every comfort. His wife quickly developed a taste for luxury, a habit of idleness, and gradually increasing adiposity. Her boy, whom she idolized, resembled her physically from his early days. As he grew into late childhood his budding mentality resembled more and more that of his father who had a keen, logical, responsive mind. As a child, the boy had more than a normal attachment to his mother. Her attitude toward him was one of admiration, her expression one of ardent love, her manner adoring. She went nowhere without him and he did not want to go anywhere save with her. They were always together and her delight in him and in his attentions was at times nearly maudlin.

The father received my explanation of his son's sexual fixation sympathetically and said that he had realized it for a long time, but that he was quite unable to make his wife see the jeopardy in which she was putting their son. He had done everything in his power to make her realize it and to remedy it. He assured me that any plan of treatment that I could suggest that did not involve separation from the mother could be carried out, but that it was idle to discuss one that required separation. She had not allowed him to send the boy away to school though he knew the benefit that would have resulted from a climate of rapidly changing temperature and from the companionship of well-bred young "toughs." He was equally sure that she would not allow him to go away to college with the freedom that other boys had.

Fortified with remnants of youthful assurance, I

suggested to him that I thought I could make her realize her sin and induce her to change her attitude and intimacy with her son, for his sake. Many times in the past twenty years I have tried to remove the blinders from her eyes. I had as much success the first time as the last, and I had less success any time than I would have had with a balking mule.

The boy went to a university, had a brilliant career, and finished in three years. He was always at the top of his class in the medical college and had no difficulty in obtaining an excellent hospital appointment which he declined. He went to Germany instead. While he was studying for his bachelor's degree his mother lived in New York and she went to him or he came to her every week-end. He lived with her while he was studying for his doctor's degree, and when he went to Germany she accompanied him.

When the Wisconsin lumberman died, his son inherited a great deal of money; abandoned the practice of medicine and devoted his energies in an amateur way to zoölogy, a science that had appealed to him in youth. When the young doctor returned from abroad, he took up the practice of medicine in New York, and from the nucleus which I put at his disposal he made a lucrative clientèle in a few years. Soon there began to be disagreeable rumours about him; though he was a man of charm and manner, suave and courteous, intelligent and cultured with a veneer of superiority, the rumours grew and spread that he was abnormal. His father died and the circumstances of his death made it probable that he had taken his life and the young man then abandoned his practice and went to Italy. The last time I was in Florence I saw him sitting

in Ranieri's, at a table with the king of the "Homos." His mother had a villa on the Fiesole side, and down in the city there is a *cénacle* made up of writers, painters, pedagogues, and esthetes which he finds to his liking. He was working on a play, he said, and when it would be finished he would return to New York to have it produced. He does not regret his medical education. It helps him to realize his determination to express himself as artist.

Had this brilliant young man been brought up properly, pushed out into the world as the powers and the strength were given him to proceed in it and bear its buffetings, had he been made to take the bitter as well as the sweets of life, the blows as well as the caresses, had he been subject to the discipline of appreciation and derision which the individual boy gets from the group boy invariably, it is likely that his sex cycle would have completed itself. There is not a chance that it will do so now, and he does not care. He may write a play or a sonata that will be praised and applauded but his affections will remain unresponsive save to one appeal, his emotions dormant save to a single call until the curtain of life drops. His mother killed him as effectively as if she had chopped off his head.

The wreckage a well-meaning, over-solicitous mother may work in the future of her child is appalling. It is even more destructive than that wrought by the tyrannical, puritanical, narrow-spirited mother. Two contemporary writers of the last generation, Edmund Gosse and Anatole France, stand out as conspicuous victims of "murderous mothers." Gosse's mother suppressed his ego with such everlasting effect and so shut him away from all contact that broadens a character and matures a mind that he developed an interpretive talent

at the expense of creative ability. Anatole France says of his mother, "She adored me, as a creation of her own and her masterpiece. . . . She loved me too much. . . . She poisoned my life, literally. She bewildered and stupefied me. She made me inconsequent and shy. Long after I had a beard she treated me like a child. . . . Until my thirtieth year I hesitated to cross the barrier that separates youth from manhood." One may reflect that Anatole France made up for this shyness with such gusto that he seemed to have overcome the handicap of his mother's adoration, but few would have the determination or the daring to do what he did. The love strings with which some mothers tie their children's budding personalities are seldom cut so neatly that they do not leave a ragged edge.

There is a certain type of mother with whom one cannot reason and when you talk to her of responsibility as character builder, and curiosity as educator, she admits that they may be essential for the child of others but not for hers. There are some children that even maudlin mother-love cannot injure, but no child of unsound heredity is proof against it. When I tell such mothers that by their conduct they put themselves in a class with the primitives, they either get angry or pity me that I should be so steeped in fatuity. They wish to save the child, not to ruin him. They know his special needs and they know that there is a bond existing between them and the child that must not be severed.

Murderous mothers find me as obtuse and deficient in understanding as I find them.

Much has been written about the perils of girlhood. I have sometimes thought that those of boyhood are greater. Between the selfish mother and the sadistic

spinster who tends and teaches him, his chances of reaching puberty with his species-perpetuating stream in full flood are small. Anyone who does not realize it should read the life of Lord Curzon by the Earl of Ronaldshay recently published. That gentleman had in his boyhood the reputation of being the perfect prig and in his maturity the most superior person of his nation. During his entire life he affected a propriety of culture, learning, and morals which bored or offended nearly everyone with whom he came in casual contact and not a few of those who knew him well. He was born great and he thrust greatness upon himself. By birth a conformer and a conservative, he cultivated insubordination and antinomianism from boyhood. Though he hated racing, he made it a point of honour every year to go to Ascot because it was forbidden. For a similar reason he kept a stock of wine in a drawer of the bureau of his room, not because he cared for drinking but because he enjoyed the supreme effrontery of giving wine parties under the nose of his house master, and *memorabile dictu*, he once played a game of tennis in Upper School Eton which, be it known, "is the long panelled room adorned with busts and decorated with carved names innumerable, hallowed if any room was by a long tradition of decorous behaviour and bathed in a gentle atmosphere of learning." He despised everything that was "low." Egyptian bas-reliefs "had evil-looking, voluptuous countenances, the kind that made Cæsar a fool and Anthony a knave." Everything pure and noble like the Sistine Madonna and the Acropolis appealed to him. He could patronize an immortal with the ease of a dictator patronizing a policeman. He spent more time hiring a cook than Proust did in telling how he turned over in bed, and he

used nearly as many words in firing him as Mr. Bok did in telling how brave he is, or was. In short, he was a superlative man with a superlative character, and superlatives rolled from his tongue or dripped from his pen with the roar and rush of Niagara waters.

In reality, his biographer assures us, he was kindly, companionable, courteous and compassionate, inimitable as raconteur, charming as host, unsurpassed as friend; a playful, humourful man in love with life and devoted to laughter. All that he had the reputation of being: cold, haughty, disdainful, arrogant, insensitive, self-satisfied, he owed to the ministrations of Miss Paraman who took him in hand when he was seven years old and fastened upon him the most gorgeous inferiority complex that biography has brought to light. She inculcated habits of economy (although rich, he could not afford a servant until his twenty-seventh year), habits of neatness and orderliness in him, and dislike of anything vulgar or fast, which merited the praise of the great, including Gladstone. Frequently she acted toward him with all the savagery of a brutal and vindictive tyrant. She humiliated him to such a degree that he felt he was no longer master even to a worm. The noble biographer of this noble Lord says that Miss Paraman's paroxysm of ferocity cloaked a real affection for her victim. So also did that of the Marquis de Sade cloak real affection for Juliette, Countess de Lorsange.

When Miss Paraman died, Lord Curzon was one of the mourners. She had done her work well, he was faithful unto death.

When unstable heredity joins forces with the vicarious murderous mother or the real one, the wreckage that results is pathetic. Such partnership occurred in a case

I shall now relate, one of the most piteous of my experience and the more so because of the profound disparity between the victim's appearance and accomplishment. His lithe figure, finely chiseled features, clear eye and winning smile would have singled him out in any group of men as a person of breeding and of parts. The curious onlooker would conjecture: is he a screen star or the vice-president of a trust company that has recently absorbed a rival? Should chance convert the onlooker into a listener he would soon realize that looks belie character and do not record accomplishment. He was a human bank, strongly built, beautifully furnished, appropriately equipped but without funds. He had what the French call *la jolie du doute;* he never did anything or contemplated doing anything without torturing himself with the question: Am I doing what I should do that I may be useful and happy, am I doing right?

He was thirty-two years old when I first saw him and he had never succeeded in any constructive or productive work although he had tried scores. He was one of our "old families," an only child brought up by a widowed mother and a maiden aunt; his father had had several attacks of insanity. His childhood and early boyhood may be summarized in a sentence: he had no freedom, no power, no responsibility. His young life was as bespattered with "don'ts" as the sky is with stars, and his aunt did most of the spattering. Her determination was to make him a nice boy who would mature into a nice man and live in a nice world. As there is no such place, he did not know how to conduct himself when he got into the world.

He realized not only his predicament but his limi-

tations, and he had that *sine qua non* of sanity: insight. He first realized that he was different when he went to school in his ninth year. The boys of his class either laughed and jeered at him or they were contemptible and cruel. He was then sent away to school but after three months he was so home-sick that his mother took him away. He had been entered for ——— School since his babyhood and when he was fourteen he went there. He was determined to be good and great, so he busied himself writing on slips of paper rules and admonitions copied out of books, which if followed lead to friendship and success. Whenever he heard of a book on character building, he bought it and devoured it, but he never became a "regular guy." He was always a "queer duck."

His doubting mania first took full possession of him when he had to make up his mind where to go to college. He took a hundred names of prominent men from *Who's Who in America*, wrote to them and asked which, in their judgment, was the best college. Finally he decided to go to Yale. No sooner was he there than he began to ask himself: Did I choose the right one after all? After a few months he got a transfer to another university and he stayed there a few months, the same question still staring him in the face; then he returned to Yale where he remained until we entered the War. On hearing a Signal Corps instructor talk about the attractiveness of the Naval Reserve, he said to himself: this is my opportunity, this is what I have been looking for: adventure and an arena in which to display my qualities and courage. After two months in the Navy he was sent up for mental examination and was finally discharged as unfit. Later, he was drafted and sent to a camp in

Tennessee; at the end of three months they gave him an honourable discharge. He remembered that something was said of lowered efficiency when he was discharged from the Navy and made up his mind to study psychology. He went to England and matriculated at Cambridge University, dedicated himself for a year to the philosophers, dead and alive, until finally his mind was completely muddled; then he came home and went in for sports in order to improve his physical vitality, and after a year thus engrossed he returned to Cambridge.

Finally, he decided that psychology was not for him and that he might make himself a career in art or diplomacy, and to fit himself he went to Paris and matriculated at the Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques. That determination did not last long and it occurred to him that he might be a painter. So he began to frequent the ateliers and got some instruction at Julian's and then came home and started to do some copying at the Metropolitan Museum, but he was so taken up with trying to answer the questions: What shall I do? What should I do? that he had no time to do anything.

He said to me: "I look like a man, I dress like a man, and such acts of mine as come beneath the public eye would I think be called manly acts, but I know I am but the simulacrum of a man; I am constantly making experiments with food, with occupation; nothing satisfies me. Idleness increases my hopelessness, activity drives me to despair. I realize that I am a snob; I have a cruel streak in me. The truth is that if I can make anyone with whom I come in contact unhappy, I am more content with existence than at any other time, for their unhappiness and pain is a kind of compensation. I real-

ize, too, that there is something wrong with my amatory make-up. I have had what is called 'experience' but I have never met a girl who could make me forget myself for more than a few consecutive seconds. I don't know whether one would call me normal or not for I recall that when I was in ——— School, I should have been pleased to have affectionate contact with some of the boys.

"I often think I would like to marry and when I ask myself why, I say not for conjugality but for companionship. I should like to be jealous of my wife; perhaps in the throes of jealousy I should do some striking, dramatic act.

"I like to think of the romantic side of love; of meeting a girl of character and beauty, of living with her in a cottage with a creeper over the door and a rose bush under the window, of spending my day climbing the ladder of fame and being greeted at home with praise and appreciation; and then in the evening of discussing philosophy, music, and art together. I can visualize it all as distinctly as I can visualize the picture that made and still makes a deeper impression upon me than any I have ever seen: El Greco's Agony in the Garden in the National Gallery.

"What I want to know is: Should one go on living when mocked by life, clothed with misery, and crowned with failure?"

It would be interesting to know whether the founder of the school of Behaviourism could have taken this man when he was an infant and made a Mussolini out of him. The part that heredity played was, I think, quite as important as the part played by environment. It is doubtful if one without the other could have produced

the wreck that he presented. His was defective clay but an expert potter would have made a better job of it than did his mother and aunt.

Woman had to initiate the social revolution that emancipated her, and she had to fight her way to participation in the management of the world's affairs. In no better way can she demonstrate her fitness for such participation than by putting motherhood on a basis consonant with present-day information and civilization.

It requires more character to be a perfect mother than to be anything else in the world, and the essential constituent of the character that is required is self-renunciation.

Self-renunciation must not be confused with self-sacrifice. The over-solicitous mother who gives up personal liberty and individual happiness for her child's sake may be sacrificing, but she is not renouncing; she is doing exactly what she wants to do and getting thrills out of it. The mother who learns early to overcome the impulses that reveal inordinate love for her child, a love which he should be trained to deserve, makes the real sacrifice.

A child does not want to be kissed and stroked, patted and coddled all the time; at least the average child does not; but beyond his pleasure or displeasure, there is a physiological explanation for the sensations the skin receives when touched and handled. Psychologists, physicians, and biologists see eye to eye at least on one point: that the best way to provoke a love response in a child is by stroking the skin of certain parts of the body, and this love response is harmful not so much to the child as to the adult he will become. It

would be well for us were we to follow Mussolini and abolish kissing on the mouth. It has been outlawed hygienically, now it should be outlawed psychologically.

Over-solicitousness leads to selfishness, egocentrism, vanity and self-consciousness, all enemies of emotional development. If parents would only realize that children have a life, emotions, and understanding of their own, apart from any that are implanted in them by education they would be more prudent in their display of emotion. The child who has been ill and over-pampered during illness soon reasons for himself that as long as he remains weak someone will cater to his needs and whims; he knows that health will probably mean the end of the coddling and petting which he finds pleasurable and he will do all he can to stay its return.

Too much coddling is as bad for the child as too much neglect. The development of individuality cannot be begun too early, and to treat children as if they were human beings is one of the most effective ways in which to begin it.

The coddled child may be happy in infancy, but as he grows into childhood he misses that essential element of successful achievement, the feeling of self-assurance. In contact with other children who treat him as a peer or inferior he misses the idolatry of his parents and feels bereft, and his whole life-fulfilment and self-realization may be jeopardized when he reaches manhood.

The man who meets the friendly "How do you do?" with an inventory of his ailments, and the woman who cannot resist the allurement of eliciting interest from her dinner-table neighbour by careful and detailed recitation of her latest experience with the fashionable physician, are often the least distressing achievements

of murderous mothers. The most pathetic are to be found among perverts, and inefficient, unadaptable men and women whose emotional development was arrested at the time their mothers loved them "to death," and for whom life is tragedy and love blasphemy.

"Handle With Care" would be a good slogan for the mother who wants to develop an infant into a human being. There are times when an inopportune caress may constitute the original initiation into persisting habits and cause an arrest in the normal development of the child's affects. The Spartan mothers made men out of their boys—modern mothers are in a fair way to make molly-coddles out of theirs. There is a happy medium which would entail neither rebuking an affectionate child nor turning him into a maudlin mendicant for caresses. But the majority of mothers reason, with a psychology all their own, that their children when they grow up will have to suffer from the mischiefs of man and from the hardships of life, and that it is their privilege to lavish affection on them as a sort of compensation. If they could hear these same children express their opinion of such treatment, when they have been fortunate enough to attain manhood with the faculty of formulating opinions, they would feel no punishment was adequate for their sin and they would also realize that their sacrifices were masks for hypocritic self-indulgence.

# V

## WOMAN AS MONSTER

MY EXPERIENCE as physician has taught me that there is no possession that causes more anguish and suffering in those who display it, more humiliation and unhappiness in those toward whom it is directed, than jealousy.

It has existed as long as man, and longer. Vulcan made creaking shoes for Venus that he might hear her when she stirred, and Abraham was jealous of Sarah because she was so fair.

It is safe to assume that if one were given the choice between cancer and jealousy, he would choose the latter, and that he would consider his decision a sure sign of a capacity for love and a susceptibility to passion. Of all the diseases which assail humanity, these two alone seem to remain beyond cure, and obdurate in denying their secret to laboratory or scalpel. Cancer is less deadly and less dreadful than jealousy: it kills only one victim and allows many to return to hope and confidence; *joïe de vivre* awakes again when the gnawing pains are abated. Jealousy not only kills its victim, but destroys the happiness of all those who are as grist to its mill; it is incessant and increasing; it darkens the rays of the sun and removes the fragrance from flowers for him who suffers and for those whom he causes to suffer, and when it has been allowed development and display, it yields neither to reason nor to enlightment. It

is one of love's disasters which poisons memories and blights the future. It mixes hemlock with the honey of life, it feeds on vigorous flesh and thrives on healthy blood.

Everyone has known a jealous person and come out the worse for the encounter, and those who are jealous, though they may wish happiness to others, ruin their chances of achieving it. This capacity for destroying joy and working wreckage has always been so widely recognized that it has served as the theme of epic, tragedy, and story since time immemorial, and if we ignore its potency to cause suffering, it is not because we have been denied enlightenment.

Strangely enough, little or nothing is done to inform children that the demon jealousy will seek one day to take possession of them, or to provide them with an armour that will successfully resist its efforts to penetrate them. We are willing to sacrifice ourselves for our children and equally willing to see them sacrificed to ignorance.

Many times in my life I have been on the point of conviction that my training in physiology and pathology had been wasted, so engrossed were my activities in ministering to the spirit: splinting fractured matrimonies, bandaging the emotional sprains of adult infants, poulticing the refrigerations of selfishness, applying soothing balsams to the wounds of jealousy.

Were I to put in parallel columns the cases of disease of the body and of the soul the course of which I have striven to deviate or terminate, I might easily convince myself that I would have been wisely counselled had my training been wholly in ethics, sociology, and psychology, normal and morbid.

Jealousy . . . love. Love . . . jealousy. It seems that in the mind of many thinking human beings the two words could almost be interchanged, so instinctive is it to associate the two in the false belief that real, passionate love, is rarely entirely free of jealousy, or that jealousy is inconceivable apart from love. That, of course, applies to jealousy in the purely emotional sense, for there are many varieties of it, attacking various phases of human relations. But jealousy here is considered merely as one of the most powerful obstacles to emotional development, and confines itself to that of wives for husbands, mothers for children.

The origin of the disease may be found in our instinctive inconstancy, although irrefutable proof of actual and spiritual constancy is of no avail to cure it. Had man never deceived woman and had woman always been faithful to man, probably no such monster as a jealous lover or wife would ever have been encountered. But the disease is so old that it has become part of human frailty. Jealousy is an inherent quality of the mind, more often congenital than acquired, which may yield to treatment if it is detected early and treated drastically.

I recall a motherless child who had centred all her love on her father with such exacting demands and monopolizing tyranny that, in an effort to cure her, he pretended indifference to her and absorbing interest in others. There was not a day when, in her childish prayers, she did not wish that she were old enough to be everything to him, to replace all the loves that he might want, to make up for all he would have to sacrifice of other contacts and interests; she realized that it would be much to take from him, but she had so much to give.

Her father saw this with sad eyes and tried to persuade his child to develop affection for others about her; for her sister, for instance, who was of her own age and would in all probability be living long after he had ceased to be anything but a memory. She understood and accepted the judgment, but could not purge her heart of that all-invading love which was translated into fits of depression when she thought her father might love someone else.

Years passed; her love did not. But one day she found herself pushed back into the shade; her father had remarried and her stepmother had been a lifelong friend of the family. What took place in her at that time, what re-adjustment of values she suffered and through what process she went in order to regain her moral balance no one knows, but she emerged victorious. She was still in her teens when the event she had never dared contemplate in thought took place under more or less dramatic circumstances and when she was too far away from home to be prepared for it. It came to her as a bolt from the blue and her school record showed the struggle. Later, when she thought about it, she knew that she had been cured long before she was aware of it and so gradually that the mental discipline was never actually felt; she also knew that if her jealousy of her father had been allowed to go on unchecked she could not be the serene and happy person she is now, as incapable of a jealous thought as an angel is of anger. Cure of jealousy can be achieved, but it must be done early and thoroughly.

The most devastating example of jealousy I have ever known I encountered early in my professional life, and for thirty years I was called upon to observe the havoc

that it played in the lives of two persons who had everything to make them happy: health, wealth, and forbearing friends.

The story is a pathetic one. She was the daughter of a Methodist clergyman who had a distinctive position in a small Mid-Western city. He was the grandson of a man who, on discovering a gold mine, an oil well, a coal field, or similar source of wealth, put his money in a bank, a bank that he owned. Soon he controlled a considerable portion of the community.

Her father had no money, and the pittance paid him by his church barely enabled him to feed and clothe his children. But he contrived to give them a good education. The eldest, a girl, was pretty, vivacious, clever, ingratiating. How or where she met the young man whose wife she became I do not recall; but he was a Roman Catholic and she had to adopt his faith in order to marry him.

That may have roiled the parental waters; but when I knew her she was on terms of rare intimacy with her relatives and supported most of them. That cost her no sacrifice, for her husband's fortune was enormous, and his greatest pleasure, next to adding to it, seemed to be pouring money into her lap, clothing her with costly garments, ornamenting her with precious stones. Fine feathers made fine birds even in their straggling, struggling city; but why have them unless other birds could be made envious?

Like so many rich Westerners, they came to New York and built a "palace," and for thirty years they lived here in greater suffering and contention than any hovel-dwellers or squatters. Then he died, and left her more millions than she had fingers and toes, and for ten

years she devoted herself resolutely to his memory. Recently she set out to join him, and unless things are ordered differently in the beyond he is now in hell. For years a considerable part of my income resulted from piloting her through "attacks": prostration, depression, desperation, excitement, the result of his alleged philanderings and transgressions.

According to his wife, his secretaries were always his mistresses, and, due to his efforts to convince her that they were not, a long line of them had made their way through his office. She could not keep a woman friend, save here and there a parasite or a pensioner, because her husband, by seducing them, or endeavoring to do so, made them her rivals.

She liked to entertain, to give musicales, dinners, dances, but she was compelled to forego that pleasure, or at least to indulge herself rarely, because the master of the house always made it an opportunity to start an intrigue with one of his guests, indeed sometimes with two.

Should he while away an empty Sabbath hour by calling upon a lady—golf had not yet given the *coup de grâce* to Sunday calling—the visit was likely to be interrupted by a suspicious, flaming-eyed, irate wife who sometimes unburdened her mind on the spot, though usually she reserved it first for him, then for me, and finally for her lawyer after she became convinced that he was carrying on with one of her maids. The upshot of it all was a separation, voluntary exile.

She had some talent and much temperament. She would go abroad and study art. She had intended to be a painter, and marriage had interfered with her career. Within a few months she was living in Paris in her

own luxurious apartment. A radiant, joyous, cheerful, hospitable person, she attracted people seeking pleasure and fleeing ennui.

Her acquaintances and friends were eager to meet the husband whose praises she sang lyrically, who was detained in New York by business. They were soon permitted to do so, for she was "cured," and her love for him was so great that she could not live without him; more than that, she would not. He had capitulated so often to threats of suicide that it had become a habit, so he found it easy to yield to her entreaties even though it was beyond his credulity to believe her promises.

Though she was "cured," he was not. In truth she soon became convinced that he was "worse" than ever. The Parisians, ladies and middies, maids and madames, were irresistible, and soon she began, like the good wife of Bath, to fry him in his own grease for anger and for very jealousy. He fled to New York, never to yield again. Within three months she was sharing his bed and board on Fifth Avenue. It humiliates me to have to say that less than a month later she was preparing to leave him again. Thus it went on for a quarter of a century, when death finally released him.

It tests my descriptive powers to depict one of the scores of scenes I was called upon to witness. How many times I saw her in a state of excitement resembling acute mania, weeping, smashing bibelots, swearing vengeance, and asking God why she should have been singled out for such punishment! How many times I saw nurse and maid restrain her that she might not effect the threat to throw herself from a window! Oftener still I saw them surrounding her with hot-water bottles, soliciting her to take stimulants, encouraging her to swallow a few

mouthfuls of broth that she might have strength to bear her burden.

It was a startling contrast that she presented at 9 P. M. sitting at the foot of her bountiful, beautiful table, apparently radiant and happy, captivating her guests with her gaiety and charm, and at 2 A. M. stalking her room, storming, accusing, threatening her husband, and promising to wreak vengeance, while asking God in alternate breaths to take her to Him.

The storms were of variable intensity and duration. At times they were attended with vivid, even alarming flashes of lightning and crashes of thunder, but frequently the atmosphere was murky, heavy, and horribly oppressive. Some would last a few hours and could be weathered alone; others were so severe and devastating that husband or wife, sometimes both, felt obliged to seek the shelter of a hotel, one to bandage his wounds, the other to recover from the shock.

After a few days there would be communication through a secretary, then flowers, later a telephone call, and finally reconciliation—but not in the customary way.

Knowledge of jealousy in the majority of cases rarely gets beyond the ken of the family and the family physician and one or two confidential friends. This case was an exception. Had broadcasting existed in those days, the whole world would have known of it. Though she was a woman of breeding and refinement she had no shame about hanging the family skeleton in the front hall; nor could she ever be brought to a realization that she had bought the skeleton or exhibited it.

She admitted remorse with alacrity, and promised reformation solemnly. Grace was not vouchsafed her,

however, and, like the drunkard similarly denied, she always relapsed.

In the early years it was said that her suspicions, accusations, and conduct disturbed and prostrated her husband. But one accustoms oneself to everything and ends by accepting it, all save pain. He was more cheerful in late middle age than when I first knew him, less protesting and more accepting. He expected less, and I am bound to say he got it.

Finally, he was about to yield to her determination for a legal separation, when death came to him unheralded by illness. The coroner said he died of a stroke. I knew he had been dying for thirty years, and I knew too what caused his death.

There was one, however, who had never suspected the real cause, and she devoted the remainder of her life to enshrining his memory, recounting his virtues, exalting his generosities, and chanting his praises. Dead, he was not only faultless, but he had never transgressed. His acts of commission were all praiseworthy and so were his acts of omission. Dead, he was honoured as a saint, but in the flesh he had been treated as a sinner.

Jealousy does not always display itself tragically or even dramatically. Though resentment with "scenes" and tears is its customary reaction, the victim often eats his heart out in silence and grief. The scenic variety is displayed by the person (more frequently a man than a woman) who lacks confidence in the person he loves, whose conduct is, to say the least, open to suspicion. He is generally older than his wife, or his beloved, and he sees handkerchiefs spotted with strawberries everywhere.

The depressed variety—met oftener in women than

in men—is usually displayed by persons who mistrust their charm and doubt their capacity to inspire affection. They feel inferior to the person they love: "Why shouldn't he love her? She is clever, knows how to interest his mind, is interested in the things that he likes to think about, and she never bores him," is what one of my young patients said to me when I attempted to allay her suspicions of the misconduct of her husband, infinitely less intelligent and engaging than she, and wholly unworthy of her.

Self-depreciation and inferiority are fairly constant features of the make-up of many jealous persons. They thirst for approbation and will go a great length to get it, but when it is offered they doubt both its genuineness and the sincerity of those who proffer it.

There are three sorts of jealousy: that of the senses, of the heart, and of the mind.

The first is one of the most devastating of all for it can never be satisfied or assuaged. It is a desire to be the sole occupant of a body and heart which, if it is human, has other interests and desires. It is so exacting that it seldom receives in proportion to its demand.

The person who suffers from jealousy of the heart is the most unhappy, for it entails more love than any other variety. Beforehand, the victim forgives and understands, and it usually resolves itself into the sense of inferiority which agonizes in silence and accepts love as a sacrifice, not as a whole-hearted gift.

But jealousy of the mind is the most despicable, for it is prompted by pride and vanity. It is a self-indulgence more than any other and it thrives on self-inflicted pain. The victim wants to assure himself that the person he loves will never deceive him so that others may know

it. It is the kind that looks into the eyes of the world for an excuse to rage and its vengeance is the most cruel and unreasoning of all.

I recall many such cases, but one stands out prominently in my memory. The woman was thirty-six when I first saw her and had been married sixteen years. She had borne two children, boys, the elder being fifteen years old. Her complaint was of depression: the joy had gone out of life, the sweetness out of day, the solace out of night. Her appearance was pitiful, her story pathetic. The latter, pieced together, was somewhat as follows:

As a child she would devote herself passionately to one person, for whom she lived and breathed. She could be, apparently, in the seventh heaven of delight when a cold word or an indifferent look from the beloved one would plunge her instantly into the depths of gloom. She had always been very sensitive—"boys never liked me"—and nothing could persuade her that she had the beauty or charm of her sister, to whom she was passionately devoted and who dominated her.

Nevertheless, at twenty she fell violently in love with a man a few years her senior, who was considered by her family and intimates to be a most desirable *parti*. Her engagement was a short one, and nine months after the marriage her first child was born. Everything was apparently most felicitous, though she did not escape those hours of disappointment and disillusionment which fall to the lot of every young bride.

When I sought to learn if she were happily married she said: "Mine is a good marriage, though perhaps not a perfect one."

It was difficult to get any specific complaint from her

of her husband, save that he was away a great deal, shooting, yachting, and otherwise amusing himself.

Her boys were in school, and she was much alone. She had sent them away for two reasons: she was not strong enough to be both wife and mother and she had noted a growing antagonism between her husband and their elder son. She realized that she was morbidly sensitive and had an intense craving for approbation and, although a devoted and self-sacrificing mother, her instincts were more wifely than maternal.

Her husband had an iron constitution, a clever but uncultivated mind, inexhaustible spirits, and a most exacting nature.

He was easily bored and would take any means to avoid and escape boredom. He had no religious convictions. To him this world was all we have, and the man was a fool who did not grasp every pleasure that lay in his way and rush up every avenue that promised pleasurable sensations.

During their married life, or at least after the first two years, her husband had had a succession of affairs, probably harmless in one way, for they had been with women of his own class, often with his wife's intimate friends, who lost neither position nor reputation by such conduct.

His intense vitality made him irresistible to some women. For the time being he lived only for the object of his admiration, whom he surrounded with every outward evidence of approval whenever opportunity offered. In the ballroom, or in the country, his wife often placed herself in a position to overhear what he might be saying, and she frequently heard the same ca-

ressing compliments spoken in the delightful, magnetic tones that had helped win her love.

Then for dreary days and sleepless nights, she would eat her heart out; but he always returned to her, and then would begin a struggle of another kind. Despite her prostration she would try to fulfill all his requirements—take long walks, exhausting rides, enter with apparent interest and enthusiasm into all his schemes.

At these times he would devote himself to her; it almost seemed as though he would devour her, soul and body. Then reaction would set in, when he sought alluring fields and new pastures.

The poor bruised soul would become a prey to all the foreboding that a sick body and jealous mind could fabricate. She admitted that at various times her jealousy had driven her to thoughts of suicide, and I afterward learned that she had acted irrationally many times. She had an abiding fear that she might lose her mind, and that gave her greater concern than the pain in the back of the head and neck and the profound exhaustion. These latter symptoms often disappeared quite suddenly, but the former never.

Acquaintance with her husband convinced me that little could be accomplished by an appeal to his intelligence or emotion. Later, when I read *Sanine*, the far-famed revolutionary novel of Artsibashev, I realized that he might have sat for the picture of the hero. Like Sanine, he believed that life was made for present happiness and, like him, he personified the doctrine of individualism. He was as incapable of seeing hiatuses in his make-up or defects in his conduct as a cat is of seeing an elephant when it looks in a mirror.

One of the things I learned early in life is the potency of praise and of prayer. Human beings thrive on them as grass on sunshine and water. I have "saved" more lives by telling persons that I had never seen anyone go to the operating table with such courage, bear pain with such fortitude, submit to régimes with such graciousness, tolerate infirmity with such equanimity, take the blows of fate with such erect head, than I have with the pharmacopœia.

I gave her a systematic course of it, while urging her to devote herself to the prayer end.

From the standpoint of the physician the plan was successful. I am not sure that the priest would approve, for she afterward told me quite naïvely that she was having "the time of her life" and that, strangely enough, men now "liked her." I am envious of anyone whose heart sings joyously after it has been beating forty-seven years.

To complete the story, it should be said that her husband is now devoting himself narrowly to the first of the three sirens whose praises Luther sang and to neglecting resolutely the other two.

Jealousy may permeate every avenue of human relationship. The commonest form is jealousy of a rival for the affections of a lover or marriage partner, but there are other varieties that are quite as devastating and infinitely more pathetic. That which I see most often is jealousy of the influence which others have over son or daughter, whether that person be an in-law or beyond the family. Of the many instances I have encountered I select the following:

A woman of forty years or thereabouts married when she was very young a man of considerable distinction in

whose family there was a definite psychopathic current. She bore him a girl and a boy. Her husband died after they had been married a few years; she remained a widow for ten years and then married again. Her second marriage was more successful than the average and the relationship which existed between the stepfather and the children was a pleasant one for him, a profitable one for them.

If the ideal mother is one who devotes herself wholeheartedly and rather dramatically to her children, this woman was entitled to be called an ideal mother. Yet her solicitude for them was overwhelming, particularly if they were ailing. Their relationship, however, was one of reciprocal affection and confidence. Although the mother was fearful of the influence of some of the teachers upon her girl when she went to preparatory school, it was not until she had gone to college that it dawned upon her that the effect was sinister and prejudicial to the girl's health and morals. She suspected that one of the teachers to whom the girl was devoted was not only supplanting her in confidence and authority, but was threatening to deviate the child's genesic instinct and at the same time convert her from the religion of her forebears to one that she held in anathema. She dwelt upon the suspicion so constantly and with such intensity that it disturbed her sleep, disordered her digestion, and often precipitated attacks of excitement, agitation bordering on frenzy.

After listening to her statement of their contacts and intimacies, I could see no justification even for the suggestion that an unwholesome or unnatural relationship existed between teacher and pupil.

The fact that the former had been able to lead the

child into avenues of beauty and enchantment by exposing the wealth of literature, the harmonies of music, and the joys of art of which she had previously been unaware seemed to me ample reason why she should wish to be with her former mentor when she returned from college to her native city of Cincinnati. It seemed wholly beyond reason to put grotesque interpretation upon the intimacy or to attribute nefarious plans or desires to the woman.

However, when this impression was submitted to the mother, it merely fanned the flame of her frenzy. She became violently excited, suspected that my opinion was not only prejudiced but probably dishonest, and that some motive which I would not disclose was at the bottom of it.

Further investigation gave ample proof that the mother's fear was founded upon a delusion and that her daughter gave every evidence in her contacts with those around her, of either sex, that there was no abnormality in her make-up. It also revealed that, from the infancy of her children, the mother had been insanely jealous of anyone who, by attention and affection, had provoked an attachment. It might be a servant, a companion, or a suitor. She professed that the welfare of her children was the one thing for which she lived and toward the accomplishment of which she bent her efforts but she had no capacity to see that it was essential for the development of their personalities and the formation of their characters that they should have human contact, human intimacy, human sympathy and relationship apart from herself.

It was fortunate that their position prevented the mother from isolating her children so completely that

they lost all social sense. What their fate would have been had poverty and obscurity been their lot, it is tragic to imagine. As it was, outside influences and the easy satisfaction of whims and desires counterbalanced the home tyranny sufficiently to keep intact the fine fibre of the daughter's character.

She wanted to go abroad and see the originals of the pictures she had learned to love; as evidence of her gratitude and to add to her pleasure, she planned to take as companion the person who had been responsible for her artistic awakening. The mother was overwhelmed with jealousy at her daughter's idea, but there was little she could do to hamper it. The daughter had inherited an independent income from her father, and she herself had made other plans for the summer. But she had not exhausted her trump cards, and when it seemed that nothing could prevent realization of the plan, she played one which was sure to win: she was seized with a sudden and serious illness. Without a word of resentment or complaint, simply and without hesitation, the daughter cancelled her journey and stayed by her mother's bedside, not so much from a sense of duty, but because it was her pleasure to be with the mother whom she loved, and whom she nursed back to health with devotion and affection. In her anguish, she had forgotten teacher and galleries, and her conduct was such that no one could mistake the motive that kept her at the bedside; that is, no one save the person who should have been convinced by such a gesture. The mother accepted it as a sacrifice, keeping in her heart all the resentment and jealousy of other days, falling into moods of violent sarcasm when she evaluated in her child's presence the cost of the sacrifice, refusing to see that nothing was further from

her thought than bitterness, and that renunciation was sweet that mitigated her mother's pains. The jealous person will not see the light.

And the result was that, slowly and invisibly, but relentlessly, the poison seeped into the daughter's heart; she saw the futility of efforts, the vanity of hopes, the uselessness of love, and it was years before she could forget. When she did she was too old to change and start afresh. Jealousy had killed the mother, and its pernicious effect had ruined the life of its victim.

It is universally admitted that jealousy is the most cruel disaster to love, the most effective subduer of all its thrills, the potent solvent of its cherished memories, in short, the supreme joy-killer; yet it is astonishing how little is attempted to prevent and cure it. It is in the air now that human clay can be molded any way the potter wishes, if he begins thumping it early enough. Priests, pediatrists, and penologists are largely responsible for this view.

When they shall have thumped jealousy out of human beings, I shall go all the way with them, but until then I shall continue to believe that heredity is the dominant element in conditioning the affects, as environment is for the intellect. Our hope is that intelligence may gradually find out how to direct the emotions, possibly to shape them, and that eventually we shall learn that decisions rendered and judgments made in the throes of emotion are neither just nor reliable.

The time to learn that truth, as with all things save those taught by experience, is infancy and youth. Children are never apprised that a monster leech lurks at about the sixteenth mile-post of life, where nature has a storehouse of joy of which she proposes to give

them a share, though this leech seeks to infest them and drain them of it.

We take infinite care and pain to instill into the budding mind principles of honesty, chastity, and temperance. We expend any amount of energy in pointing out to our youths the advantages derived from learning "to play fair." We infuse them with sentiments of altruism, or we hire people to make the infusion. We coddle them about their health and frighten them about their salvation, but the way to the street named Present Happiness, where all of us want to live, they must find for themselves. We are so taken up with life-savers that we forget about joy-killers.

The joy-killers are our dispositions. We have yet to learn that they may be moulded and shaped, bridled and spurred.

In this country, we have gazed so persistently at the light of intellect that we are temporarily blinded to the existence of an equally important component of the mind which the psychologist calls the affect, but which the average man, if he exists, calls the emotions.

I never knew a parent who, seeing clearly the seeds of jealousy in a child, made the smallest effort to eradicate them. I have known scores of parents to make, for their children threatened with tuberculosis, sacrifices which rival the supremest of the immortal Assisian. The victim of tuberculosis is often happy, and the disease when incurable kills only himself; the victim of jealousy is always unhappy and the person toward whom the passion is directed frequently looks to death as a blessed release.

Uncontrollable jealousy should be ground for divorce in any state or country which has real concern for the

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Uncontrollable jealousy should be ground for divorce in any state or country which has real concern for the

welfare and happiness of its citizens. Divorce should be not only possible but imperative, as it should be when one of the partners is a chronic lunatic.

I know only one reason why it should not be effective: often love for the jealous partner lasts; that is, its tenure of existence is not abbreviated by jealousy.

In reality it is abbreviated and terminated, but renewed. What happens is that the victim falls in love again with the one who has alienated love by jealousy. Like those who have gone before one of the many things which we are unable to believe is that love is a discontinuous phenomenon.

Love, indeed, is a succession of different amours, usually with the same person. The jealous individual, once the attack passes, is frequently "the nicest person in the world." So the stage is set for a new love affair. This goes on until the play is transferred to another theatre, and that takes place when a new leading man or lady has been engaged.

But what should the jealous person do who wants to be cured? Is there no drowsy syrup to medicine the victim to calm and resignation? Is there no way of keeping the gaze steadfastly on the east? None.

There is no more reasoning with the jealous person than there is with the paranoiac. If a cure is to be effected he must accomplish it himself. If he can find the way to grace that St. Augustine found, or if he is willing to make similar sacrifice, he will soon be made whole. Sinners enjoy transgressing. They get kicks and thrills from it. The will to be cured is the first step to salvation, but I am sometimes convinced that Molière was right: "Jealous people love their illness and wish to die of it."

What we need is testimonials from those who have

recovered. How was it accomplished? By what and whom? They should be encouraged to tell with frankness and detail how they paved and illumined The Street of the Crucified, that others may pass through it without stumbling and falling.

It has been done. I have testimonies under my eye as I write this which show that with enlightenment, thought, and judgment the cure is not always beyond reach, but in most cases it has been wrought by a supernatural element which is repulsive to many minds.

One says that although her mother was a great character, brilliant in wit and saintly in action, she was cursed with the devastating family-killer, jealousy, "accompanied by an all-deceiving and most unique subtlety." The father succumbed in death, the daughter fought and saved her soul. It was the daughter's love and devotion which cured her of the bitter results of jealousy, but there is no evidence that the jealous mother was saved or cured.

Another woman used philosophy, softening moods, the teachings of Christ and the life of St. John to cure a woman friend of the disease. She succeeded and now claims her the ideal friend. Her effort was an appeal to intelligence, a make-believe that jealousy was a common enemy to them both and a willingness to eradicate it while looking at it objectively. Of a tragic display of love she made a game, and the two years she spent on the achievement she considers the most fruitful of her life.

And a third woman, forty-seven years old, who has "a singing heart though life had been hell for twenty years," discovered her cure in religion, and pretends that she found all the help she needed in the Bible.

That woman was endowed with the faith that moves mountains!

Jealousy is a hybrid monster, a hundred-headed hyena, a vigilant Cerberus who forbids entry into the paradise of love to those who, for lack of enlightenment in youth, or of maturity of the emotions, fall into its claws. And it is a pathetic manifestation of human intelligence. Those who do not know its pangs cannot understand or sympathize; for them Shakespeare speaks when he says, "Look, what is best, that best I wish for thee." One who loves without jealousy wants the loved person happy. He does not see love as a rose that withers in the bowl, because the loved one is capable of sharing himself with others. He may be accused of conceit, of such assurance of his own charm and power that he does not fear the loss of any affection he has once gained; but it may be truer to say that he has learned how to love not so much what he receives as what he gives, and that gift no one can hurt or blight. Were he even conceited, it would be neither harmful nor incurable. Jealousy is frequently both.

# VI

## WOMAN AND THE WORLD

PROPHECY is an essential part of the physician's art. In practice it is called prognosis—forecasting what the future has in store for the patient. Habituated to making such estimates, the physician is tempted to try his hand in other fields. Hence, I am easily persuaded to say what is likely to be the result of the advent and activities of the New Woman; what the effects of the dissemination of the ideas and conceptions for which she is held responsible will be on morals, manners, marriage, and man. The expert in medical prognosis must have large and varied experience. The person who ventures to outline the future activities of the New Woman must be an observer of the present and a student of the past, a sympathizer with women, familiar with their psychology.

Though it may not be generally admitted that the New Woman exists, no one is so obdurate as to maintain that woman is the image of man and not the image of God, or to deny that she has wrested from unwilling man the privileges that he arrogated to himself. By ways and means which are neither clear nor obvious she has won a bloodless victory of independence for her sex and a measure of freedom which assures her equality with man in the great things of life. Now she has a secure place in the sunlight. It has not come about gradually

and insensibly, but overnight, as it were, in the span of one generation.

The river Feminism has its source in Mary Wollstonecraft. For nearly a century it remained a straggling brook that frequently ran dry despite such tributaries as that poured into it by Charlotte Brontë. Then the War flooded it to the sea.

The acceptance of the new ideal for woman had its birth with the century. Man and his institutions, secular and civil, have striven from time immemorial to enslave woman; that is, to deny her the rights and privileges to which she was entitled. He did it with the aid of what psychologists call rationalization—by giving rich reasons for poor motives. He has asserted that woman was a clinging vine that needed support, protection, and pruning; that she was modest and tender-minded; that her intellect was dominated and directed by her emotions; in short, that she was a child in everything save body; that she was to be cajoled, coerced, caressed, conquered, trimmed, disciplined, and corrected just as children are. She was to do what she was told when she was told. Sometimes she did, but often she only pretended. Hence her reputation for inferiority, intuitiveness, and resourcefulness. She might look upon ripe, succulent, gustatory fruit, but she was not permitted to pluck or eat it save when man said she might. His passion for standardization was first vented upon woman. He standardized her morals and her manners, her activities and her aspirations, her indulgences and her inhibitions. He never made a greater failure in anything he ever undertook. He was bound to fail for he started by affronting the science of life.

Though woman has not yet contributed copiously to

beauty or truth, ideas or ideals, research or discovery, that does not prove her inferiority to man; it testifies to his selfishness, cruelty, and stupidity.

Man and woman are identical in their origin, genesis, and destiny. They have one purpose—to reproduce their kind. Subduing the earth is incidental and contributory, that their descendants may have a propitious and pleasant place in which to propagate. There are certain well-known structural and functional differences. Of the latter, the most important are: the male gamete is a wanderer, the female not. The sperm pursues the ovum as the man the woman; the basal metabolism of woman is lower than that of man, and she expends less energy than man to maintain activity of the essential tissues, hence she lasts longer, wears out more slowly; in order to be stimulated to pursuit and conquest, man is endowed with greater lust than woman. All other differences are minor and inconsequential. The soil is more important than the seed. Hazard or comet may bring seed, but if soil be lacking sterility will prevail. Woman is the soil, man the seed. Man's attitude of mastery toward woman is the best example of inferiority complex that exists. Woman is far from satisfactory, but the hiatuses of her mind, the indentations of her emotions, the intermittences of her heart are the result of the artificializing procedure to which man has subjected her with few spasmodic interruptions since the beginning of time. And now it is a thing of the past.

Woman has obtained her freedom. She may wonder, explore, inquire as much as she likes. There are still some weak fetters of convention, but she can break them without crippling herself or losing caste. What is she going to do with her freedom? It is too much to

expect her to use it wisely and prudently. If she can learn by experience, one day she will have wisdom. Of one thing we may be sure, she will not be the mirror of man, his servant, his slave, or his shadow, save when she is in the throes of love. The transitoriness of passionate love is known to all save youth. Transmuted into affection, admiration, and respect, it becomes the most inexhaustible source of the emotions, the most indestructible building material of happiness, the staff of spiritual life.

"New Woman" is an infelicitous designation. There is, of course, no such thing. Woman has forced the bars of her cage, cast the manacles off her ankles, shed the artificial skin in which she was encased and immobilized. She is the same to-day as she was in the days of Ruth and Esther, Penelope and Nausicaä, Ninon de Lenclos and Charlotte Corday, Madame de Maintenon and Nell Gwynne. She knows the same weaknesses and desires, has the same intellectual equipment and the same emotional reactions. For countless centuries she has been told that she has qualities that she does not have; that she likes things for which she has an unconscious abhorrence; that she has anatomical and physiological limitations that seriously handicap her in the race of life.

The World War came. Her life was pulled from its hinges with a jerk, and for five disintegrating years she had to adjust herself to a manless world in which habit and wont were at the mercy of constantly changing conditions. She had to do many things that she had not thought herself capable of doing, because she had never been permitted to try them. She was praised, blamed, discussed, accepted, acclaimed, rejected, but she rushed forth to accomplish a duty which was opposed to her

previous monotonous routine. She found thrills, fulfilment, and joy in this new life which broadened her viewpoint and made her take inventory of herself. The result is modern woman.

Consciousness of her value had already been half awakened by the previous generation of mothers who had felt the stirrings of feminism. She found in the war the field in which she could practise growing into what she thinks she has become, a creature independent of man, a power unto herself. She has gestated new ideas and brought forth new methods of thinking and learning. She is now convinced she has reached equality with man in so far as mental and practical achievements are concerned, and she has set out to prove it. In every field of activity, she has made a splendid showing, save in soldiering. Even so, the end of all wars may be in sight when women are sent to the colours and men stay home to tend domestic duties and cultivate the fields. Woman's sadistic and cruel mind will prompt her to such undreamed-of methods of torture for the enemy that people will prefer living in peace with their neighbours to battling with them.

With the spread of the new ideas which make woman mentally the equal of man, there has come a new code of morality, rather a new distribution of moral ideas between the sexes. Woman, finding that she could assume the duties of man in the professional sphere, insists on sharing his alleged rights and long-established privileges in the moral one. In her discoveries of herself, she has stumbled upon the fact that, far from being what man has always asserted she was, timid, prudish, and monogamous, she is bold, immodest, and polyandrous. She is making short business of adapting the

existing code of morality to her new interpretation of it. As a result, many women no longer consider it essential to enter matrimony in complete ignorance of what it implies of duties and pleasures. They insist upon formulating their own conception of the marriage bond and have ceased to accept its laws as man made them. Undeniably, the effect is prejudicial just now to the future of the race and the lasting quality of marriage, as it was intended by the Church and as centuries have accepted it. When woman was subjected to man and knew that by refusing her loyalty and fidelity to him she would be an object of scorn to the world, and by shirking her duties toward the race she would heap upon herself the condemnation of the Church and punishment in the hereafter, the future of the world was thought safe.

She has changed all this, and unless the tide turns and brings woman back to her first and fundamental duty, that of bearing children, there is no prophesying the future.

But all women are not patterned to be mothers, for all women are not equally female, and many of them, realizing their endowment, are adjusting their lives to their abnormality in such a way as to compensate themselves. It may not be justifiable to speak of a third sex, but that there is a third sexual category there can be no doubt, and many of those belonging in it have distinguished talent. It is generally believed that the male of this species is more prevalent than the female, but that may be because she has never been allowed to boast and vaunt, to strut and declaim.

It would be idle to condemn woman or even to look for harmful effect in the fact that she no longer feels herself

subservient to man in marriage; indeed, actual observation and personal experience may serve as an acceptable basis for selection when the time for marriage comes and the new code of morality which proclaims that what is good for man is equally good for woman has no ill omen in itself for the future. It will become a subject for fearful apprehension should woman refuse to admit that her lot in life is fundamentally different from that of man, but the firelike rapidity with which she has adopted modes and mannerisms which identify her with man encourages us to believe she will return just as fast to a more equilibrial position.

The attitude toward marriage which makes divorce a common, everyday occurrence, accepted by society, quasi-recognized by the Church, and condemned only by the ultra-conservative, has not a little in its favour, but more in its disfavour. Society, after all, reduces itself to the family. Aristotle maintained that a man should marry for three purposes: to secure a ministrant to the ancestral gods in succession to his mother, to beget children, and to get a housekeeper. Ancestral gods are out of date and houses are going rapidly, so it would seem that progeny is the only justification for marriage. If it were not for children, and especially now, when we are becoming more and more convinced that we make our own hell on earth, why should people want to marry when they can have the joys of matrimony with none of its onus? Thus, the creation of a new family in the bosom of the old one justifies amply the sacrifices of personal freedom and independence that marriage implies. The failure of the modern woman to recognize her duty toward the sacrament which Paul thought preferable to burning may turn marriage into a

jolly affair where one will be so absorbed getting in and out of it that there will be no time and little desire for procreating a family. The warning note must be given to women, but it is within themselves that they will answer it. A profession is not incompatible with marriage and children, but woman too often chooses to make it so.

Man, be he pietist, puritan, or pagan, must eventually realize that the woman of the future is not going to sit back supine and watch him suck life's honeycomb. She is going to have pleasures and pastimes equivalent to his. It is likely that they will be much the same, in view of the ease with which she has recently taken to tobacco and alcohol. To be cognizant of her indulgences will sometimes harass him and not infrequently humiliate him, but it will not drive him crazy. When, however, she will insist upon having the same licence in love that he has granted himself, then he will go off his head, be he parent, brother, or husband, unless he sees such conduct in a light different from that of to-day. In head-hiding, man is superior to the ostrich. He knows that he is polygamous by nature, but he tells himself, and believes, that woman is monogamous; he knows that passion can sway him as the wind sways the reed, but he tells himself, and believes, that only the "bad" woman can be equally swayed by such desires; he knows that the vagrant and purposeful thought of man always has been and always will be concerned with sex to a tremendous degree, but he tells himself, and believes, that woman has no such thoughts, and that if she has she is on the way to a fall, or has already fallen; and he believes that the experience that "makes" him "ruins" woman. Man must undergo a change of heart to keep pace with woman's change of mind.

No one can have extensive and intimate contact with the rising generation of women and not know that the old code of sex morality has suffered and is still suffering profound alterations. There are many reasons for it and not the least is the dissemination of the theory and practice of birth control. The doctrine of contraception is rapidly becoming integrated into the lives of intelligent people of the Western world. It is the most difficult problem confronting the Roman Catholic Church to-day. Should the poor, the downtrodden and the unfortunate realize the potentialities of contraception, and should we be able to elevate slightly the intelligence level of those who are moved solely by their appetites, we might achieve a degree of civilization and enlightenment the like of which we have never known. Many may object that the use of contraception has done more to destroy chastity than temptations or tests, but there is no denying that it has also done much to enhance enlightenment and self-realization.

Modern women know life at the age of eighteen as well as, if not infinitely better than, their mothers knew it when they had reached late maturity, borne a number of children, and met with enough successes and failures to temper their souls. They have definite ideas about right and wrong, pleasure and pain, morality and ethics, privileges and duties. The manner in which these ideas are developed and directed will make for good or for evil. A woman of forty to-day is as young as her sister of twenty. Old age receded with long strides when youth forced it beyond the half century limit. This extends the period of woman's activity to a considerable degree. What she will make of it is still a question heavy with doubt, which time alone can answer.

What may be called morality in general does not seem to have been affected by the New Woman. Lying, murder, stealing, bearing false witness are held in the customary detestation. Covetousness, pride, and ingratitude are possibly held in greater esteem than they were, though hell was full of the ungrateful as recently as Don Quixote's time. That the woman of the future will insist upon the modification of marriage goes almost without saying. Marriage can no longer be the Gordian knot which, twisted with our thread of life, nothing but the scythe of death can cut. The divorce record in all countries, save those under the dominion of the Roman Catholic Church, attests it. It may please the Bishop of the Episcopal Church of New York to say that trial marriage is not marriage at all, and that companionate marriage is nothing but a brazen proposal to sanction irregular relations, but dogmatic as he is there is nothing in his past performances to suggest that he is infallible. The sooner religion reconciles itself with the new ideas and the new powers, the better it will be for religion and for those to whom religion is necessary, that is to the people by and large. I cannot see that the New Woman is particularly concerned with religion, but, should she become so, I venture to believe that she will insist that it absorb and assimilate the new ideas and take cognizance of the new powers.

There can be no doubt that home and family are beginning to suffer from the dissemination of New Woman ideas. Revolution inevitably entails suffering, but there has never been a revolution from which advance and good did not flow. If one believes that when woman deserts the kitchen and forsakes the nursery the future of the home and the family are imperilled, then

the advent of the so-called New Woman is a menace, for they are the foundation of the structure called Life. The solution of the matter is squarely up to women. The bearing of children is their function, privilege, and duty. Nurturing children and bringing them up may often be entrusted to others with greater success.

The whole question is based upon the intelligence of the individual woman. Therefore, it simmers down to a question of personality. A woman of superior intelligence who makes a success of profession or business will understand, by taking thought, that she is still the member responsible for keeping home and family together, even though her instinct should lead her in another direction. And she will succeed in this as well as in her chosen work. The woman of average intelligence is likely to combine a desire for independence with a need for man's support and affection, and she will tolerate in practice the duties against which she rebels in theory; and the woman of low intelligence is not more fitted for the job of home-maker than she is for business and trade. The future of the race seems to depend more to-day on quality than on quantity. It may be just as safe, perhaps more so, if it is entrusted to a higher type of woman aware of its importance, than it would be were the old rule followed that a woman who has no talent for anything in particular should marry as early as possible. It takes more talent to be a successful wife and a competent mother than to be a physician.

Women do not change their nature with their names at the altar; those who are born with a need to discover things for themselves will be satisfied neither with a Ford nor with a Rolls-Royce. The others are content to walk, and walking is no sign of progress.

It is a great mistake, however, to think that woman can ever be completely independent of men, no matter what she wishes to believe or have others believe. The movement of emancipation begun by woman has gone too fast and too far and many have misunderstood the question. Her great aim appears to be Freedom from Man. What her aim should be is deliverance from the shackles into which man has put her, her intelligence, desires, ambitions, and talents. She wants a means of self-expression which does not necessarily entail emulation or competition with man. She wants to be permitted to use freely whatever male attributes she may have in her make-up which give her physical strength and endurance, mental power, active energy, and a desire for creation; but she cannot rid herself of the feminine qualities which generally outweigh the masculine in her constitution. The modern woman seems desirous to shed her inborn traits, but she acquires nothing in their stead when she goes in for manly activities without being fundamentally built for them. The result in its gross exaggeration is a hybrid creature who has succeeded in making herself a caricature of man without achieving any redeeming quality or reconciling society to her existence. In its finer form, we have the modern woman, trim, neat, positive, self-supporting, assured of her ability to carry on the work of her choice, at the same time wife, mother, daughter, lover. It is to her that we look with hope and satisfaction. She is man's companion, not competitor; she has enough energy—a male characteristic—to stimulate her to worthy achievements, but she has not forsaken her feminine appeal.

She still has to have emotional outlets, something to do that is pleasurable, at least diverting, it matters not

how fat her purse or blue her blood. Religion and domestic science formerly provided these outlets for the working classes; travel, music, games provided them for the leisured. Religion has lost its lure and its hold; domestics are going like the dodo; games are becoming so expensive that only the rich can indulge, and Americans have travelled so much that the paths are beaten. Cinema and clothes seem to be the chief emotional vents for the vast majority.

The most discouraging thing about the New Woman is that she is willingly a slave to the most tyrannical of all masters, *La Mode*, whose seat of government is Paris. Let Fashion decree that she should wear her hair and skirts long and she would run to cover like a frightened rabbit in an effort to hide her head and her knees. Should it prescribe the red flannel petticoat of her grandmothers instead of to-day's clinging substitute she would make prompt genuflection. Until the New Woman denies this master, I despair of her.

The development of woman in the last twenty-five years has been so rapid in pace and breath-taking in scope that it is still too early to pass judgment upon its significance and possible consequences. Surely it cannot be an indication of any progressive change in the nature of woman, for woman has not changed fundamentally. It is more likely to be a stage of transition toward a different conception of woman's sphere in the world, a transition accompanied by displays of independence and freedom. Because of this insistence of woman upon her new conception of herself, I should judge that the conception was not permanent; else, it would hardly be so self-assured, self-satisfied, and yet so self-conscious. When woman has found her real place in the world, a

place which will be as different from that cherished by her grandmothers as it is from the place she is assuming now, she will no longer feel those growing pains which make her seek for appeasement in every new fad and idea.

Eventually she will have to adjust herself to herself. That will be more amusing to witness than the present struggle to be something she is not in reality, and it is safe to say that it will be more picturesque. If some doubt that woman is the image of God, the sight of her in her present-day aspect will confirm that doubt. She is now going through a transitional stage toward a new conception of her sphere and she is displaying all the grotesqueness, and more, that children show in their awkward age. Give woman a chance to handle love properly and she will make a great contribution to life. She should not be called upon to do it alone. Man should help her. It is the only way he can make amends.

Woman is now confronted with opportunity. It presents itself in many fields, but in none more fully than in the field of medicine. If we are ever to prevent those sly and searching disorders called the psychoneuroses that have their roots in fright, fear, and fancy, their development in ignorance and concealment, their display in the soul and in the body, and which are responsible for far more misery, suffering, and incapacity than anyone save victims and physicians realize, it must be done with the help of women who are mothers, and it must be begun in the nursery. No more effective service could be achieved by women for the future of the race.

"I brought up my daughter to be a mother" should be the slogan of the New Woman. The under-sexed and the sex-deviated should be winnowed early and sub-

mitted to the resources of the endocrinologist. Should this fail them, the former should be encouraged to consecrate themselves to self-salvation, and forego the education and direction of others; the latter should be colonized and abjured to devote themselves to the cult of beauty. The only privilege they should be denied is propagation, an indulgence which the majority now allow themselves that they may the more securely escape the suspicion of their fellows, and the scorn of society.

# PART TWO
# MEDICINE

# VII

## PERSONALITY AND THE PHYSICIAN

THE world is ill and needs a doctor. It has always been ill. Once its illness was largely physical; then we had plagues and pestilences. Now its illness is spiritual and we have prejudices and prohibitions. Spiritual disease is more insidious than bodily. It does not kill but it immobilizes and incapacitates. Like all illness, it flows from ignorance and is to be combated by enlightenment. It is to science that we can confidently look for such illumination, science supported by personality. The medical profession has been an important moulder of modern civilization and it will probably continue to be so. Pasteur and Koch were greater benefactors of the human race than Napoleon or Rousseau, and the names of no tamer of the wolves of nature are mentioned more admiringly in heaven than those of Walter Reed and James Carroll. These men were great not only in their achievement; they had the personality that enhances prowess.

Physicians are strangely reluctant to go beyond their customary fields of activity. They do not construe it to be their duty to mould public opinion, to define public sentiment, to direct travellers on the roadway of life, or illumine its dark stretches. Physicians should be teachers as well as healers. Their education and their vocation make it incumbent upon them. Before they are permitted to exercise their profession, they must be

grounded in biology and physiology, and before they can practise it successfully they must know the human heart, which is a euphemism for psychology. This training fits them to treat the ills of the world. Those who have been and are now treating them, preachers, teachers, and legislators, need help. They may not admit it, but the condition of their patient attests it. They should be able to get help from the physician, for to him is given the opportunity to observe and estimate the meaning we give to life, the forces that actuate it, the value that is put upon it.

The truth is that few of us ask ourselves the meaning of life or seek to get information about it. In a general way we feel that life was given us to enjoy; we do not look upon ourselves as a part of nature but as superior to nature, and we believe it is our duty to order life in such a way that it will serve our determination to be happy. We feel no obligation to develop ourselves save in directions which lead to acquisition or achievement. We are physically the most aggressive people in the world but spiritually the most indolent. We follow new clues in the material world and enrich ourselves, but we cannot be persuaded to embark on new ventures in the spiritual world; thus we impoverish ourselves. The past generation had neurasthenia, the present has soulasthenia.

Whether we are more prone than our ancestors to this disorder I have no opinion, but that we suffer from it I am convinced. There is something in the ambient air and sky that makes us taut physically and slack spiritually. We have far more indolence of mind than of body. The real cause of our malady is ignorance and apathy: ignorance of self, its actuality and potentiality, ignorance of the forces actuating our lives and of the

measures that should be taken to inhibit or strengthen them, and determined apathy to self-realization. We strive for wealth and power, pleasure and diversion beyond any other people, and obtain them; and we wonder why they do not bring happiness and peace of mind. The philosopher who said happiness lies in taste and not in things was a wise man. We are not searchers for truth save in the realm of science. In all others, our wishes determine what we shall accept as truth. We lack faith in honest doubt, and heresy of all kinds is anathema. We preach liberty, but we practise restraint. When it cannot be effected voluntarily we invoke legislation, despite the opposition of those whose light is greater and whose lives are better than ours. We are ignorant or contemptuous of the fact that every new prohibition is an emotional fetter; forgetful or disdainful that prohibitions mean inhibitions, and that emotional inhibitions mean spiritual sterility as physical inhibitions mean bodily death.

Instead of constantly warning children and youths to be careful we should urge them to be curious. I had thought that lack of curiosity was one of our particular sins until I came across the following passage in Laennec's *Medical Auscultation*, a book which is the cornerstone of the edifice called clinical medicine:

> Our generation surely suffers from the plague of lack of curiosity; all that is new to them in this age excites their laughter and improper ridicule; this is indeed a despicable way to accept enlightenment.

Soulasthenia is no new malady. We are forever having recrudescences of it as we are of Neo-Platonism. Like the latter, too, it displays itself in many guises. Its symptoms may be grouped under conformity, conven-

tionality, stereotypy, and standardization. Its victims feel that they must dress alike, act alike, play alike, think alike. In religion, politics, and fashion they follow a leader. Anyone who strikes out for himself is suspected. Sufferers from the disease have a supreme aversion to thinking for themselves and to acting without precedent or counsel. It is not timidity or cowardice that keeps them from adventure and exploration; it is conformity. They abhor bad form as the true Christian abhors intellectual pride. Soulasthenics always play for safety. Our debt to Lindbergh and his mother is greater than we shall ever be able to pay. His courage and spirit of adventure, her Spartan attitude, faith, and unselfishness are among the best things this country has produced and witnessed. If we, as a nation, are to attain emotional development consonant with the intellectual, we must re-plan our course of life. Children must have time and privilege to do some of the things they want to do; games must be played for pleasure, not for profit, sublimation, and substitution; education must be made an integral part of modern life, not a meaningless learning by rote of the facts of ancient life. Types of minds must be distinguished, incentives to effort must be discovered, and individuals must be trained early to take responsibility.

Instead of looking upon daring thought as the indication of an unbalanced mind, we should remember that all epoch-makers were once considered queer or cracked, and be lessoned by it. When the physician who made the most important contribution of his generation to practical medicine in this country first submitted his plan and apparatus for removing foreign bodies from the trachea and bronchi, his Pittsburgh

colleagues who were not steeped in politeness laughed at him. Were the jokes made at Henry Ford's expense, when he started on the career that simultaneously put Crœsus in the shade and the workingmen of this country on Easy Street, gathered into a volume, it would rival the famous book of Joe Miller.

The idea that conduct shall be regulated, and conformation to these regulations in play, in thought and action, be the hallmark of the good citizen must be abandoned. Imaginative and emancipative desires, desires for greater freedom and larger life must be encouraged, applauded, admired. It may have been not greed for power but the spirit of *Verboten* that conditioned Germany's downfall. The sure way of impeding spiritual development is to bring up a child on "don'ts" and "watch your step." The sure way of fostering soul-apathy in the adult is by prohibition and taboos. Conduct founded in fear generates cruelty and emasculates personality. We are a self-seeking, self-assertive, self-indulgent, self-conscious people. It may be asking too much of a man that he should nurture ideals that are beyond realization, search for beauty that defies expression, pursue truth that eludes thought, but by doing these things he will achieve maturity. Were we to devote one quarter of the time to soul-nurture, to self-growth, to the development of individuality that we now give to academic education, a picture or a poem, a statue or a symphony would soon testify to our wisdom; our self-consciousness would retreat as our self-realization advanced. The purpose of life is self-renewal; the value of life, self-realization; the goals, success and salvation. Personality is in no way essential to the first, it is all essential to the last. The physician who is determined

to play his rôle on the stage of life in such a way as to merit approbation and applause must concentrate on it.

Personality, like charm, is difficult to define. We all recognize charm when we encounter it and when we speak of personality we have something definite in mind.

Personality is a concrete and definite thing. Possession of it compensates deficiency of real substance, lack of it blights learning, blocks energy, and thwarts ability. It is apparent enough when present in an individual, and its absence is equally apparent; yet to convey its meaning in words is ineffective and never so conclusive as the description of physical traits or moral attributes.

Personality is the sum total of an individual's bodily and mental qualities. It is revealed by everything he feels, thinks, does, and says. Personality is a house of many compartments, built upon a foundation of preformed mechanisms, which are a birthright and called instincts. We get the building material of personality from heredity; from environment we learn how to put it together, to make of it a thing of beauty and of service.

Heredity does not give alike to everyone; to one it gives marble, to another mud. Environment is quite as discriminating; to one it gives education, to another prejudice.

Experience is the decorator of the house personality; reason, the housekeeper, the director.

No one knows just what relationship exists between personality and mind, but it is far more closely related to mind than to body, despite the mysterious powers of

the ductless glands. More than that, no one knows the origin of the psychological elements that constitute the mind or the unifying principles that coördinate their activities. There have always been many theories to explain the mind, none of them satisfactory. One widely accepted by physicians is the so-called mechanistic theory: the brain is the dynamo of the mind, and its chief function is to produce thought. It is not a single dynamo, but a series which can be linked together in such a way as to function as a unit, or it may be linked up in groups. When these dynamos are first delivered to us their functioning capacity is very small, possibly nil; time thrusts functionability upon them gradually. They are put into action by sensory impressions called stimuli or incentives and the whole procedure constitutes a reflex. This hypothesis explains the mind in terms of nervous structure and functions. It couples stimulus with response and makes personality depend upon the number of possible combinations of sensory impressions in our brains.

Although it is beyond question that the body obeys physical and chemical laws, processes take place within it which are inexplicable in physical and chemical terms. The total reaction of the body, and particularly the purposiveness of behaviour, are not explicable in terms of physics or chemistry. All other theories may be looked upon as rehabilitations of the idea that there is a vital force accounting for the unity of organism and its power of self-regulation. Therefore, they are popularly called vitalistic. They assume that man is not only a physical body but a spiritual being which neither physical nor biological conceptions are capable of explaining. The nervous system is the instrument or serv-

ant of the mind, which keeps the mind in touch with the rest of the bodily organism, with the world, and with other minds. In brief, it assumes that man has a soul, and that the soul has desires like the desire of the river for the sea; the desire for new paths that will lead him to pleasant pastures and to inspiring vistas; the desire to be always in the ebb and flow of the tide of life; the desire to blend with the infinite; the desire to be at home when the body can no longer travel. Of it, the immortal physician of Norwich said:

> There is something in us that can be without us, and will be after us, though it is strange that it hath no history what it was before us, nor cannot tell how it entered in us.

Whether man be a marionette whose strings are pulled by conditioned reflexes or a being with an indefinable possession called the soul, personality is the currency which permits him to deal with his fellows.

Personality is a chaos provided by nature, out of which the individual must bring order with the aid of two instruments: education and reason. Some make the design themselves and construct the plan to which they will conform the elements of the chaos. Others buy one ready-made, the work of artificers called priests, parents, pedagogues, and social arbiters. The majority accept what they get as they accept the weather. They may not be content with it but they make no effort to change it.

The word personality is derived from the Latin word for mask. An individual has two masks, the physical and the mental.

The former is given to him by his forebears. He can do little materially to alter it. But he can learn to wear it pleasantly and becomingly. He can cultivate a frank

expression, improve the quality of his voice, learn to walk properly, increase or decrease his weight, develop his muscles. In short, he can better his appearance and in this way he may enhance first and subsequent impressions. It is one of our national faults to overvalue decoration and undervalue structure. Were we to spend half the money learning to speak melodiously and walk gracefully that is now spent on lipsticks and hair tonics, the improvement in our personality would soon be noticeable. It is artificial to articulate distinctly, to stand properly, to walk correctly, but it is natural to pencil eyebrows and plaster hair; it is pretentious to modulate the voice, but it is proper to paint the face. The man who has two buttons on his coat sleeve in 1928 or the woman who wears her skirts to the ankles has a feeling of social inferiority, but talking through the nose or walking with abducted feet is attended with no such feeling.

Articulate speech is the possession that differentiates us from all other species, the possession by which we were probably differentiated from the ape, though the hand may have done it. It is our most dominant master and our most faithful servant. Man is moved by it as by no other medium. It is the password to all society, the credential exacted by every group, the possession by which we are oftenest estimated. In view of these facts, it transcends belief that more attention is not given to its cultivation and a higher value not put upon its abundant, orderly, and attractive development.

By taking thought, the individual is able to acquire grace and poise, and this feature of personality makes him pleasing to others and a distinctive influence in his

sphere. Considering that it is the physical features of personality we note first in those we meet and that we like them to note first in us, it is passing strange that so little attention is given to their cultivation and acquisition. But thought is the most important of all human activities—also the most laborious. Hence, our reluctance to practise it. Any woman can rouge her lips, any man can match his tie to his socks, but only the individual with personality can leave a favourable impression on casual encounter.

We struggle to get culture with the determination displayed by our Neanderthal ancestor in trying to keep from freezing to death, but we overlook such easily acquired features as pleasing address and proper speech.

These external qualities of personality are in a way the mirror of corresponding internal tendencies. The latter, though not apparent, have much influence over the shaping of personality. They are the qualities of mind which increase or diminish the individual's chances of success; they control his desire for intellectual betterment, his eagerness to seize upon new ideas and mould them to his fashion, his interest in art, literature, music, and nature.

The pendulum of belief has swung back to legend and folklore which held that the mother's emotional state during pregnancy influenced materially the disposition of the coming child. The more we find out about the effect of the emotions upon the secretions of the ductless glands, the more keenly do we realize that the environment during gestation is quite as important as the environment after birth. It should be one of our satisfactions that we can in a measure influence it.

In the beginning, all human beings are selfish, untruthful, predatory, and impulsive. It is the duty of parents and their representatives to make them otherwise. When human beings become sentient, they find it makes for the welfare of others and their own interest to be unselfish, truthful, honest, and deliberate. And as soon as we develop any expertness in self-realization, we become aware that these qualities are the tissues of our spiritual being, the fabric of the ideal self whose development is our supreme duty.

The transformation from monster to man goes on throughout life, but the substance of it is accomplished in childhood and early life. Hence, the importance of environment; not physical environment alone, but racial, social, moral, educational, vocational, and everything which influences the human body both from without and from within.

There are certain features of personality which are combinations of the physical and mental: manner is one of them. Physicians are reputed to have a special variety called "bedside." By virtue of it, the possessor enhances his reputation for perspicacity. The varieties of the bedside manner are enumerated and discussed in another section. The essence of them all is sympathy. Some flavour it with cordiality, others with reserve. Manner is one of the easiest features of personality to acquire and it takes a very clever person to distinguish the imitation from the genuine. I have a friend who is among the renowned specialists of surgery; he has a manner which has pushed him up the ladder of fame and of fortune with great rapidity. He is suave, sincere, gentle, reserved, modest, nearly shy, deferential,

sympathetic. In reality he is none of these things, fundamentally, but I had to take him to the golf links to find it out.

The personality that has been acquired either from environment or from taking thought may be expressed in the bedside manner, but the personality that one gets from ancestors is expressed in decision, determination, courage, commiseration. These factors in personality may be developed but they cannot be created.

Personality has its roots in race and parentage, its trunk in environment and education, its foliage in luck and hazard. The encouraging thing about it is that when the gods are not generous a man can acquire enough to see him through passably. To cultivate and develop personality, the subject must have character. Personality includes character, that is, those dominant sentiments and beliefs which determine the individual's attitude to himself and environment, and it includes also those attributes that are spoken of as the ego. The successful cultivation of personality produces a manner, a method of approach, a quality of appearance, or a conduct that arrests attention and attracts the world. The great difference between the artificial and the natural personality is that one is aware of the effect produced by the former, unaware of that produced by the latter. Those who fall under the spell of the personality which is an endowment find it impossible to say whether the person reveals it in voice, appearance, or manner, whereas cultivated personality is readily revealed to the careful observer; the cut of the clothes, the arrangement of the hair, the trim of the beard, the intonation of the voice strike him as something that perhaps belongs to the individual but has not always

belonged to him. With practice, thought, and especially with a keen capacity for self-discipline, an intelligent person is able to adopt such personality as will serve him through life and make it entirely his own. If he is willing to give as much time and care as the virtuoso does to his art, detection of its artificiality will be difficult.

The only clues we have to the personality of an individual are in acts, speech, manners, and gestures. That is why it is difficult to distinguish between the two sorts of personality: innate and acquired. The latent personaliity may be entirely submerged or overshadowed by the acquired. For instance, the man who, as a child, had a vile temper and found appeasement only after rage, may develop into a suave-mannered, soft-spoken, cool-acting individual. The latter qualities are acquired; the rage and temper are inherent. Both intimates and acquaintances will say of him that one of the great things about him is that he has such an even disposition and kindly temper.

Education, therefore, is an important factor in determining personality; though it may not change the innate personality of the individual, it moulds it into something that makes for success and attractiveness. Character is innate personality modified by education, habits, tastes, and inclinations. A man may blame his progenitors for his innate personality, but he can blame only himself if he has been unable to transform his natural inclinations into acceptable acquired personality.

Once it was widely believed that the object of life was so to live that we might merit and obtain life everlasting. Miliions to-day claim the same belief but their conduct denies it. The object of life to-day is success,

success that the individual realizes and that society recognizes. To gain that success he must exalt certain psychic possessions and give rein to certain instincts, repress other psychic possessions and fetter or deny other instincts. The consequence is that a man with a fully developed, harmonious personality like Benjamin Franklin's is one of the rarest thing in the world that today teems with Rockefellers, Fords, Heflins, and Evanses.

Symmetrical, unified personality is more essential to the physician, for his own sake and that of the world, than to any other profession. He sees the deplorable consequences of sex-repression and maltreatment; he is a daily witness of the ravages that result from starving and manacling the emotions; he witnesses the sterilities that result from thwarting the mystic, while exalting the materialistic, and he should be tireless in telling the world what he knows.

Personality is made up of an infinity of little qualities which, taken individually, seem scarcely important enough to be essential to the building of that huge structure. In the case of the physician, every detail that goes toward the creating of an impression is important. His competency in his profession is the main asset, but before that is acknowledged, recognized, and admitted, he has to gain the confidence of his fellows and there is no better way to do it than by winning the trust from the outside to the inside, as it were.

The external components of personality are apparent to everyone. They are within the reach of all who are stimulated by a desire for self-improvement and material success. Much of the individuality of a person is revealed in the external details of clothes and cleanliness, poise and presence, language and voice. They

are the features of a man's personality that strike the observer, no matter how casual, with the greatest force. A man may have the soul of an angel and the mind of a god, but few will take the trouble to discover them if his clothes are unclean and his manner offensive. What will it avail him to be a sage and a savant if the ears of his patients are jarred by his grammar and their sensibilities hurt by his language? Of course, it will be said that no physician, ambitious to succeed, would allow his personal appearance and deportment to be offensive to anyone, particularly to those who are the instruments of his success: colleagues and patients. But many of us have a tendency to accentuate a trait or to emphasize a natural inclination with an eye to creating individuality, and this leads easily to grotesqueness. Everyone knows there are many types of physicians: the learned type who cultivates a beard, cherishes preciosity of speech and formality of manners, a type much admired in the latter years of the last century, but nowadays regarded as affected and not necessarily competent; the extreme opposite is the young physician who, in an effort to display his zeal for keeping abreast of his time, is a few jumps ahead of it in fashion and language. He affects sports clothes and slouch hat, a jovial attitude toward ailments, and great familiarity with the prevailing popular vernacular. Some patients like it, and say that the elimination of manners and airs makes the doctor seem more human. Many, however, find it intolerable, and no amount of learning and reputation will make them feel that the physician is worthy of his hire. A physician should know how to be casual, but he should not make a business of it. If he is jocular by nature, it is well for him to keep in mind that

people do not always agree about what is or is not a suitable subject for flippancy. Then there is the timid physician, aware of his own limitations and those of his profession, and unable to create the impression that they are non-existent. He misses one of the greatest rewards of the successful practitioner by annihilating the element of confidence in his judgment and trust in his science. Contrasted to him is the cocksure doctor, who is familiar with everything and anything, to whom nothing is a matter for astonishment, and under whose sun nothing is new. All these traits are revealed in the external manner and seldom fail to unmask the man.

Realizing as we do how essential personality is to spiritual and material success, it is incomprehensible that we do it such trifling knee service. Youths determined to study medicine, medical students, young physicians, all have to find this out for themselves; that many of them fail to do so needs no emphasis.

Were medical students permitted or compelled to attend one lecture a week on cultural and historical medicine during their entire student days, we would display within a generation gratifying improvements in manner and in performance. I can imagine no more uplifting, expanding, and quickening experience for a disciple of Æsculapius than to hear the story of the life of our country's greatest medical teacher, one of the most useful citizens of his period, and to see photographs of his face and figure thrown upon the screen while it is being told. Dr. William H. Welch has embodied in his activities and accomplishments my ideal of personality and the physician.

Probably everyone knows at least one physician whose native endowment and education entitle him to

victory but who remains at the post or is among the "also-rans" because of some personality defect which might readily have been overcome had he recognized the weakness and turned early to the task of obliterating it.

"He may be as clever and resourceful as you say he is, but I cannot have anyone for my doctor who comes into my bedroom with a lighted cigar in his hand, even if he is careful to put it down so that it does not burn the table cover," wrote a lady to whom I had sent one of the best-trained young physicians I knew, hoping it would be a profitable contact to him and a valuable service for her.

Physicians are rarely chosen for their ability. Manner and method elect the majority. We do not realize what trifles trip many of us. In my conning-tower days, a colleague suggested to a rich neurotic woman that she might avail herself advantageously of my services. I went to her house, heard her confession, and imposed suitable penance. Things had gone to my satisfaction and doubtless the thought came to me that the turning in the lane which led away from tenement houses had been reached. But the next day my benefactor received a letter from my patient saying she "could not stand a doctor who wore spats."

There must be a reason why one physician succeeds where another fails, though both may have the same quality of intelligence, the same degree of endowment, work with similar industry, and share equally the smiles of Fortune. The reason is that one of them has acquired or was born with the quality of personality that makes him to his followers a being apart from all other physicians.

It is a peculiarity of people of sense and discernment, their unshakeable conviction that the physician they choose when they are ill has some unique knowledge which makes him alone capable of handling the case. They believe that they give confidence to the physician whose mind is open to enlightenment,—whose speech is convincing, and who displays initiative in action and generosity of feeling. They do not realize that these qualities are none other than personality. It has nothing to do with manner or method; it is as much apart from them as charm is from plastic beauty, as fondness is from love. But because of it, both manner and method are affected. Indeed, they are dependent upon personality for expression. There is no physician with a winning manner or a successful method who does not stand out as a "personality," suave or brutal. One personality may be repulsive, another magnetic. There are many persons who like the gruff speech and the rough handling of a stern doctor; they go to him because he gives them what they like.

There was a time when tradition encouraged physicians to develop certain idiosyncrasies which revealed them as beings apart from the rest of humanity. Top-hats and tail-coats are the mark of the physician even now in some parts of Europe. A flowing beard was once considered the symbol of knowledge beyond the ken of the ordinary mortal. Time, understanding, and common sense have changed all this, but it has left a trace in professional dignity to which no one, either physician or patient, can object. But this dignity has been known to affect physicians overmuch; they develop a pride, soon turned into conceit, of their own ability, infallibility, omnipotency. They may imagine that the

patient, impressed with such display of omniscience and overbearing, will regard them as demi-gods, and in his eyes they see a reflection of the image in their mirrors. All in vain. Patients want understanding and sympathy, coupled with ability and knowledge. Pride and conceit do not enter into the fulfilment of these needs. The man who can practise medicine for ten years without growing humble should submit himself to treatment. Conceit influences one's opinion of self, even though the individual, aware of his limitations, first donned the mask of pride as a defense mechanism against people's doubts of his cleverness. It is like the strut of little men, an attempt to compensate an inferiority feeling. Pompousness is an admission of inadequate *amour propre*, pretension an attempt to conceal vulnerability. Though self-respect is the nucleus of personality, dignity beyond that natural to self-respect is a liability, not an asset. I have known many ideal physicians: William Osler, James Mackenzie, Walter James; they were as simple, approachable, and companionable as the lamb that accompanied Mary. No one would suspect from observing one of my surgeon friends in repose or in action that he has less "side" now when he stands on the highest step of the ladder of success than he had when he was "clerking" in a drug shop forty years ago.

Early in life, I had the good fortune to come under the influence of a real physician who would occasionally get drunk with his patients, but he did not lose caste with them or with the community.

It is often alleged that jealousy, envy, and rivalry are part of the make-up of every physician; jealousy of the success, envy of the fame or luck of his colleagues.

The proprietary instinct which physicians often display toward patients is in a measure responsible for this allegation. But most often it is not jealousy to which they are given, but that madness called envy which is incited by the good points and the good fortune of others. Jealousy lives upon doubts, envy upon certainty. There is no freedom which should be more generously or gracefully granted than that sane adults should select anyone they wish to treat them when they are ill: Christian Scientists or chiropractors, osteopaths or miracle workers, psychoanalysts or priests, and as many as they like. Children and the insane should be treated by physicians.

The welfare of our fellow beings may be the motive of our solicitude to prevent the sane sick from being treated by "irregulars" but many believe that covetousness plays a part. Money is the thing that the majority of persons value most in the world; they say it is health that is most valued, but that has to be lost before anyone appreciates it.

Jealousy dents any personality, it matters not how attractive or sterling it may be. Other qualities which mar the physician's personality are temper, credulity, and a closed mind. Equanimity, keeping one's counsel, holding an even keel are assets in every walk of life, but for the physician who sees his neighbour in a state of apprehension, obfuscation, pain, and agitation, it is more necessary than for anyone. From the beginning, he must cultivate serenity, suavity, and silence. Patients have irritating ways—some talk too much, others not enough; some cannot tell the truth, others cannot abide it—but it is not for the physician to relieve himself of concentrated steam. It is for him to help his patient

along the road of relief. The physician who is prone to rages, or even to displays of bad temper, must check himself early and hard. If he does not, neither ability nor genius will compensate for his infirmity. His colleagues may put him on a pedestal for his achievements, but the bell which admits patients will rust for lack of use.

Prejudice is rampant in our country. It is the parent of prohibitions and the source of many of our national humiliations, such as legislation against teaching evolution and Ku Klux activities. In no better way can the physician enter the field of world-doctoring than by divesting himself of prejudice.

The physician's capacity for accepting or rejecting has much to do in forming his personality. Discrimination can rarely be more profitably employed than in estimating the credibility of statements and occurrences. Though the physician should never give the impression that he thinks his patient is imposing upon his credulity, he must develop the sort of effective scepticism which enables him to separate the tares from the wheat.

Few sick persons are capable of telling facts as they occurred. Either they hope to monopolize the physician's interest and think they can do so by overstating their symptoms, or afraid of illness and death, their inclination is to minimize pains and portents. The physician who has acquired the knack of discriminating between the patient's real and imagined condition has a professional asset which will always serve him. The whole secret of its proper functioning is to display interest in the patient's story and a measure of acceptance of it; then tact should play its part and by some par-

ticular nuance of manner the patient is aware that the physician knows, though he neither contradicts nor argues. Too much scepticism leads to irony and sarcasm; too little, undermines decision and determination.

Everyone knows the importance of decision in the physician's personality. Determination, the quality which enables its possessor to pursue an object despite obstacles and to overcome difficulties, and which is closely linked up with that type of courage which realizes danger but overcomes fear, is more important still. But the most important of all is courage. The time has come when the physician must tell the world certain things about religion, about the genesic instinct, about birth control, about education, about self-realization, about inferiority compensations, about how the mind goes wrong and why it is going wrong with such speed in this country, about the purpose of life from the viewpoint of the biologist and how it can best be fulfilled. To do all this he must have knowledge, and above all he must have courage. To tell as much of the truth as he knows about any of these matters may cost him his hospital or his institutional position; the clergyman and the teacher whom he horrifies may find revenge so sweet that they cannot resist its appeal; his friends may suspect his morality and judgment, and his very livelihood may be jeopardized. But he will have his reward.

The qualities demanded of the physician that he may become the ideal practitioner are in reality not unusual or extraordinary. They are the qualities becoming to any man which the physician, because of his peculiar opportunity of serving, may perhaps develop to a more serviceable degree than other men. In order that they

may attain full development, professional proficiency is not sufficient; a cultural background and the capacity for taking infinite thought are nearly as important as ability to detect an ailment and map out a treatment. Indeed, the latter evidence of scientific knowledge is valuable only as it is combined with such development of everyday qualities.

The mental activities of a physician confronted with a case are varied and many. He must be able to concentrate his attention, to apply his reasoning power, to dominate his will, and above all he must have the power to see beyond the immediate, to anticipate the future from study of past and present, to distinguish the dynamic from the static. He must be able to elicit information and to criticize and estimate it. Each element of the patient's story must be taken separately and illuminated by the light of reason and of knowledge. His work demands order, method, skill, tact; appearances must not be allowed to deceive, but neither should they be disdained. One feature of the case may have loomed large in the first instance, and lose much of its importance when considerations of individuality, environment, and habit have been weighed. All this demands more than professional ability: a sort of instinct which directs the physician where no visible and concrete signs mark the way. Creative intelligence, the result of concentrated education of the mind, alone can produce the necessary breadth of view and keenness of insight.

The doctor's attitute toward disease is that of a good chess player toward his game; he knows not only when to attack and to defend, but he knows also the hidden intentions of his opponent. He must foresee attack of

of biology and psychology, so long will reformation be delayed. It is gradually seeping through our collective minds that formal mental exercises do not lead to mental development; that they do not teach the pupil how to think, how to work, how to weigh evidence, how to control influences and verify conclusions, and how to handle varied material so as to reach ends which should be reached. You may have all the ammunition in the world, but you can't bag game without a gun; the better the gun the more abundant the game. We have been so intent on the ammunition that we have forgotten about the gun. We have been so absorbed with methods of education that we have neglected motives.

As psychologists and physicians we should evaluate the claims of vocational training and its alleged superiority to scholastic. We struggle to get education, not to facilitate self-realization but to increase our earning capacity in the fatuous belief that material possessions pilot the human machine. The real driver, the emotions, we seek either to conceal or to mask in the mistaken belief that to deny them is an indication of complete emancipation from the primitive. Emotions are the most enigmatic things in life and stand closer to its heart than ideas or intellect do. A reform that is needed in the field of education is to make vocational education the road to prosperity, emotional education the road to self-realization. A most important problem for us to solve as a nation is in the field of the emotions with especial attention to these crops: belief, doubt, prejudice, and deliberation, resolution, and vacillation. When we shall know how these are fabricated and how to adjust them in the machinery of life, we shall know better how to run the machine.

It seems to be a natural characteristic of American citizens to believe with great intensity, as witness the Eighteenth Amendment to our Constitution. It is as idle to reason with the advocates of that prohibition as it is to argue with a mule. Those who are hopeful that some day sweet reasonableness will come to us are encouraged by the knowledge that he who believes with the greatest intensity is the most changeable and unstable in his convictions.

Another important factor in the making of personality is the feeling of inferiority which is responsible for an enormous amount of pain, pride, and prejudice. We are just beginning to realize that human beings are disguised animals. All candidates for the degree of doctor of medicine should be obliged to pass examination in a biography of Lafcadio Hearn, and in the journal of Henry Thoreau; and he should furnish evidence of familiarity with *Leaves of Grass* and *Middlemarch.* From the first he will learn what personal inferiority is; from the second, self-realization; from the third he will learn what God is like, and from the last what he himself should be like.

The physician should observe and develop his own personality in order that he may the more successfully observe and interpret the personality of others. The most difficult knowledge to obtain and the most essential to have is knowledge of ourselves. Once a measure of it is obtained, we have the material to build the structure of personality—sentiment, ideals, belief—and we have the means for giving it efficiency and completeness, the relations of its spiritual aspects to the universe.

Our work has been with unstable personality: with

the neurotics, the delinquents, the retarded, the dissociated. We could make a real contribution to the progress of life were we to include the normal.

Medicine is a profession, but it has a definite artistic side. The profession can be mastered; the art which surpasses science is taught neither in school nor in laboratory. It often eludes the physician unless he has the germ of it within him. Trousseau called it a gift of heaven, but in reality it is composed of all the qualities that go to the making of a real man: heredity, soil, race, tradition, family, education, and that quality of personality which makes him an entity apart from all other men. It requires, in order to attain full growth, a fine intelligence and a fond heart at the service of science and a fully developed sense of personal self. When the physician has those, he will understand illnesses and their victims.

Personality is the chief asset of the art of medicine, as knowledge is of the science. Physicians should be adjured to examine their personalities as conforming Catholics are adjured to examine their consciences. Thus, they may free their character of faults, develop desirable qualities, and increase spiritual possessions that are essential to the fulfilment of man's mission: to make his personality harmonious with that all-embracing personality which is called God.

# VIII

## THE NEUROLOGIST'S PROGRESS

APHORISMS summarize the wisdom of the world. "Everything comes to him who waits" is one of them. Neurologists have had a long, weary wait, but their ship is coming in now. The question is, have we docks where it can be safely moored and refitted, have we men and material to remodel and reconstruct it, and have we pilots and crew competent to man it successfully? Do we know where to steer it that it may return with a valuable cargo?

Experts of the sport of kings base their prophecies and hazard their monies on what are called past performances. We could do worse than take a leaf from their book.

The history of neurology previous to the Nineteenth Century is a story by itself. I shall not presume even to outline it. It does not add to our veneration of Hippocrates to dwell upon his contemptuous attitude toward hysteria, nor to our admiration for Aristotle to be reminded that he thought the brain was a kind of refrigerator for the blood. Nor shall I recount the virtues of the real founder of neurology, the son of an architect of Pergamus who in Rome achieved the distinction of being the first physician of the world, a distinction that he retains to the present day. Though Galen designed and fabricated the structure of neurology, the founda-

tion upon which he built was made by many predecessors.

When Galen died, the night of neurology set in abruptly and it lasted nearly fifteen hundred years. Then one man alone pushed back night's dark curtain and suddenly the day of scientific medicine dawned. His name was Vesalius. Galen, Vesalius, and Harvey constitute the sacred trinity of our cult.

The number of men who strove to enlarge the horizon of the new world which, like our planet when first made, was seen to be very good, is countless, but the number who succeeded is few, and they were all anatomists save one: Albert von Haller, the creator of modern physiology who did more to systematize medicine than anyone save Galen. The variety and number of things he accomplished are fabulous. As a child he was a prodigy; as an adult, a superman. He wrote poetry and fiction, history and grammars, and no less than thirteen thousand scientific papers. In addition, he taught all branches of medicine and did experimental work which paved the way for scores of the discoveries of modern physiology. Anyone who is convinced that mankind is evoluting to a higher intellectual type should refrain from expression until he has familiarized himself with the accomplishments of that extraordinary man.

Modern neurology was conceived and gestated by Romberg, delivered and swaddled by Duchenne, taught to stand, walk, and run by Charcot. Many have taught it new steps since his time, but it remained for Sigmund Freud to teach it to jazz and for the past twenty-five years it has been practising the steps assiduously, to the discomfiture and disgust of many other teachers.

Of those who made a habitation ready for the child, the world is most indebted to Charles Bell and François Magendie.

The disciplinarians of neurology are legion. It would not be possible to mention them all, but a few stand out boldly, particularly Hughlings Jackson and Pierre Marie. Wilhelm Erb and Henry Head must also be mentioned. Jackson had unusual capacity for observation and a logical mind. The brilliant group of English and Scotch neurologists of the latter half of the Nineteenth Century were inspired and heartened largely by him. Marie was similarly endowed and in addition he had imagination. As a parent of neurology he outdid his master Charcot. Head had the qualities of both and the soul of a poet. He was on his way to great eminence when Fate gave him a knockout blow. Erb was the typical German savant, a man who knows all there is to be known about his specialty, who knows nothing else, and who is a teacher.

Of the few Americans who have wooed this branch of medicine successfully, the name of George Beard stands first; he planned and fabricated the huge structure, neurasthenia, which we are now so industriously demolishing and reconstructing on a smaller scale more harmonious with modern taste and knowledge.

Though Beard has received the credit of "discovering" neurasthenia, it more properly belongs to Edwin van Deusen, an asylum physician in Kalamazoo, who wrote:

"There is a disease of the nervous system, so uniform in development and progress, that it may with propriety be regarded as a distinct form of disease. Among the causes, excessive mental labour, especially when

conjoined with anxiety and deficient nourishment, ranks first. It is also traceable to depressing emotions, grief, domestic trouble, prolonged anxiety, and pecuniary embarrassment; hemorrhage and debilitating diseases, following or coincident with depressing mental influences, and sleeplessness."

Beard, however, "told the world," and by so doing made a permanent contribution to neurology by showing that the origin of many nervous symptoms were to be found within the patient and in the environment.

Many other American physicians did work in neurology that will perpetuate their names, notably Hammond, Huntington, Seguin, Spitzka, Mitchell, and Putnam. Nearly a hundred years ago a German physician, Romberg, made an examination of the crops that had been reaped from the neurological field during the Eighteenth Century, then set himself the task of assorting them, classifying them, and suggesting their disposition. First he translated Charles Bell's *The Nervous System of the Human Body*, then wrote a systematic textbook on nervous diseases. It was constellated with verbal pictures which, even to-day, compel admiration. But it is neither for his delineations nor his translations that posterity owes him a debt. He was the first clinician to strip and examine patients, that is, strip completely and examine thoroughly. Had he been able to popularize the procedure, we should not have had to wait so long for the development of organic neurology. Example and exhortation were lost upon his observers and auditors.

While Romberg was reaping so richly, an amazing Picardian took a look around and from that survey sprang organic neurology of to-day and of to-morrow. His name was William Benjamin Armand Duchenne,

but he signed it "Duchenne de Boulogne." He was nearly as unique as Giordano Bruno or Walt Whitman were and he had some of the qualities of the great Assisian. He had no background, no graces, no rich relatives, no influential friends. Despite broad shoulders, a chip could not have rested upon them. He was big, burly, and bearded, and he might have been taken for a pilot on a holiday or a peasant in Sunday dress. He was as unselfish as Jeanne, the Maid of France. Most of all he resembled Socrates. Like him, his determination was to expose the hollowness of what passes for knowledge and to lay the foundation of true and scientific knowledge.

He was a strange contrast to professional teachers. He had no hospital position, no classes, no pay. His time was spent in examining patients wherever he could find them. He was a hospital interloper and treated as such. Fortunately, he had no false pride, no spurious modesty. He was ready to question and to talk with anyone who would listen, but he was more effective in discussion than in presentation. Like Socrates, he had his Plato. His name was Trousseau, and he should be remembered as long for what he did for Duchenne as for what he did for medicine.

Duchenne cleared the spinal cord jungle. Charcot plotted the grounds, surveyed them carefully and adorned them artistically; then he turned to the jungle of the brain. Had he guessed the riddle of hysteria, he might have disputed Galen's place, for then he would have turned a searchlight upon the most mysterious of all man's possessions—the soul.

Duchenne was the parent of neurology, Charcot of neurologists. The majority of those who wrote their

names into the history of neurology in the latter years of the Nineteenth Century got their inspiration or their instruction from the greatest clinic of the world which Charcot established at the Salpetrière toward 1865 and conducted for a generation, or from the literature that emanated from it. It is from two men who called him master, Pierre Janet and Sigmund Freud, that the neurology of to-morrow will be chiefly derived though its origin may be traced to Mesmer.

One hundred and fifty years ago that extraordinary German physician was making miraculous cures in Paris by means of mysterious forces which came to be called animal magnetism; the method, mesmerism. A variety of somnambulism soon played an important part in it. From observation and study of it we learned about hypnotism and suggestion. The phenomena of hypnotism and suggestion were the first materials of experimental psychology. They were the drills that made holes in the iron sheets that enveloped the neuroses sphinx. They showed us how close the relationship is between the functions of the brain and the functions of the viscera. It was then that we first got dependable information about affects and behaviour.

Hypnotism has a manic-depressive temperament: either it is on the crest of the wave or in the trough of the sea. At present it is in a state of profound depression, apathetic, and unresponsive. But it will strut and scream again, and when it does, we shall add to our knowledge of mental phenomena. It is well-nigh incredible that an agency hailed with so much enthusiasm in the Eighties should be given such a contemptuous farewell twenty years later. Even the charlatans and quacks from whose hands it had been wrested by

Charcot and Bernheim and their disciples disowned it. It was in the conflict between the Salpetrière School and the Nancy School that hypnotism got its final blow. Charcot insisted that the phenomena of hypnotism were simple physiological happenings akin to those that occur in organic disease and that examination of the phenomena that occur in hypnotized subjects would provide the definitions and laws governing the disease. Bernheim on the other hand taught that hypnotism was a mental phenomenon and that its problems were psychological. It was a fierce battle and victory was finally with the "animists."

After the battle, Pierre Janet started to remove the wreckage and to make the field safe and inviting for other investigators. He concentrated particularly on traumatic memories and showed their capacity for causing disease. He showed clearly and convincingly that many traumatic memories, even those of great severity, may have passed out of the mind of the subject, that is, beyond voluntary recall, and only after long and tedious search is the physician able to track them to the place where they have so successfully hidden themselves. Such lost memories may crop up in somnambulistic states, in automatic writing, in dreams. Study of them and of other subconscious states enabled Janet in some cases to rediscover occurrences, and revive the affects of happenings, whose memory had determined or was maintaining nervous, mental, or emotional disorder. Much of his teaching was promulgated by Charcot's lectures and in this way it came to the knowledge of Freud who was attending the Salpetrière clinics. Freud somewhere has written, "I have no use for other people's ideas when they are presented to me at the

inopportune moment." Obviously, Janet's views were presented to him at the opportune moment for by their acquisition and dissemination he has made his name familiar to the whole civilized world. Freud took the germinal idea of his theory from Janet; the development, elaboration, and application of it are all his own.

I do not propose to recount the story or restate the claims of psychoanalysis. Everyone knows that it is a method of treating nervous patients and of examining the mind, the unconscious mind whose existence it posits. Its first aim is to bring the content of the unconscious into consciousness. Psychoanalysis has been called the science of the content of the unconscious. It denies the identity of the conscious with the psychic and claims that there is such a thing as unconscious thinking and unconscious willing. It holds that the psychoneuroses depend upon a failure of adaptation between the sexual impulse and the reality principle, that is, between the pleasure principle associated with sex, and the reality principle. The symptoms of the neuroses are either symbolic representations of sexual wishes which have been denied gratification by the reality principle, or of unsatisfactory compromises arrived at in the struggle. Conflict engenders affect; it is always painful and therefore some effort is made to repress such wishes. By the aid of a myth called the Censor this is often successful, but sometimes he naps and nods, and then the crystallized protestations of nongratification rush out in the shape of paralysis, blindness, deafness, anæsthesia.

The libido is the tree of life whose widespread roots group every process of life. There is constant battle between instinct and morality; the wounded are the

psychoneurotics. The extent and nature of their injuries are revealed by dreams and *faux pas*. Speech drains their wounds of impurity; love is the balsam that facilitates repair and restoration. The task of the physician is to reveal the repression, to discover a method of gratification other than that forbidden by reality, to lead the patient to it, and to orient him in the art and science of sublimation.

As a body of doctrine it is neither theoretically nor empirically sound; its value as a therapeutic agency is nullified by its power to injure which is much greater than its adherents admit or those who expose themselves to it surmise; nevertheless, it is the outstanding contribution that has been made to neurology in the present generation.

Let us agree that Janet had the idea before Freud and that Freud took it from him without saying "By your leave"; let us admit that the essence of it is in the *Confessions* of St. Augustine and of Rousseau; let us admit even that neurologists and psychiatrists realized the importance of the rôle played by deviations, divagations, repressions, and progressions of sex impulses in the causation of functional nervous and mental diseases; it must still be allowed that Freud focussed the world's attention on the importance of sexual factors in the individual life, particularly in childhood, and that he concentrated our attention on a universal psychological phenomenon, namely, the involuntary attempt to protect oneself by thrusting conceptions accompanied by unpleasant effects into a region whose location and confines are unknown but which is called the unconscious; and that he developed a technique of revealing them.

There is much in the Freudian hypothesis that is offensive, some that is disgusting, a little that is degrading. No one can accept it fully and still look admiringly in the mirror.

It is neither an esthetic experience nor a hedonistic indulgence to read James Joyce's *Ulysses*, but no one can plough his way through that ponderous volume without knowing more of his fellow beings and loving them less than he did before. The same is true of the writings of Sigmund Freud. His doctrine has and has had few proponents in comparison with the number of opponents, but qualitatively its proponents are increasing. It has added to our knowledge but subtracted from our pride. Freud would be entitled to our gratitude had he accomplished nothing more than these two things: to point out the necessity of searching for the foundations of the psychoneuroses in the plastic years of infancy, and to assert and in a measure substantiate the assertion, that throttling and thwarting the procreative instinct so as to make its display consonant with ethics, religion, and convention cannot be done with impunity. But he has done more. He has cut the hair of the puritanic Samson, and he has thrown a searchlight on the mental processes of neurotics by which we are able to see many things previously indiscernible.

No account of the neurologist's progress, no matter how sketchy, should omit mention of some of the varieties of supernatural treatment that have had great vogue at some time or other.

The most extraordinary of them is Christian Science.

Hundreds of thousands of intelligent, cultured men and women of this country believe that illness is evil,

that it is an abstraction which takes on concrete form to promote the devil's practice. There is nothing real but mind. Matter and illness are subjective states of error, delusions which can be dispelled by the mental process which results from a true knowledge of God and of Christ, or Christian Science.

Evil displays itself in many guises, but basically they are all the same. Therefore the same treatment is applicable to every display of evil, i.e., to all diseases. Cancer is no more real than obsession.

Despite the fact that such incredible belief is widely held, disease maintains its stride save as preventive medicine fetters it. Men sicken and die only because they cannot purge themselves of sin; they cannot yell loudly enough to scare away the bogey man of fear; they cannot win a tithe of the faith that moves mountains.

It is easier to understand why Christian Science succeeds than why our stupidity is not abated by its lessons. Its success should have convinced us of the tremendous rôle that the mind plays in disease; it should have taught us how important it is for one who is ill, or who fears or believes he is, to have something that focusses his interest; and were we not wilfully blind, we should have seen that Christian Science furnishes the basis for systems of rationalization which permit sufferers to win the conflicts from which their fears and forebodings, their pains and predicaments originally flowed. The man who will take Christian Science and replace the science with sense is likely to become the greatest psychotherapeutist of the era. Twenty years ago, Mark Twain, in life a humorist, in death a philosopher, prophesied that it was destined to spread throughout

the country and ere long to seize the reins of government. M. Janet after reviewing the inception and career of the movement prophesied that the doctrine would not survive its illustrious founder for many years. He believed that discursions and the spread of heresy would soon bring about the dissolution of the creed. I back the philosopher in death against the one in the quick. It is sixty years since Mrs. Eddy started the mystic ball rolling and it has gathered momentum steadily since then. The idea, it need scarcely be said, was not original.

André Gide in his autobiography *Si le Grain ne Meurt* says: "When Grandfather was ill, he had recourse to nothing save prayer. He considered medical intervention improper, unreligious even, and he died without having called a physician." Grandfather was a Huguenot and a minister of the Gospel.

So long as man's mind is constituted as it now is, we shall have periodic outbreaks of mysticism, for the mind must hearken to the call of flux to which no display of nature or art is deaf. The flood tide of such display when it comes anew will again be a recrudescence of Neo-Platonism.

Our country has been the breeding ground of miraculous, supernatural, and philosophical methods of treatment: Mind Cure, Faith Cure, Divine Healing, Mental Healing, Christian Science, New Thought; but despite this, psychotherapy has made small progress with physicians. Here and there an attempt has been made more or less successfully to repeat the method of medical moralization which Dr. Paul Dubois of Berne originated and practised. We always enthuse over visiting subliminalists such as Coué; we companion them, extol them, finance them,

but we do not assimilate or perpetuate their methods. By and large, we have left the field of psychotherapy largely to the Church: moralization to the Episcopal; miraclization to the Catholic; mystification to the Eddyites.

Aside from Weir Mitchell's contribution to psychotherapy, we have done little that is original or concrete. Psychoanalysis is partly responsible. With prohibitions and fundamentalism, it has engrossed us, but, in any case, we are not adapted temperamentally to psychotherapy.

The field of neurology, when I entered it thirty-five years ago, was as unlike the present field as the New York of that time was unlike the New York of to-day. All that was known of the physiology and pathology of the nervous system was confined to a score or so of men in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago. Their colleagues looked upon them with pity and condescension. Here and there one of strong personality was accepted as an equal who had gone wrong. A few who had been trained in German-speaking countries were rapidly pushing to the front. Neurology was a step-child of medicine. It had a club foot and it was inclined to be wayward. It may be difficult for the present generation to believe that in those days the internist not only admitted he knew nothing of neurology but frequently testified in speech and conduct that he was complacent in his ignorance. When we recall that at this time the vast majority of the men who held the professorships of medicine in the European universities were neurologists, many of them of world-wide reputation, our poverty and pride are all the more astonishing.

The medical world was divided into two camps: those

who believed that the majority of nervous diseases were of "reflex" origin and who removed ovaries and prepuces and cut eye muscles to cure them, and those who knew such diseases were either imaginary or "a kind of malaria." Nervous diseases that could not be accounted for in these ways were, like all insanity of the young, due to masturbation.

It is beyond belief how potent reflexes and masturbation were in those days.

In only two or three of the numerous medical colleges that studded the Atlantic coast, and in none of those that had grown up in the Middle West, was neurology taught. With the exception of a small group of honest, earnest, mostly self-taught men no one in the profession knew as much of the finer anatomy and physiology of the nervous system as the Reverend John Roach Straton knows about the higher criticism. When I took the general medical service of the City Hospital toward the end of the decade that Mr. Thomas Beer has dubbed "mauve," I found a great number of patients afflicted with nervous diseases who, as far as one could learn, had never been examined. None of the internes had been taught how to examine such cases and none of the attending physicians had interest, inclination, or capacity to do so. Later when my friends, attending physicians at other hospitals, learned that not only was I interested in neurology but intrigued by neurological problems, I became aware that similar conditions existed in other hospitals, but of course not to such an extent as in the City Hospital, for in those days that institution was given over entirely to chronic cases. Although there were some dispensaries where patients with nervous diseases were treated, there was scarcely one with

facilities for making a proper examination and none that had other therapeutic equipment than an electric battery and a cautery, both invariably out of order. Iodide of potassium was the sovereign remedy for organic disease; bromide of potassium, for functional.

The attitude of the doctor of that day toward nervous disease, organic or functional, seems incredible now. Functional nervous disease was chiefly neurasthenia, epilepsy, or hysteria, preferably the former, but if the symptoms did not fit into the framework, as it were, then it was hysteria, and hysteria itself was partly fake and wholly contemptible. Patients whose appearance belied their statements usually "imagined" their ailments and received corresponding sympathy. Most of the organic diseases of the spinal cord, aside from tabes, were diagnosticated as chronic myelitis and scarcely any disease of the brain had been distinguished save tumor and bulbar paralysis. This is the more remarkable as the diagnosis of organic nervous disease is not more difficult, save in exceptional instances, than the diagnosis of visceral disease. As a matter of fact, there are certain associations of objective symptoms which are more infallible than man. My secretary at the Neurological Institute, a woman of no medical education, would make the correct diagnosis in 75 per cent. of the cases after writing the history and putting down the physical signs. The reason the doctor of that day did not diagnosticate nervous disease was that he had never been told and did not guess that before a patient can be examined from a neurological standpoint he must be stripped. The reason those nervous diseases now called the psychoneuroses were unknown territory to him was due partly to his premedical education,

consisting often of little more than lessons in reading and writing, and partly to his prejudices and inherited notions of personal purity, which he knew in his heart to be lies but had not the courage to proclaim as such. As soon as medical students were obliged to have a high-school education, and a considerable portion of them to go through college where they gained a speaking acquaintance with biology, physiology, and psychology even, they shied less at functional nervous diseases encountered in practice. It is to be hoped that the present generation of physicians is not shying them at all.

To-day, even the educated layman knows that locomotor ataxia and general paresis are respectively syphilis of the spinal cord and of the brain. Thirty years ago physicians did not know it. Such a leader as Von Leyden of Berlin, for instance, taught that more than 60 per cent of the cases of locomotor ataxia were due to other causes. When I began to encounter the disease in many quarters, I became convinced that it had no other actual cause than the pale spirochetes, and I made the startling observation that those who had been treated for syphilis developed locomotor ataxia earlier than those who had not and that oftentimes the variety was more severe. Those were the days when it was taught that syphilis was rather a benign disease and that iodide of potassium was an anti-syphilitic remedy. It is astounding that this should ever have been so, but I recall hearing such a statement made many times by two professors in one of our medical schools; one a syphilologist, the other a dermatologist.

Great progress has been made in the prevention and treatment of syphilis and no one sees it more clearly than the neurologist. General paresis and locomotor

ataxia are quite different clinically to-day from what they were a generation ago, but why they occur at all is still a riddle; that is, why Smith should develop tabes and Jones not, both having been infected with syphilis. The theory is that there are spirochetes and spirochetes. Some can, and some cannot, overwhelm the central nervous system of the unwilling host.

An experience such as the following is, to say the least, suggestive of such a theory: four men had in common New England birth, great ability, vigorous health, and what is politely known as a lady friend. One died of general paresis at 48; another of amaurotic tabes at 56; the third of aortic aneurism at 60; and the fourth of some mysterious disease characterized by pain of a tabetic nature and profound emaciation constituting marasmus when he was 61.

Fournier, the parent of modern syphilology, and several neurologists, headed by Erb showed conclusively that syphilis of the nervous system occupies an important place in organic neurology. It will be a great stride forward when someone points out authoritatively the contributing causes of such diseases.

The generation of neurologists now in full flower has made the profession familiar with the varied manifestations of infections of the brain and spinal cord. It is difficult to believe that it did not dawn upon us earlier that the same organism that causes infection of the protective membranes and the essential substance of other organs may invade the nervous system and there produce reactions similar to those produced elsewhere. The various forms of inflammation of the brain and spinal cord that have been differentiated and are recognizable are an earnest of our recent enlightenment.

Nowhere in the domain of organic neurology is the evidence of progress so conspicuous as in the recognition of the mysterious disease called disseminated sclerosis. When I first began to walk the wards of the Montefiore Home, very few cases of this disease were encountered. When I left the Neurological Institute, it was met oftener than any other structure-disease of the nervous system save tabes. Although it still guards the secret of its origin it is dawning upon us gradually that it is one of the long lost tribes of encephalomyelitis which has taken on strange appearance and conduct.

Another accomplishment to the credit of the neurologist is differentiation of several distinct diseases from what was once called chronic-myelitis, i.e., slowly progressing decay of the spinal marrow.

When we shall join forces with the physiological chemist and solve the riddle of the lipoids, the family diseases with which we have now scarcely bowing acquaintance will divulge the secret of their origin and suggest the means of thwarting their malign purpose. A generation ago, practically nothing was known of inflammation of the brain, either of the cortex or of the central gray matter, and the relationship of local inflammations of the brain due to infections and the dependency of certain symptom groups, such as the one called shaking palsy, upon them was never even as much as suspected. Previous epidemics of grippe must have been accompanied and followed by encephalitis, but only during the past ten years has its display and course been properly recognized. It is one of the things that American neurologists have done best. Should they discover its cause and shape its course, they will feel justifiable satisfaction.

The neurologists of the Eighties were fascinated with studies, experimental and clinical, on localizations to the surface of the brain. It was not until they were taught by experience that what they learned of such localizations was rarely of service to the patient that they gave similar attention to the inflammatory and degenerative diseases of the brain.

Despite Beard's masterly presentation of neurasthenia, apparently it occurred to no one that it was a mental disorder. The truth is that psychiatry has been our Mt. Everest. We have dared but we have not trained. Hence, we neither scaled it successfully nor explored it carefully.

In my student days I never saw a person afflicted with mental disorder save by chance. Though the superintendent of the Ward's Island Hospital was nominally professor of psychiatry, and it was alleged that he gave clinics at that hospital, few attended them and when they did the professor was usually absent.

All that has been changed, but even now the status of psychiatry in this country does not reflect great credit upon us. We have assimilated the teachings of Kraepelin, Bieuler, Freud, and Jung, and disseminated them, and determined attempts are being made to spread the knowledge we have of mental hygiene, but we are still far from understanding the significance of mental disease. From what I have seen and heard in the countries of Europe, we do not distinguish ourselves from their physicians in that respect. Hospitals for the insane are now being established in connection with medical colleges and they may lead us out of the wilderness, but what is needed most is a change of heart. The insane must be looked upon as victims of illness. The

function of the physician is to prevent, shape, and thwart illness. If he is not trained to do it, or will not try to do it, he should be pilloried.

After fifteen years of contact with the most pitiable of all patients, the soul-sick, disheartened by the apathy of the public and the indifference of the profession toward them, and discouraged by the lack of facilities for investigating the cause and course of nervous disease, realizing there was no available treatment for them even though they could be studied and interpreted, I determined to attempt the foundation of an institution where they could be studied, interpreted, and treated. A clinical genius and a lovable man, Joseph Fraenkel, with whom I had been thrown in intimate contact for many years, joined forces with me. We raised $100,000, hired the building on Sixty-seventh Street originally planned for the nurses of Mount Sinai Hospital, and opened the Neurological Institute of New York twenty years ago under the ægis of a dozen men, all prominent in the world of affairs and all save one my intimate friends. Soon after its inception we induced a man of rare vision, unusual capacity for organization, and great clinical acumen to join us. Pearce Bailey was at the top of his form in the Neurological Institute when his call came. Ill health and the fascination of an unusual conception of pathogenesis and therapy led Dr. Fraenkel to withdraw soon after the hospital was opened. His place was taken by Frederick Peterson and the triumvirate was strengthened by the addition of a man who in early life had become a master of neurological surgery, Charles Elsberg.

Though I may be accused of trumpeting our success, I believe that American neurology received a stirring,

far-reaching impetus through the activities of the group of young men who worked successfully to make the Institute what it stands for to-day: a place where individuals afflicted with diseases that deform and incapacitate may be treated, and where those whose normal behaviour is so impaired that their happiness and usefulness are destroyed may be interpreted, alleviated, and cured. Men who have been trained there have gone out to the different parts of this country and of Canada and are putting the information which they acquired at the service of their communities and, I trust, converting into actuality the ideals which were there developed.

Neurologists have brought up their child apart from its first cousins, diseases of the viscera, and now it is going out into the world to find its own fortune and fame. Doubtless it will recognize its close relatives. Those who wish to direct or influence it should look solicitously after the newcomer. The bulk of neurology is an integral part of general medicine. To handle it masterfully one must be familiar with general pathology. The syphilologist who is not competent to treat syphilis of the coverings, the substance, the blood vessels of the nervous system, is not competent to treat syphilis at all. The internist who sees in degeneration of the blood vessels of the brain something different from similar degenerations of the blood vessels of the pancreas or kidney has imperfect vision. The general practitioner requires no other skill or information to treat meningitis, encephalitis, and myelitis than to treat pericarditis, pneumonia, and pyelitis. They should be familiar with the careers of bacteria and how they may be thwarted or controlled, and have knowledge of the structure and function of the tissue that has been defeated in the

struggle with the iniquitous germ or the nefarious parasite. Most of all, they should know that courage is their resourceful coadjutor, fear their implacable enemy. The most needed possession for the treatment of nervous diseases is one that is the chief asset of every successful physician: sympathy, understanding, and capacity to inspire and sustain confidence.

The vast majority of nervous diseases should be detected, interpreted, and treated by syphilologists, endocrinologists, internists, and general practitioners. It will be said that this leaves lean pickings for the neurologists. It leaves all to which they are entitled, and more than they can pick; it leaves the functional nervous diseases, the so-called psychoneuroses, and it leaves the entire realm of mental disease. To cope with them, neurologists must have such comprehensive knowledge of them as they have heretofore had of intoxications and infections, of disordered metabolism and imbalanced endocrines. They must know something about the mind in the making and more about man and especially about those inherent possessions of his called urges; and they must know what inhibitions do to man and what liberations may do. Should they remind themselves frequently that nature thwarting is a dangerous thing for anyone to undertake, they will display great wisdom.

It is nothing less than preposterous that physicians, by and large, know nothing about mental disease, and that men and women now entering the profession are not trained to recognize and evaluate the heraldings of such disorders. We plume ourselves on having stamped out yellow fever, on outwitting the malevolent mosquito, on cutting the tendons of the tubercle bacillus,

and on thwarting a score of other devastating diseases. We boast of the number of years that have been added to human life as a result of our activities, but we take no heed whatsoever of the appalling discovery that, as man gains in soundness of body, he loses in soundness of mind, or that at least it appears to be so. The tremendous increase in this country of certifiable insanity during the past twenty-five years is startling. We cannot attribute this increase to our clinical perspicacity, to our closer knowledge of asylums, to our increasing disinclination to put lunatics into prisons and almshouses, to our consumption of alcohol or our abstinence from it, or to any of the reasons that have been suggested. An increase of two thousand cases in the State Hospitals of New York in the year ending September 30, 1927, and a prospective increase of twenty-six hundred cases for the following year is sufficient to convince me that, day by day in every way, we are growing crazier and crazier.

And, indeed, we do not need such figures to convince us. We have only to watch ourselves struggling to become our brother's keepers to realize that paranoid trends and persecutory ideas are seeping into us and that individuals and communities are being increasingly dominated by those who develop them.

Insanity in its magnitude and in its malignity is the first public-health problem of to-day. The medical profession, taken in its entirety, and the institutions that train its members have done and are doing shockingly little to solve the problem. They will never solve it until medical students are subjected to a discipline in psychiatry as severe as that which they now receive in pathology, and until the institutions see a light. No man

or woman should be allowed to practise medicine who has not lived in an asylum for at least three months. Elsewhere, I suggested that medical students should spend their summers in state hospitals. Not only would it be an invaluable experience, but it would accustom them to brief holidays, the only kind they will be vouchsafed later unless they are exceptionally fortunate.

The neurologist of to-morrow must be a student of human nature and he should be as keen to prevent and cure the ills of society as of the individual. He must be engrossed by psychology and he must be trained in psychiatry, but not with the sort of training that he got yesterday or is getting to-day. Psychiatric training must be obtained simultaneously with training in internal medicine; obtained later, it contributes to emotional immobilization, to intellectual stereotypy and physical apathy. No one unable to formulate and state the fundamental principles of mental hygiene should be considered as having had training in psychiatry, and no one who has not a comprehensive notion of the primitive instincts should be allowed to study psychiatry. The neurologist needed to-day is one whose inclination leads him to familiarize himself with the science of biology and who is willing and able to keep abreast of its progress. He must be the equivalent of what is called a radical in the science of sociology and in the art of politics. He must enter and till the field of preventive medicine, the most fertile and the least cultivated portion of our domain. Fostered by religion and convention, it is now overgrown with thorny briar and poisonous weed. When we cut them down and pull them up we injure the soil often beyond restoration. We must protect virgin soil as God created it, through the agency

of His image. To do that we must open our hearts and read what is graven thereon; then, adding to it what we have been permitted to read on the hearts of others and what we have learned from the wise men of the past, we must take courage and tell parents, potential and actual, what their children are by nature, and what they must endeavour to make them by training, discipline, and enlightenment.

So long as it continues to be promulgated and accepted that the aim of life is salvation and not self-realization, that pain here means pleasure hereafter, and that in proportion as the flesh is humiliated the spirit is exalted, the psychoneuroses will continue to maim and devour us.

The physician, pedagogue, and priest must join hands but the physician must be the leader. The first thing they should agree upon is that fear shall no longer actuate or determine conduct. So long as fear is used as a substitute for intelligence, we shall have neuropsychoses and prohibitions, our two national infirmities.

The neurologist of to-morrow will attempt to guess the riddle of psychoneuroses from study of their origins, not of their effects; he will be more concerned with their prevention and that of all neuro-mental diseases than with their cure. He must be first a psychologist, then a biologist, and last a physician. If he is all that and if he is attracted by the hidden, the unknown, the mysterious, the elusive, and if he has the courage to tell the world the truth about the fundamental urges of man, and if he realizes that his duty first and foremost is to assist the human body and the human being to adjust itself and himself to environment he will be a wise man as well as a good neurologist.

# IX

## CULTURE AS AN ASSET IN THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE

IT IS assumed that a youth who decides to study medicine can say what determined him to become a physician. One might say he had a "feeling" that it was his vocation; another, that it was the shortest way to social elevation; a third, that no power seemed to him so desirable as the power to relieve pain, prevent and thwart disease; some, doubtless, that its material advantages appealed to them; others, that the opportunity to step into an established practice of father or other relative was too tempting to resist, and not a few that they owed their determination to chance or luck. Whatever it is that puts a man on the way to become a physician, the goal for which he strives is success. Success for the vast majority means professional reputation and material prosperity. Unless he is peculiarly insensitive or has a dominant lust for gain, he does not get far on the roadway of his career without realizing that the joys and satisfactions of his journey come more frequently from the development of his latent powers and possibilities than from fame and fortune, power or prowess. The joy of growing, the satisfaction of realizing self are the greatest of all. The cherry tree, were it vocal and could it see itself in full bloom, would doubtless sing a joyous song and could it see itself laden with ripe fruit would proclaim its gratitude for existence. Its satisfaction might be in part that it had for a brief time

increased beauty and nourished birds, but its chief satisfaction and enduring pleasure would be in producing the loveliest blossom and the most luscious fruit that cherry tree could bear. And it does this not to outdo other trees, or to magnify itself above others, but to do what nature intended it to do. It is the same with the tree of life. Growth, without which there is neither beauty nor fruit, is the thing.

Two elements facilitate self-realization: taking thought and gaining culture. Man has, within limits, the capacity to direct and to shape his spiritual growth as he may influence his physical adornment. To accomplish this, he must have a conception of what self really is and its relation to nature, and a plan of how it is to be developed and moulded by education and conduct. The results of putting this plan into operation was called *Paidéia* by the Greeks, *humanitas* by the Romans, and it is called culture by us.

By culture we mean familiarity with the results of the intellectual activity of the past and present and its bearing on our welfare, conduct, and lives. Culture is to the spiritual side what gold is to the physical. It provides us with the raiment and nutriment that make for happiness and efficiency, as money provides us with the food and environment necessary to existence.

The relation of culture to education is very difficult to state, for education has such varied meanings. An educated man is not necessarily cultured and a cultured man has often had very little education, using that word in its conventional sense. Walt Whitman, for instance, had small education but he was a man of culture.

The reverend author of one of the most fascinating

and instructive compilations ever made, *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, whose favourite amusement was to hearken enviously to the profanities of Oxford bargemen, was a man of colossal learning but of no great culture. Education that one gets in school and college may be compared to a house. After the house is built it must be equipped so that one may live in it comfortably, and decorated so that it shall be pleasurable to dwell there. Equipment is vocational education: education which has a direct bearing upon material success. For the would-be physician, it is instruction in the sciences and living languages. Decoration is cultural education.

The reason why the prospective physician should study mathematics is not that he may be able to keep a check book properly or to make up his income tax, but that he may learn the value of precision and how to draw inferences. There are scores of reasons why he should study the sciences—and two reasons why he should steep himself in the humanities: it is the surest way of filling the reservoir of pleasure, and it is one of the best ways of generating energy which, upon being released, makes for man's welfare and the subduing of the earth. Students of medicine must in some way be made to realize that the best way to reach their goal is to pave the road with culture, and to drive upon it in the vehicle character whose motive power is conduct.

Cultural education, the decoration of the House of Life, is to be obtained by companioning the poets, philosophers, biographers, and rhetoricians, both in the quick and in the dead; by acquaintance with some of the work of any virtuoso who has become immortal, by familiarity with the epochal moves of civilization and those who planned or effected them.

Everyone admits that cultural education contributes to the welfare of the soul, but my contention is that it enhances the potentialities of the individual in the dance of life as well. From it, he gets endurance and poise. Its value consists largely in the moral and intellectual discipline that its acquisition imposes. Its influence is elevating, refining, liberalizing. It drives forth the beast that has such a strangle hold on man. But culture should not be sacrificed to efficiency, nor should concentration be obtained at the expense of field of vision.

One of the many reasons why we, as a nation, are distinguished by our prejudices and illiberalities is that we are so taken up with doing knee service to science, sophistry, and pseudo-science that we lose the path of growth that leads directly to self-realization. Reason is the guide post to that path and general cultural training develops reason. It is obtainable anywhere and everywhere. Naturally, it is easier to get where there are libraries, museums, and galleries, but it may be acquired without any of them. It has a very tenuous relation to college and university training. Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson might not have been the most highly cultured men that this country has produced, had they gone to college.

In that dreadful literature sponsored by Samuel Smiles and made up of the biographies of so-called self-made men, we constantly read: "He did not have the advantage of a college education." A dubious advantage it frequently is. William Osler did not have it, neither did William James; yet Socrates might have discussed the Republic with them as fruitfully as he did with Glaucon, Adeimantus, and Thrasymachus, and he

would have had a much better time with the Americans had Osler been in his best vein.

So long as institutions of learning do not teach and incite students to think, do not point out to them the value of scepticism, the treacherousness of fallacy, the danger of sophistry, so long as they feature so-called scientific, and soft-pedal cultural training, the world will need to be made safe for democracy.

Advocates of practical education have had the whip hand during the past two generations. It was not difficult for them to convince the world of its material advantages. America's present prosperity and Europe's recent holocaust stand in direct relation to the ascendency of practical education. This is not said in derogation for I am an advocate of practical education, but we should not lose sight of its object: to make man more efficient in the world of affairs. This is not enough for self-realization; man must possess himself of the things that make for efficiency in the world of fancy, romance, ideals, beauty.

I am convinced that the medical student who will devote each day one-half hour of his overtaxed time to Plato or Montaigne, Burton or Cervantes, Horace or Whitman, Rabelais or Shakespeare, will be a better doctor and a happier man than the one who is as familiar with Quain, Osler, and Howell as a miser is with his pocket. It is not necessary that he should read any of the immortals I have mentioned to be a man of culture. Let him be intimate with *The Golden Bough*, let him grasp the philosophy of the Upanishads, let him be able to state the source, tributaries, flood, and effects of the French Revolution, and he will be a man of culture. Let him make Patten's *The Development of English Thought*

a part of his intellectual wealth upon which he can draw at any time, let him know what Leonardo did and Descartes strove to do, let him be intimate with El Greco or Shakespeare, and he will be a man of culture. Let him do something beyond his vocation so well that it will merit the approbation and praise of others, let him know something accurately and specifically of those who have spun the wheels of moral and material progress—how they came to do it and the worth of it—let him contribute in the smallest way to beauty or interpretation of beauty, and he will be a man of culture.

To be cultured it suffices to know something accurately about more than one subject. My late colleagues Arpad Gerster, Walter James, Pearce Bailey, and Frank Meara illustrate my idea of men of culture. Gerster could discuss harmony and counterpoint illuminatingly with a composer, talk art entertainingly to a painter, debate intelligently with philologists, poets, and scientists. He could etch, paint, cast a fly, or write a sonnet, and the time he devoted to these things did not detract from his skill and judgment as a surgeon.

James was as much at ease in a natural history museum as in a museum of pathology, in the Geographical Society as in the Academy of Medicine. He could make plans for a house as well as he could make a cardiogram and he could do them both like a master. I am sure that Lord Grimthorpe, that remarkable amateur who restored Big Ben, would have been delighted to talk pendulums and escapements with Walter James. His mind was stored with varied information and his memory with poetry, and yet withal he was the model physician both as practitioner and consultant.

Though the non-medical literary remains of Pearce

Bailey are few, he wore the mantle of culture as gracefully and becomingly as any practising physician of my acquaintance. He was an extraordinary combination of efficiency and estheticism, and had he devoted himself to literature he might have been a successful dramatist or novelist. As for Frank Meara, few men of our time and profession knew so much about books and their makers, or could talk about them so entertainingly and instructively.

There are those who say that cultural education favours one class of individuals, particularly those upon whom fortune has smiled, to the disadvantage of the other. The education which engenders culture and teaches one to think and fantasy rather than work and produce has a tendency to encourage idleness. The man who knows Greek and Latin and is steeped in the epics and sagas of the past, in the poetry and music of the present, is not expected, they say, to do the kind of work demanded of the man educated for action rather than contemplation. He often does it, and does it better. I know of no one who is doing more constructive work in his field than John Cotton Dana. He is a librarian and curator who is a real educator. He is a connoisseur of art and literature, interested in everything that makes for man's spiritual and physical welfare. Culture was not thrust upon him; he acquired it by his own effort while practising as an engineer in the West when it was still wild and woolly.

The fact that the culture which has served as basis for the development of most of the great minds of past centuries is no longer alive is an argument for rather than against it. It is a tree that has been bearing fruit for centuries. Why should it be cut down or allowed to

go unpruned when the fruit is so luscious and so nutritious? The heroes of antiquity compose a glorious catalogue of splendid deeds of courage, of thrilling prowess, of magnificent challenges to fate. All the civic virtues, innumerable examples of energy, countless episodes of moral courage are to be found in the study of past civilizations, in their history and literature.

Now that the world has been made so unsafe for democracy, that a large part of Europe has dispensed with parliamentary legislation, everyone agrees that one class, the élite, is important—if not essential—for any nation. Such élite is made up not of those whom fortune has selected, but of those who, by their qualities of mind and spirit, and by their energy have set themselves apart from the masses. They are the salt of the earth and anything that can be done to recruit their ranks is a movement in the right direction.

To those who press the claims of vocational over cultural education, I recall the words of Liebig who was such an enthusiastic and militant partisan of the "utilitarian schools":

> I used to maintain that experience and practical knowledge alone were suitable to young men who were to devote themselves to medicine. I have learned this much from personal observation: the students who came from such schools into my laboratory were superior to all others the first year, their equal the second, and much inferior the third.

The difficulty is that there is no unanimity of opinion about the duties and even the meaning of medicine. It has too long been considered a pure science, when in reality it is a biological science. If it were sufficient for a physician to set up a certain chemical formula, to work on certain definite information, to establish a chart for

each patient which took into consideration heredity, environment, age, experience, etc., then develop these formulas according to mathematical laws and obtain a result indicating the disease of the patient and the treatment to be followed, the task would be different. But there enters into it the most fantastic of all "unknowns"—life.

Culture is not sufficient to make up for lack of scientific knowledge. But that same scientific knowledge will take root and bear fruit more rapidly in a mind which has been tilled by culture than in one innocent of it. And even if the study of Latin and Greek history and philology had no practical value, the aim of education is not to supply the individual with a certain amount of information that may be useful to him during his lifetime, but to mould the mind, teach him to think and reason, to link his ideas with logic, to develop them correctly. And a broad culture, based on the study of what is called the humanities, is the best sort of mental training.

The point I wish to make is that culture enhances vocational training. We prevent, alleviate, and cure disease by means that science supplies: chemistry, physics, biology. We detect disease by the same means. But science alone does not suffice to make a doctor. He must be at least flavoured with the humanities, and if he is saturated, all the better. One of the most important features of his art is his power of drawing inferences, what is called logic. It is an essential part of the humanities. The Darwinian hypothesis was largely a question of logic, and had Clausius and Maxwell failed to apply the statistical method to the theory of gases, we should not have subdued the earth so successfully

as we have done. The object of reasoning is to find out from what we know that which should be known. Every discovery has its origin in logic and in luck. Practical education teaches precision and accuracy; cultural education teaches logic and amenities. The physician who is determined to attain his full stature must have both kinds. The first he can get in the schools, the second he can get wherever books, music, and art are provided if he has the will to make their contents an integral part of himself.

I do not contend that a man without culture cannot become a successful, or even what is called a great, physician. I have known too many personally and from biography to set up such a claim. Lister, whose logic saved lives by the thousands, was not a man of culture. James Mackenzie was a great man of science, a keen observer, a deep thinker, a doughty controversialist, and one of the celebrated doctors of his generation, but culture had no lure for him. Walter Reed who, by thwarting the stegomia fasciata, became one of the immortal benefactors of the race this country has furnished, displayed small interest outside of medical research. No one can read the biographies of these men without regretting that the humanities had no appeal for them for, as age overlapped their energies, unhappiness revealed its features. But there are exceptions. There is nothing in *The Bonnie Briar Bush* to show that William Maclure knew anything about Praxiteles or Homer, but just the same the Big Consultant from the Metropolis felt it was a great honour to have known him. Anyone who will take the trouble to familiarize himself with the lives of physicians whose achievements called forth admiration and approbation, or who made

the world their debtors, will find that the vast majority of them had many strings to their bows.

Pasteur was on the way to attain a reputation as artist, painter of portraits, and engraver, long before he displayed a gift for science or deep interest in it. He was also a discerning and avid reader of good books. Realizing that the development of the will should hold first place in education, he directed all his efforts to its development. He saw in the perfecting of self the great law of man, and nothing that could assist in that improvement seemed to him without importance. Valléry-Radot, his satisfying biographer, says that books read at an early age appeared to Pasteur to have an almost decisive influence. He saw a good book as a good action constantly renewed, a bad one as an incessant and irreparable fault. The man in Pasteur always kept pace in growth with the scientist; head, mind, and heart held even sway in his life.

The things that are enigmatic to me increase in number with the years; the hope of understanding them decreases. Why children are not compelled to form the habit of reading is one of them. Why college students are not taught how to read for pleasure is another. Any amount of time, energy, and money is expended that children shall acquire habits that make for health and good manners, but the habit of reading is formed by chance.

A year ago, however, Harvard University made an innovation in the curriculum which, it is to be hoped, all cultural institutions will imitate. Two reading periods aggregating seven weeks, are set apart each year to enable students to follow a prescribed reading course

without the directing or distracting influence of instruction or tutoring.

President Lowell has recently said that the system is working successfully. It is one of the ideal ways to conduct cultural education and its success proves that colleges may succeeed in awakening some intellectual curiosity on the part of the students.

There is still much to be done.

I spent some days of the last Christmas vacation with a family in which there are four sons. The eldest is twenty-five, the youngest sixteen. One has just entered a profession, two are in college, and one hopes to be there next year. None of them has ever read the Bible save as a task and for a reward. If Dante is known to them at all it is because of his alleged romance with Beatrice; all that any of them knows of Shakespeare is what he had to read to confront his questioners in English literature; and Keats and Shelley are as foreign to them as Racine and Heine. I did not see one of them with a book in his hand while I was there. Had I suggested reading aloud the sixth book of the *Odyssey* that we might renew intimacy with the Maiden who was like to the gods in form and loveliness, and hear again her dream and what resulted from it, I should have been held in the esteem of a slave driver. Not every one can learn to read pleasurably; but the same may be said of dancing, yet nearly everyone tries to dance. We become devoted to, even dependent upon, many things which when we first essay them we find distasteful and repellent. And that is why the habit should be encouraged in childhood.

I was very much impressed recently by something

Andre Gide, the most favoured French writer of what is called the modern school, said in his autobiography about the way the reading habit was developed in him. He describes the great pleasure he felt in hearing his father read the book of *Job* to him when he was six years old. His comment is:

> This reading made a lively impression on me, due as much to the solemnity of the story as to the gravity of my father's voice and the expression of my mother's face.

The average American boy of ten would doubtless be horrified were he obliged to submit to the program of reading Mr. Gide made for his son, yet André not only found pleasure in it, but reached the point where less broadening forms of literature were distasteful to him.

Culture is built upon the rock of reading and the gates of jazz shall not prevail against it. In the same way as appetite comes with eating, culture comes with reading. Most acquisitions necessitate great labour. Culture is one that may be acquired easily and pleasurably with a minimum of encroachment upon other activities.

It has interested me to look at the literary remains of many of the distinguished physicians of our country who are entitled to a certain immortality, to learn what part, if any, the humanities had played in their lives.

Cadwallader Colden is the first. Though he is known to history rather as a statesman and public-spirited citizen, he practised medicine in Philadelphia from 1710 for many years, and next to Franklin he was the most conspicuous man of science of that city. He invented stereotyping, though it was appropriated and exploited by a Frenchman who did not mention its origin. He wrote medical and historical papers, dissertations on

botany, electricity, and general literature, and his correspondence with European savants and with the leading colonials and revolutionists is one of the most copious fountains of information about the first sixty years of the Eighteenth Century.

All that the average medical student or physician of to-day knows of the most celebrated physician this country has produced is that he signed the Declaration of Independence, had a skunner against George Washington, and professed and practised in Philadelphia. Benjamin Rush was distinguished as physician, sanitarian, philosopher, orator, man of letters, and teacher. Some of the letters he wrote while a student in Edinburgh to John Witherspoon, sometime president of Princeton University, member of Congress, and signer of the Declaration of Independence, and which are reprinted in Mr. V. L. Collins' recent and interesting biography of the great ecclesiastic and educator, may suggest that he was sometimes what is called in the jargon of the day "high hat," and that he took long chances with his Latin quotations. He was a victim of what the French call *le mal des ardents*, which nowadays is often called the manic temperament, but he is one of the best examples of the physician whose cultural background was an asset.

It would be easy to name scores of men whose lives illustrate in a less dramatic way that which Rush's illustrates: Samuel Bard, the second most renowned American physician of his time and founder of the New York Hospital; Elihu Smith, who founded the first American periodical; David Hosack, distinguished for his culture, learning, charity, and public spirit; Jacob Bigelow, a recognized authority on botany, a noted

lecturer on applied science, a writer of graceful verse, a successful teacher and practitioner of medicine; John W. Francis, who might have become a great writer had he not chosen to become a great physician; William Gibson, scholar, sportsman, artist, musician, man of the world; James Jackson, Boston's beloved physician who wrote a brief biography of his brilliant son which is a model for all time; Daniel Drake, the first versatile physician of the mid-West; Elisha Bartlett, accomplished scholar and effective teacher; Samuel D. Gross, whose career convincingly belied Philadelphia's undeserved reputation; Oliver Wendell Holmes, who, though not a practising physician, made an epochal contribution to medical science and was the most beloved man of letters of his time and country; Henry J. Bigelow, a jack-of-most-trades and master of them all. The list could be extended to hundreds of names. The lives of these men show that the most enduring satisfactions of life are the pursuit of truth and the realization of self. They constitute culture.

But the part played by culture in the lives of physicians who scaled the heights and gained a measure of immortality has never been better illustrated than in the cases of William Osler and Weir Mitchell. The former made an indelible impression upon the teaching and practice of medicine in three countries. He lived the number of years allotted to man by the psalmist, and in each succeeding year of his life he added to his mental stature by taking thought, and to his emotional profundity by doing deeds of kindliness. Elsewhere, I have said he had a genius for friendship that was nearly unique; a capacity for quick observation given only to one man in a thousand, a prehensile mind to which synthesis

and logic appealed; an inborn understanding of humanity, and a deep love for his fellows. When they were ill, tenderness increased his love. He was a scholar without pedantry, a scientist without pretension, a wit without venom, a humanist without scorn. He did more for cultural medicine than any man since Haller.

Weir Mitchell, too, is a shining example of the physician of culture; not only did he make original contributions to his profession, such as the investigation of snake venom, gunshot wounds, and other injuries to the nerves, but he made a signal contribution to psychotherapy, and he cleaned the insane asylums of the country of a certain amount of medical rubbish. However, he is quite as likely to be remembered as man of letters, for he was a novelist and poet of no mean order. *Hugh Wynne*, *When All the Woods are Green*, and *The Adventures of François* are definite contributions to imaginative literature. His poetry was largely what is called occasional poetry, but the *Ode on an Elysian Tomb* is said by critics to have great poetic merit. He had enormous versatility; he was the guiding spirit of the Orthopœdic Hospital and Infirmary for Nervous Diseases, an active member of the Philadelphia Library, the chief prop for many years of the College of Physicians, the promoter of schools for training nurses, director of a trust company, and a participant in many civic activities of Philadelphia. In addition, he had a comprehensive knowledge of botany and biology and was an ideal physician.

I have rarely had more delectable hours than those passed with him, tramping the enchanted paths of Mt. Desert Island, while he talked botany, geology, poetry, and evolution. He did not know all about any of them,

but he knew enough to be diverting and instructive.

I often regret that Dr. G. P. Bidder had not, during the lifetime of these two men, traced man's origin to that extraordinary marine organism which survived the fierce and terrible torrents responsible for the Cambrian Epoch, tides cataclysmic enough to interrupt the whole sequence of evolution but not to put the jellyfish out of commission. It would have been delightful to hear Osler descant upon our flagellate existence, when the rhythm from which we get our sense of time and appreciation of dancing, poetry, and music had its birth and began to accumulate the energy required for the dance of life. He would probably have been able to recall experiences that appeared to substantiate Dr. Bidder's claim, and individuals whose conduct bespoke their origin despite its remoteness. Possibly, he would have found in it some explanation of his own hermesian make-up. Mitchell would have known all our ancestors of the aquarium by name, from Ctenophora to Medusa and from Medusa to sponge. He would have pointed out how appropriate it was to call one man a jellyfish, another a sponge, and probably would have quoted a line or two of poetry to support his assertions.

Let us take a quick glance at some of the most illustrious dead of our profession to learn their attitude toward culture.

One cannot have the slightest acquaintance with the life of the father of French surgery without learning how full it was of romance, adventure, literature, art, and science. There was nothing apparently Ambroise Paré could not do, and everything he did he did masterfully.

Paracelsus, the first Übermensch of whom we have information, despised the humanists but that was be-

cause Galen knew less than his shoe buckles; Avicenna's writings were scarcely worth burning; and dogmatic medicine was anathema to him. However, his reverent countrymen have had no difficulty in proving that, through his knowledge of chemistry and philosophy, he anticipated many of the scientific truths of later times.

No one can read far in Harvey's lectures without being struck by his familiarity with the writings of Aristotle, Virgil, Plautus, Horace, Cæsar, and Cicero. He had read St. Augustine and was well versed in the Bible. Had he been aware of a contemporary, William Shakespeare, he would have been the perfect humanist.

Were I the arbiter of State Board examinations, I should insist that applicants know something of Jerome Cardan. If a candidate knew his *Counsel to Children*, I should be disposed to pass him and if he had read Henry Morley's *Life* I should be prejudiced in his favour. It would be difficult to find a better example of culture as a background and foundation of medicine. He wrote a book on arithmetic, one on astrology, a systematic work on music and on legal paradoxes, and he deserves the name humanist as richly as Pico della Mirandola. He was not a parent of scientific medicine but he was nearly the ideal physician of the time of his friend Vesalius. Boerhaave was another illustrious humanist: a famous physician, celebrated teacher and great writer, an exponent of philosophy, expounder of chemistry, student of music.

It would be easy to take the distinguished Nineteenth Century physicians of Great Britain and by recounting their cultural remains prove that culture facilitated their renown. The two Hunters, for example. William was an antiquarian, naturalist, historian, linguist, a doughty

controversialist, and an anatomist of the first order. He was not a great scholar like John Arbuthnot, but he had amazing versatility, and such proficiency along one line that he is called the father of scientific surgery. John, whose name eclipses William's, was a real savant, i.e., a learned professional man. Had he not been so ardently engrossed in his own specialty, he might have become famous in many fields of intellectual activity.

Of France's medical immortals of the Nineteenth Century, Bichat and Laënnec are the two most prominent names. They were both devoted to classical learning, both accumulators of original facts from nature, both students of serious literature.

Claude Bernard, another powerful genius of the Nineteenth Century, the founder of physiology as a true science, was a philosopher, as anyone may learn who reads his *Introduction à la Médecine Experimentale*, in which he exorcised the phantom of vitalism and showed that the phenomena of life, like those of chemistry and physics, are governed by laws. A delightful and instructive account of him was given by Renan who succeeded him in the French Academy. It is to be found in the volume entitled *Discours et Conférences*.

Were we to review the activities and accomplishments of the various branches of medicine, Mondinus of foundations, Vesalius of structures, Cæsalpinus of equipment, Morgagni of up-keep, Linacre of furnishing, Lavoisier of heating, Charcot of illumination, Koch of insurance, we would see that all of them, and the majority of their successors, were men of broad culture. Their discoveries did not flow directly from their culture but the discipline which its acquisition entailed was the foundation upon which they built.

I am not even hinting that Charcot was a better neurologist because he could draw and paint, or that Seymour Haden enhanced any natural or acquired talent he had for medicine by cutting copper so masterfully. I am emphasizing the fact that esthetic and intellectual creative impulses go so well together that both should be cultivated.

Anyone who is disposed to doubt that the physicians who wrote their names indelibly on the scroll of life were men devoted to the humanities has only to read Benjamin Ward Richardson's *Disciples of Æsculapius* to have his doubts removed.

It would be easy to enumerate scores of eminent physicians who were in full flower when the generation now passing was in bud and whose activities in fields other than medicine concentrated attention. Virchow must be mentioned first. He was one of the greatest humanists our profession has ever known. As pathologist and anthropologist his reputation was world wide. He wrote upon the relation of medicine to the fine arts; he was a social reformer and a statesman who displayed almost unparalleled activity in many directions. Parinaud, one of the most celebrated French ophthalmologists, published under the pen name of Pierre Erick a large number of musical compositions, some of them of real merit. Henry Thompson had a reputation as art critic equal to his reputation as surgeon and his book on the picture galleries of Europe is to-day one of the safest guides to put in the hands of enquiring visitors. Frederick Treves after having established a world-wide reputation as a surgeon wrote several books of travel and interpretation that were most generously received.

One reading of Michael Foster's lectures on the history of physiology is proof of his deep and broad culture. And it would be difficult to name a better example of literary accomplishment in our profession than the present regius professor of medicine in the University of Cambridge, Clifford Allbutt. Five years ago Charles Richet, known universally as a man of letters as well as a man of science, published on his retirement from his long tenure of the chair of physiology in the University of Paris, a little book entitled *Le Savant*. It has recently been done into English by Sir Oliver Lodge and published in this country.

Two recent occurrences, one in New York and the other in Boston, indicate that an increasing number of physicians find pleasure and profit in activities beyond their profession. The catalogue of the exhibition of works in the plastic and graphic arts by American physicians which the New York Academy of Medicine held last year showed more than five hundred contributions. A few months ago, an art show was given by New England doctors. Their skill with pencil and pen, oil and water colours, clay and metal modelling was the result of self-cultivation and indicative of their striving toward culture. A similar attempt made in Paris recently brought only about fifty contributing physicians, but in Europe art as a hobby is more likely to express itself in literature. Georges Duhamel, Somerset Maugham, Conan Doyle are names known rather to the world of letters than to that of medicine.

One of the first aphorisms I learned in Italy was, *Il criticare e facile, il difficile e fare meglio*. There is no one whose sense of inferiority is so overwhelming that he does not feel competent to be a critic. The critics of

modern education are largely recruited from those who have suffered from it. It is not that they believe the education of to-day to be inferior to that of yesterday, but that they hope to-morrow's may equip men better for love, light, and life. They are convinced that the purpose of education should be to foster growth, and that it is not doing this as well as it should. The purpose of education is to develop certain habits and powers, the habit of seeing things which others do not see, the power of doing things that others do not know how to do. The former is culture, the latter is efficiency. One of the best ways of forming such habits is by acquiring knowledge, but the knowledge itself is not the end we are after, it is the means to the end. The function of knowledge is to teach us to do things with our minds and with our members.

In full realization of the fact that the medical student already has to bite off more than he can chew, and swallow more that he can digest, I feel that instruction in the art of medicine should be added to instruction in the science; but it should be presented in such a way that his strength will not be taxed or his mind distracted from his vocational work. There may be better ways of presentation than by lectures and pictures, as diverting as the cinema and as instructive as a clinic, which will familiarize him with the lives of the apostles, missionaries, and interpreters of medicine. But from them he will learn that self-discipline is the moulder of character, self-instruction the fountain head of knowledge.

The medical student is not getting a square deal. Much of the work that he has to do, particularly in the first two years, is dull and dreary, and during the last

two years little or nothing is done to teach him the art of medicine. One might readily infer from examining the curriculum of any medical college that it is wholly concerned with giving its students technical education. That is one of the reasons physicians do not take the place they should in civic affairs. Because a man is a doctor is no reason why he should conduct himself as though he were cloistered. It is as incumbent upon the physician to help order the world and orient its inhabitants as it is upon men of any other profession or occupation. He will do so eventually, however obtuse and obstinate the medical colleges remain. I am making no new charge against them, nor have suggestions and plans for reform been lacking.

Despite the fact that medical teaching has recently experienced some reformation it is sorely in need of more. The curriculum should be abandoned. The idea that a hundred or a thousand men seeking to become physicians should all be taught the same things in the same way is absurd. It is not a child who makes application to enter a medical school. It is a man with definite scholastic equipment who knows something about the kind of mind he has, his aptitudes and appeals. Why should he do work which for him is drudgery and punishment and which will be of no use to him in his professional work. Many medical educators fail to realize that only a small part of that with which they fill their pupils' minds is ever used. It may be used a few times, but before long it is put in the discard—forgotten. At least 50 per cent. of what I was compelled to learn in medical school has been a disservice to me. A medical student should be taught two things: how to recognize

disease and how to treat it. Teachers may deny that they concentrate on the first and neglect the second, but it is so. Practically all worth-while knowledge that a physician has about treating ill people he gets after he leaves the medical school. Medical students should study what they want to, when they want to, and where they want to. They should be permitted to get their degree after one year's study or after ten years. All they should be compelled to do is to satisfy a group of men that they have sufficient information, judgment, and culture about science, disease, and man to be entrusted with the welfare of their fellow beings when ill.

Reformers of medical education have given far too much attention to students. I suggest that they concentrate for a time on the teacher. He needs reformation badly. I should begin the process before he becomes a professor. No one should be a member of any medical faculty who has not stood, or cannot stand, a verbal examination in medical history conducted by a committee made up of learned professional men, that is, by men of learning beyond their profession. For instance, candidates coming up for a professorship of histology would have to convince me, were I one of the examiners, that they were as familiar with the life of Anthony van Leeuwenhock as I am with the Lord's Prayer, else I should take toward them the position Général Mangin took at Verdun and say: "*Ils ne passeront pas.*"

The candidate for physiology who could not talk knowingly, entertainingly, and instructively of Cæsalpinus and of Harvey, of Joseph Priestley and of Stephen Hales, I should pluck, and when the anatomy aspirant sat in our midst, he would have to be amusing as well

as instructive when he talked of Mondinus, Vesalius, Fallopius, Eustachius and Sylvius, to be acceptable to me. The candidate for bacteriology would be given a splendid chance to spread his knowledge of Spallanzani, Pasteur, Koch, Roux, Behring, Reed, Ross, "and others too numerous to mention." And so on, throughout the entire list. How an examiner with sadistic instincts would exult at the opportunity to examine some professors of what was once called the Theory and Practice of Medicine on what they knew of Brown, who gave his name to a system, or of Cullen, Meade, Radcliffe, Black, Heberden, Haller, Werlhof, Broussais, Louis, and a host of others! They would have to know about quacks too, about Paracelsus and Mesmer, Perkins and Greatrakes and so many others to whom we are indebted for much that we now know of our art and not a little of our science. A faculty made up of men who had passed such examinations could make their teachings engaging and inspiring and whet the appetites of their pupils for further historical and cultural pabulum.

When I began to devote my energies largely to neurology, I still kept a general medical service in the hospital, often serving as examiner of candidates for the house staff. The reputation of being "more or less crazy," which I shared with all neurologists, was enhanced, I fancy, because I confined my questions in the oral examination to general rather than to technical subjects, testing the candidate's emotional reactions as well as his mental equipment. If a man told me correctly who invented the steam engine, and how he came to do it, and then in reply to further interrogation on some of the benefits flowing from it, said that by means of it fat men were able to get to Coney Island in

a quarter of the time it took a hundred years ago, I gave him a perfect mark, because it suggested to me that he had a sense of playfulness and a sense of humour. If he knew about the Dutchman who discovered in Java the skull of pithecanthropus that was thought to be the link missing between man and monkey, but expressed some doubt as to the validity of the claims made for it, I felt that association with him for eighteen months would be beneficial, scepticism being desirable for any physician. If he intimated that one of his reasons for being satisfied with our alleged Simian ancestry was that further investigation might reveal a far less desirable one—the snake, or the shrimp for instance—I implored him to join us.

The young man who is inclined or determined to study medicine should, before deciding, read Shelley's *Defence of Poetry*. There, he will find these words which apply peculiarly to him: "A man, to be greatly good, must imagine intensely and comprehensively; he must put himself in the place of another and of many others; the pains and the pleasures of his species must become his own."

He must decide for himself whether he is such a man. If he is, medicine is a great arena for him.

The most powerful organization the world has ever known exercises great care to determine whether or not those desirous of being recruited to its pastorate have what they call "vocation." I do not know the essentials of such vocation, but I think I know what they are for medicine. They are character, culture, commiseration, and courage; for the physician must eventually treat the ills of the world and to do so successfully he needs all of these qualities. Not only must he develop his

personality, but he must help create a body of public opinion whose momentum will wipe out our self-consciousness, crush our prejudices, destroy our self-righteousness, and purge us of a besetting sin: subordinating the universal to the individual.

# X

## GROUP PRACTICE IN MODERN MEDICINE

"BIG BUSINESS" has been in the saddle in this country for more than a generation. It sits tight and steers straight, and thanks to its mount it makes goal after goal. It was hoisted into the saddle by organization. Were it not for organization, neither the United States Steel Company, nor the Roman Catholic Church would be what it is, or where it is, to-day. Nearly every industry, every great institution, every profession has been subjected to organization save medicine. Every forward movement of civilization has been initiated by an individual and effected by a group. Organization makes the interest or welfare of the individual subservient to those of the institution or cause which it fosters.

Organization in medicine at first sight would seem to deny the rule of the jungle, the hovel, and the palace. But in reality, it makes not only for self-preservation but for self-betterment. An individual can practise medicine successfully but not satisfactorily. In the first place, the field is too extensive for him to survey alone and the equipment required for its cultivation is too varied and complex for one man to operate, even though he be as versatile as Albrecht von Haller was. In the second place, the price the patient has to pay for individual medical service is a hardship for the majority and particularly for those of the so-called middle class.

It cannot be denied that man's right is to be happy and happiness can be facilitated and advanced by organization. That makes it the more difficult to understand why the medical profession has not organized. Some will say that it has and cite the American Medical Association to prove it, but the primary object of that guild has been the improvement of medical education and the elevation of the whole profession. Though latterly its altruistic dealings have been many, it must be admitted that the association was founded and fostered for the benefit of the physician and not for the good of the patient save indirectly. The sick have profited from it enormously, for it has been responsible for the improvement in training and equipment of the modern doctor over his predecessor. When the generation of physicians now growing old took up the study of medicine, no scholastic equipment was necessary save the ability to read and write, and the degree of doctor in medicine was conferred upon a man who had never attended a clinic, lecture, or demonstration. All he had to do was to sign up with a preceptor, pay for two courses of lectures, each of four months duration, and pass an examination. Now he has to have a definite amount of schooling before he can register as a medical student, he must work in college, clinic, and laboratory for thirty-six months, and, to feel prepared for his job, he must supplement this with eighteen months residence in a hospital. The American Medical Association helped us to realize the lamentable inadequacy of our medical training and brought about this reformation. To-day, physicians are as well trained in this country as they are anywhere. But they persist in practising medicine individually, and the result is increasing dissatisfaction on the part

of the public and growing discontent on their own part with the rewards of their profession. There are few other fields of human activity save teaching in which the material reward is not greater from the display of similar energy, industry, and intelligence. No one ever succeeds in medicine unless he has some native ability, and few succeed unless they add to it a dominant urge to work, and great strength to carry it on. There is no other profession that makes such demands upon time and vitality. Hence, comparatively few physicians make what is called a great success, acquire sufficient money to loaf and invite their souls occasionally, and to put their children on the high road to self-realization.

One hesitates to say again that only the rich and the poor get proper medical service. Like all popular sayings, it holds the germ of exaggeration. It is only a portion of the poor who receive appropriate treatment; those who are prudent and intelligent enough to go to a hospital when they are ill, or to a clinic when they are indisposed. The rich choose their physicians so often for their bedside manner that they frequently get second- or even third-class service. The bedside manner is not inconsistent with intuition, insight, and judgment, but they rarely go together.

The man who is neither rich nor poor, the self-respecting, self-supporting, substantial member of the community, is often denied the medical service to which he is entitled because he cannot afford it. It is not that the physician he consults exacts a fee beyond his means, it is that he must go to so many physicians before he can find out what is the matter, and then to so many more, that he may get cured. If the first physician consulted combines insight with experience, he may be

able to make a right diagnosis but it will often be little more than a shrewd guess. This is not because modern medicine is ignorant, but because a single individual can know so little of what medicine has learned. We frequently hear it lamented that the good old family physician is no more. It is as ill-judged to sentimentalize over the family doctor as over the pangs of despised love. He would be as much out of place to-day as the two-wheel gig that he affected.

One of the great glories of medicine is that it has been able to conquer so many devastating diseases; another is that it has made the majority of painful experiences painless, and not the least of them is that it has taken its practice from the realm of guess-work to the realm of certainty. We have not travelled the whole road yet, but we are well under way, and we can hasten our arrival by rational organization which will enable us to do team-work expeditiously and efficiently.

We have the assurance of Sacred Writ that we may not add to our stature by taking thought, but we can add to our prosperity by taking a look at other professions. Let us scrutinize carefully that of the law. All lawyers who are neither obese nor indolent, achieve material prosperity if they are temperate in everything save work and if they become associated with well-organized firms. One member of such a firm makes himself competent in corporate law, another in the trial of cases, another in the drawing of mortgages and contracts, another in trusts and wills, another in finance and its vagaries, etc., etc. A client who goes to such a firm for a divorce is not turned over to the corporation expert; if he goes to have his will drawn, he does not meet the trial lawyer; and if he goes to have articles of incorporation

written, and submits his request to the corporation specialist, he does not expect to get information and instruction immediately. The matter is turned over to juniors for investigation and when their work is done, it is submitted to the chief. He acts upon it with or without conferring with his associates and in due time the client gets what he desires or is denied it.

On the other hand, a man who is ailing goes to see a physician and expects to be examined on the spot and immediately told what he should do to feel well again. It is preposterous. The physician is constantly given credit for insight and knowledge he can not possess. Fortunately for him, there are methods of examination that reveal or deny the existence of disease with such accuracy that he can rely upon them. The trouble is that he alone is neither competent to make them, nor to pass upon them. He might develop such competency but he would have to have several lives in which to do it.

As an illustration of the point I am making, let us take the patient who consults me as I write these lines. His complaint is of dizziness, disturbed equilibrium, followed by nausea and vomiting, occurring at irregular intervals. I know that this association of symptoms is frequently due to encroachment upon the contents of the small semi-circular canals that are carefully packed away in one of the most protected portions of the skull and whose function is to maintain bodily equilibrium. I hear his story and make what is known as a physical examination, which reveals that a constant accompaniment of the disease that his symptoms seem to indicate, namely, one-sided deafness, is lacking. Moreover, he tells me that there seems to be a relationship between the condition of his digestion and the occurrence of

attacks. I note also that his face is lacking in symmetry, one side being distinctly larger than the other. I think I know the nature and seat of the lesion that is causing his symptoms, but before I am justified in sharing that knowledge with him, and advising him to submit to the only treatment that holds out any prospect of relief, I must get the report of a physician competent not only to examine the hearing apparatus, but to make a test requiring much skill and elaborate equipment. I must also have an X-ray of his head and, if this is to be of any value, it must be done by a man who is expert in making plates and interpreting them. I must likewise have chemical and microscopic examination of his blood and spinal fluid and complete analysis of the gastro-intestinal tract and its contents. In other words, this patient must spend two or three hundred dollars, and perhaps much more, before he can find out what he should do, and all because I am incompetent to make the necessary examinations. Why should I thus parade my limitations? Because they are shared with me by every member of the medical profession, and because I am convinced that we can surmount them.

This patient is a man of letters. He considers himself fortunate when he earns eight thousand dollars a year. He has a family and he is ambitious to see that they are properly cared for. Had he twice as many fingers and toes as he has, they would not suffice to count the number of physicians he has consulted. The experience that he should have when he seeks medical advice is something as follows:

He should go to the consulting rooms and laboratories of Smith, Jones, Brown, Levy & Cohn, where

he would be received by a discerning, affable person who would seek to get enough information about his symptoms to lead him to the appropriate hopper of the medical mill. Before he is taken there, it should be ascertained whether the patient is a wage earner or a wage payer. If the former, there should be collected, then and there, the equivalent of one week's salary. If the latter, collection would be made, with similar despatch, of one hundred dollars and the patient told that he might anticipate supplementary charges should his case require extensive investigation. Then he should be given an appointment with a member of the firm in whose province the symptoms seemed to be. He would be examined and passed on to as many others as were necessary to get a complete report. Then he would be ready for the verdict. The man who gives it to him should know not only disease but the diseased and should always bear in mind that man's fears are magnified by illness, his hopes minimized.

When it has been decided what treatment the patient should follow, the person who effects it should have nothing to do or say about the cost, nor should he profit by such payment save as it increased the revenue of his firm and his percentage of the receipts. There should be a fixed charge for the wage earner, a variable one for the *rentier*.

The surgeon should have his percentage of the firm's revenue just as the trial lawyer has. He may say that he serves his own interests by practising individually. Doubtless, it is true. Yet,save in exceptional cases, even he is dependent upon other doctors for his clientele. Bricks are still more essential to the house than brick-

layers. If the needs of patients are properly and masterfully met by the surgical members of medical firms, he will find it to his advantage, unless he is the one genius in ten thousand men, to do teamwork. The golden apples of medicine can be reached only by the surgeon and surgical specialist. Possibly that is why there is an excess of them and a dearth of physicians and therapeutic specialists.

As things are arranged now it happens frequently that the physician who should get the lion's share gets the lamb's. A man seeking relief from headache goes to an eye specialist who, finding certain changes in the optic nerve, makes the diagnosis of brain tumour and sends him to a neurologist, who locates the tumour and advises that its removal be attempted. The ophthalmologist and the neurologist get twenty-five dollars each—the surgeon gets twenty-five hundred. It may be said that the surgeon alone could have made the diagnosis. It is true that there is one man, possibly two, competent to do so in a country of one hundred and twenty million inhabitants.

It is an old story that the physician has the little end of the stick, the surgeon the big, but that is no reason why this state of affairs should not be changed. The kind of group practice I have in mind, properly done, would do away with fee-splitting. It is unethical for a surgeon to hand a percentage of his fee for an operation to the physician who brought him the patient. The worst feature of fee-splitting is that it promotes bad surgery and precipitates unnecessary operations. But those whose wrath is hottest when fee-splitting is discussed are those whose pockets are well lined, just as the harshest judges of the over-sexed are those who have no sex urge and those

who have it but have been denied the opportunity to display it.

It may be argued that group practice is adapted to ambulatory patients, but not to those who are seized with sudden and violent illness. It should be peculiarly adapted to them. There are three reasons for diagnosticating acute disease correctly and promptly: that the patient may be submitted to operation; that he may be immunized; that he may be segregated. The diseases that require segregation may be diagnosticated by the individual, but the services of a laboratory are needed, satisfactorily to detect and interpret the majority of those that require operation or immunization, The municipality or private enterprise provides it, but it would be to the patient's advantage were it provided by the firm.

Suppose one has a chill followed by fever; pain in the abdomen; violent vomiting or a splitting headache. What would be the procedure? The firm of physicians would be called on the telephone and the affable person aforesaid would be told what the symptoms are; he would send a diagnostician who knew not only how to examine a chest and palpate an abdomen, but puncture a vein or prick a finger; not only how to take a culture or tap a spinal cord, but how to examine the specimen; and if it were not in his province to do so, he would have a colleague in whose province it was. The man who makes the examination may be the one to take care of the patient, or he may not. The case may turn out to be one of pneumonia; then the knowledge is needed as soon as possible as to the variety of pneumococcus that caused it. The ideal doctor to take charge of the patient then is one who can foresee danger signals before they

are apparent to the average eye, and who has a wholesome distrust of drugs but knows how to use them when necessary.

There is nothing new about this plan. The most successful medical organization in the world, the Mayo Clinic, is conducted in this way. It is a huge affair now, with scores of physicians and hundreds of assistants, but a few years ago it was a very small group. One of the reasons for its present proportions is the unexcelled quality of the service it renders.

No one, I fancy, maintains that the Mayo Clinic has injured the reputation of American medicine and surgery, or stolen the bread and cake of the profession. I venture to say that every physician of that institution receives just compensation. If such a credit to our profession and ornament to our country could be developed in a climate and region not particularly attractive, why could it not be done elsewhere? It can be. All that is needed is head and heart, the former for administration, the latter for coöperation.

The training and experience of the physician seem to unfit him for teamwork. It is easy to see that such work deprives him of something that nourishes his vanity. As a teamworker he must share praise, adulation, appreciation, and his skill, discernment, intuition, sense, and judgment do not stand out so conspicuously. There are many men in the Mayo Clinic who are either in Class A, or on the way to it and are known only to the profession. They raise no clamour for the approbation of the laity; their hands are not weak and their work is rewarded. It is true that teamwork encroaches upon a privilege that many of us enjoy, that of dictatorship. But it transfers our work

from the realm of conjecture to one in which certainty and exactitude may be at least approached, and above all it insures that patients shall be thoroughly examined. It is probably no exaggeration to say that seventy-five per cent. of those who seek medical counsel receive it without having been required to remove their clothes. It is still considered an indication of common sense to remove the pig from the poke before making the purchase, but it seems that abnormalities of concealed human organs can be detected, not only through their natural covering, but through clothing!

There is no reason, beyond the temperament of the individual, why any physician should not be eligible for group practice, to the advantage of his finances and the health of the community. But they should be caught while they are still plastic and malleable. The chief obstacle to successful group practice is the temperament of the doctor. The more his temperament approximates that of the prima donna, the less desirable he will be as a member of the firm. Group practice will tend to correct such infirmities as jealousy, envy, and covetousness. It is good training for humility. Physicians come to power so early in life that it takes longer for them to acquire a salutary amount of that virtue than it otherwise might. But, more important, the spread of group practice will accomplish something sadly needed in this country. It will develop doctors who know how to care for sick people—therapeutists they are called. We have our share of keen and reliable diagnosticians, but in the field of treatment we make no brilliant display. The number of physicians one encounters in a lifetime who are skilled in the use of water, heat, light, electricity, massage, exercise, and diet, and who know how to utilize

the fundamental principles of psychology, is astonishingly small. Yet, if these measures are placed in one pan of the therapeutic scales and drugs in the other, the latter kicks the beam promptly. The more experienced and expert one becomes in the practice of medicine, the fewer drugs one uses. Aside from immunizers, antitoxins, and parasite killers, one may practise medicine satisfactorily to himself with two drugs, opium, and digitalis; and if one knows how to use properly the physical measures previously enumerated he can practise it satisfactorily to patient and public.

One of the commonest complaints I hear as I go among my colleagues throughout the country is that the field of medicine is being invaded by men who know little of soil and seed, of fertilization and cultivation, men who, rapacious to reap, seek to rob us of our crops, and sometimes succeed. We have only ourselves to blame.

I have this to say of all so-called "irregulars." I have never encountered one from whom I could not learn something of the art of my profession were I so disposed. I may say of "healing" what Peacham three hundred years ago said about books: "There is no variety so absurd but some commodity may be gotten by it."

If the bewildering varieties of "—paths" and "—ists" now in our midst did not give relief to some of those who consult them, they would not prosper. It is said that they trade on man's credulity and thrive on his ignorance, but it is neither the unenlightened nor the prejudiced who constitute their clientele; it is *homo sapiens* in pain or immobility who in many instances has sought relief at our hands and has been denied it. I am one who believes that it should still be unlawful to muzzle the ox

that treadeth out the corn. Were every "regular" physician to acquire the technique of the osteopath or the irrigationist, the assurance of the Couéite or of the Christian Scientist, were he to assimilate some of the teachings of the immortal drillmaster of Louis XIV, General Martinet, and of Mesmer, and were he to keep in mind that "in the same pasture the Oxe findeth fodder, the Hound a Hare, the Stork a Lizzard, the Faire maide flowers," he would beat the world at doctoring.

And the public, what does it owe us? Nothing.

What do we owe it? Enlightenment, so far as it has been vouchsafed us, and assurance that no "—path" or "—ist" from naturopath to psychoanalyst is possessed of information that we do not share, of skill that we do not rival.

Osteopaths and chiropractors have an erroneous conception of disease, but their ministrations help nature cure disease. No one who has seen water used to combat disease will deny its potency, and the benefits that result in chronic disease from the proper use of massage, active and passive, is often enormous. Something of the same may be said for all the non-medicinal therapeutic measures. But the physician must know how to use them, and he must tell the world, not with immodesty and vainglory as the quack tells it, but with dignity and assurance that he knows not only their virtues, but when and how to use them.

A few months ago an able young lawyer, addicted to overwork and overeating, developed paralysis of one side of the face. Inflammation of the sheath in which the motor nerve of the face is enclosed had practically severed its continuity. He consulted an eminent physi-

cian who advised him to apply heat to the face, to protect with a shield the eye whose lids would no longer close, to take salicylate of soda, and to have electricity applied. There being no improvement after three months, he was easily persuaded to go to a chiropractor who promised to cure him in a definite number of treatments. The promise not being fulfilled, one of the partners in the firm that employed him took him to a young doctor, trained in an institute where non-medical therapy is featured. This doctor put him on a diet that took off twenty pounds overweight, submitted him to daily application of massage and electricity, made him practise grimacing before a looking glass while massaging the crippled side of the face with his fingers, advised him to put a support in the sagging corner of the mouth while he slept, and the result is that to-day the function of the nerve is fifty per cent. restored. Three months hence he will have gained another thirty per cent. and, if neither patient nor doctor falters, he is likely to make a satisfactory recovery.

Had this patient remained under the care of a physician who gave him medicine and desultory directions about electricity, he would probably have carried a profound facial deformity to the grave.

The treatment of disease is the art of medicine. As in all arts, a certain proficiency may in it be acquired, but to become a virtuoso one must have a genuine flair for it. The therapeutist of the doctor group should be selected with great care. The essential qualities for him to possess are personality and a logical mind.

The ideal doctor group should have as many trained assistants who are not physicians as can be used. The more the assistant knows about what is popularly

meant by "medicine," the less he is fitted for the job. The men and women who use water and massage most expertly in Aix-les-Bains are peasants who work in the fields when the "cure season" is over. The men and women who give carbonic acid baths, fango applications, resistance movements, zander exercises, and various other applications in scores of cure places in Europe know nothing of physiology and pathology, but as a result of their contacts some of them become experts. They are trained attendants who are humiliated rather than puffed up if someone, seeking to engage their favour, addresses them as "doctor," a ruse which works here with chiropodists, bath attendants, masseurs, and irrigationists. The therapeutists of the doctor group would have to teach most of them himself for, aside from a few sanitaria, there is no place in this country where adequate and proper training is given. It is enormously to the credit of Yale University that it has taken steps to remedy this state of affairs. The department of therapeutics of any university that does not compel its students personally to undergo the application of non-medicinal remedies does not fulfill its duty. The only way to learn how to use such measures is to try them out on oneself. The therapeutist of the group should spend one holiday in Marienbad, another in Nauheim, another in Aix, another in Lourdes, another in Salssamagiore, and so on. Should he choose to expiate some sin of youth, he should pass a few weeks in Lamalou.

After he has familiarized himself with European spas, he should remind himself that his own country has at least one, probably more, that is unexcelled. Until the potentialities of Saratoga Springs are transformed into actualities, we have a national humiliation.

It is strange, with what indifference, antipathy even, so many of us look upon the restorative powers of light, heat, water, electricity, and the different forms of active and passive exercise; and it is stranger still how little we know or strive to know about what is meant by "diet." To be sure, medical schools neglect the matter and in hospitals it is in the hands of a person called a "dietitian." Therefore, the young physician must get his information through his own effort. The first thing he should do is to provide himself with a rosary of different-shaped beads. On the round ones, he should say every morning. "One man's meat is another man's poison"; on the square ones, "According to the life one lives depends the variety and amount of food"; on the triangular, "Some do and some do not eat too much: those who overeat and under-exercise, women, outlive men," and on the flat beads, he should pray twice a day: "Let me not be tempted by fad or faddist."

He is now ready to find out for his patients what they would find out for themselves, were they not too indolent or stupid; namely, what food, kind and amount, agrees with them. "Yes," says the patient goaded by the accusation, "but how do I know that my blood pressure won't go up if I take salt?" No one knows. Sodium chloride agrees with some persons, not with others. When I hear a confrère extolling the virtues of a salt-free diet, I remind him that the man in New York who practised medicine most successfully from a material and a scientific standpoint during the earliest years of this century, gave patients, almost as a routine measure, from a half to a whole teaspoonful of salt and soda every morning.

Many years ago I assisted a colleague of large prac-

tice to recovery by putting him on a low proteid diet and making him take boxing exercise. When I last talked with him, I learned that most of his patients were being advised to avoid meat, and to go to a gymnasium.

To be successful as a dietitian a physician must know what the man who tends a furnace or stokes an engine knows. In addition, he should have some judgment and much sense. Some fuel burns rapidly, some slowly. Some has far greater heat-producing capacity than others. Some produces great ash and clinkers, others not. Then there are questions of draft, of stoking, of removal of ash, of banking, of smothering. Some furnaces burn more than others and produce less heat; some require much attention, others little. It all resolves itself into the furnace, the coal, the draft, the clinkers, and the ash. The stoker must know about them for his house, the doctor for his patient.

It is too much to expect that a man shall be abreast of the times in his knowledge of the causes and symptoms of disease, and at the same time be a psychologist with a predilection for telling persons who have lost their health how and where to find it. The born diagnostician is never a good or resourceful therapeutist and one who is deeply versed in pathology is likely to become pessimistic about the potentialities of treatment. The specialist the medical profession needs now is the therapeutist. He should know something about disease and everything about its possessor. Above all, he should realize that hope is man's friend, fear his enemy, and that we all have the same desire: *Vivere ardendo e non sentire il male.*

When the group replaces the individual the public

will get better medical and surgical service, and it will be within the means of all save the poor. It is universally admitted that they are cared for now in every self-respecting community. The rich may continue to have their individual doctor who "understands their constitutions," or is "such a lamb," or "such a comfort," and who is more skilled in finding out what the patient wants than what he has, more determined to see that he gets it than to make him learn the rules of health and conform to them.

One of the difficult things for everyone out of health to know is how to find a "good" doctor. It will be easier to find a good group than a good individual, and when it has been found the seeker after health may be satisfied that a bad doctor will have little chance of getting into a group, or, if he should get in, of staying in. It is quite likely that few stupid men are taken into the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., and one cannot imagine that an incompetent lawyer was tolerated for long in the firm of Evarts, Choate & Beeman.

Individual doctors are chosen for their manner; groups will be chosen for their matter. When a patient sets out for the Mayo Clinic, he does not know which of the one hundred and thirty-seven doctors he is going to see. The one who will finally administer to him is the one who is most capable of dealing with his disease.

When group practice becomes popular, a man falling ill in a hotel, a newcomer to a community, a stranger to disease, will not have to rely on the subsidized room clerk, the interested drug store, the wily advertiser, or the nepotistic clergyman to find a competent doctor, nor will the absence of an individual doctor on holiday or on duty cause consternation on the part of apprehensive

parents. One should be able to get the address of doctor groups from the telephone central just as one can now report a fire or call the police.

It would of course be testing the truth to say that any group would be competent, for a number of medical crooks or incompetents might organize. That is another of life's hazards which we have to endure.

Group practice would also do away with the hokum and buncombe, the pretense and esotericism of medical practice. There would be fewer people "threatened with pneumonia" and fewer patients with a "touch" of typhoid fever. There will not be so many doctors who "just saved my life," but there would be a vast increase in the number of those for whom the detection of disease is a problem that must be solved like any other physical problem.

A sick person wants to be made well, or as nearly well as possible not only to have life prolonged but to have it free from pain. If he has confidence that it can be done, the cure will be facilitated enormously. Thorough examination is a great confidence-inspirer, and few statements destroy confidence more quickly than: "You will be all right in a few days," when the statement is not based upon searching examination. The day of the oracle in medicine has gone, the day of the investigator has dawned. Competency is what patients want in a physician; if they can get it blended with kindliness, culture, and understanding, all the better. They get it thus blended from "born" doctors and from doctors who have experienced shattering illness. If the group doctor selects his coadjutors prudently, they will get it from the group.

Many will say that they do not want to undergo an

elaborate examination when they have a cold, an attack of indigestion, or a stiff neck. Those who do not know how to manage such infirmities without a doctor need more than one of the group. The majority of acute diseases end in recovery if left to nature. They clamour for non-interference unless a specific remedy is available. All chronic diseases, if left to nature, end in death. The productive field for treatment is chronic disease. But we should have a clear idea of what we want to accomplish and a definite plan of how it is to be done. Treatment has little to do with drugs. It has to do with psychology, physiology, and physics.

If a patient wants a doctor to coddle him he should go to an individual; if he wants one to cure him, he should go to a group. The reason why hospitals and pay clinics are so successful is that they practise group medicine. The reason why such a small proportion of physicians are successful and affluent is that they have not fully emancipated themselves from being mystics and medicine men.

Organization has thrust efficiency upon medical education and now it should do the same for practice.

To make a telling statement, it is necessary as a rule to overstate it. I have overstated my advocacy of group practice. It is not the ideal method of practising medicine. The ideal way would be for the physician to have his own laboratories and as many assistants to make examinations and investigations as necessary, leaving for him the personal relationship with the patient upon which his success depends. But that is an ideal still farther off.

One can take care of a patient without caring for him, but there never was a good doctor who did not find some-

thing in a sick person that aroused his sympathy, excited his admiration, or moved his compassion. The good doctor is interested in humanity for his patients' profit and he is interested in the humanities for his own sake. Every candidate for the profession should be asked before taking the Hippocratic Oath: "Do you like children and dogs?" If the answer is in the negative, administration of the oath should be delayed so that he may be told that his chances of becoming a clinician are slim. The person who likes children and dogs will have a tender feeling for those who suffer or fear, and the display of this feeling and the interest it engenders reward the physician more than money or position for it earns him the affection, esteem, and confidence of his patients. Not of all, but of enough to compensate him for the time, sympathy, and understanding which he lavishes upon them.

If the practice of medicine consisted only in detecting disease and applying measures to combat it, group practice would be ideal, but frequently the person, not the disease, needs examination and treatment.

A considerable proportion of the physician's work is not the practice of medicine at all. It consists of counselling, orienting, extricating, encouraging, solacing, sympathizing, understanding. There is nothing in his education that prepares him for this work. To do it successfully, he must have a natural inclination for it; and he must learn from experience and from intuition. It is not only the malign microbe that the physician has to combat; it is the unclean spirit. To accomplish this, the physician must have a heart as well as a head. There is no reason why the therapeutist of the group should not be engaged for those qualities. But it cannot be denied that the

chief objection to group practice is the weakening of the personal relationship between patient and physician. The objection that it takes cake away from the doctor, even jeopardizes his bread, is without foundation.

Were priests able to gain the confidence of their fellow men to the same degree as physicians, success would attend their efforts more frequently than it does. Clergymen are often consulted by the cripples of fate, ignorance, and misrepresentation, but so many of them look upon the source of the sufferer's symptoms as sin that the confidence of the patient is alienated rather than gained. The chief reason why physicians are consulted so frequently about matters seemingly beyond their province is that there is a tradition that they are deserving of confidence, and one of the glories of the profession is that its members seem to be deserving of it. What they are told in darkness, they do not speak in light, nor are they commanded to preach upon the housetops what they hear in the ear.

One of the hardest tasks of groups physicians will be to maintain this high tradition, based as it is upon the personal relation between doctor and patient. Even so, I believe that the advantages of group practice will heavily outweigh its possible dangers.

The time is at hand when health education, which is such a large part of preventive medicine, should be provided by the state, just as scholastic education now is. There is no reason why such diseases as diphtheria, hook-worm, and malaria should not be stamped out, if their cause and mode of propagation were made known to everyone who knows the multiplication table, if physicians reported every case they encountered, and if the community did its part.

Contentment with our lot and satisfaction with our country is frequently remarked by foreigners. One of the great advantages of our prosperity is that there is comparatively little discontent in the brawn of our nation. There is discontent, however, in the brain. Anyone who wishes to perpetuate his name and at the same time contribute enormously to dispel this discontent may do so by endowing hospitals and clinics to which persons able to pay fifty dollars a week may go when they are ill or threatened with illness and get competent medical and surgical service. There should be at least twenty such hospitals in New York City alone and the physicians who serve them should be adequately compensated, not by the patient, but by the hospital. Such a plan would destroy the baneful financial relation of physician and patient, promote the personal relation, and give the man of moderate means, when he falls ill, that to which he is entitled: the most competent medical and surgical care that the community he adorns or encumbers can provide.

# XI

## LUCK AND THE BEDSIDE MANNER

ANYONE who has observed or experienced success will agree with Bacon that accidents contribute much to fortune. The relationship between success and virtue has been dwelt upon so insistently and articulately by moralist and uplifter that luck and manner have not had opportunity to present their claims.

Many things go to the making of a successful physician. Qualities of head and heart constituting character and personality are the most important. No matter what behaviourists say, he owes those to his forebears. Success stands in close relationship to two other factors: luck, over which he has no control and the "bedside manner," over which he has some control.

I fancy that the majority of those who have had "their day" may trace it to a stroke of luck, but none more unerringly than myself. The incident was so trivial, and so wholly beyond thought, plan, or deliberation that no one will accuse me of egotism or conceit, I am sure, for telling it.

I had received the medical education available in this country in the latter years of the last century. It did not take many months of practical application to convince me of its gross and lamentable inadequacy. As soon as I could, I supplemented it by a year's study

in laboratories and clinics of Germany and Austria. There the mysteries of the nervous system were revealed to me, and I experienced for the first time the lure of its disorders. On my return, I took an office in a more select neighbourhood than that in which I had taken my first flight. The neighbourhood was all right, but the neighbours were not very neighbourly, at least from the viewpoint of one seeking patients. Worse still, nearly all of them had gone away for the summer. My escapes from the heat were limited to Coney Island, which had not yet been turned over to noisy vendors of hot dogs, raucous barkers of anatomical curiosities, greasy Levantines searching prey, and bearded Russians, Poles, and Galicians, all celebrating liberty. One particularly hot afternoon spent in the out-patient department of Bellevue Hospital had reduced me to a state of depression and exhaustion which made me clamour for the reviving atmosphere and refreshing surf of that attractive island.

I made ready to go. Indeed, I was on my way and was passing the drug store on the corner, when the proprietor, an amiable, alert, ambitious American with whom I sometimes took refreshment after he had closed the shop for the night, hailed me to say that someone in the next street was seeking a doctor. Would I go? I would and I did.

I found a man of about forty, obviously living as a bachelor. He had the symptoms of what is popularly called "summer complaint" but the pain was intense; he sought relief with calm and dignity despite his manifest suffering.

Instead of whipping out a hypodermic syringe and giving him an injection of morphine, I heard either a

good fairy whisper to me, "Examine him," or the echo of what had been a constant refrain in European hospitals, "The only way to discover a patient's trouble is to use your senses and your sense." Perhaps it was one of those flashes of intuition, the most precious of the physician's possessions.

The patient assured me that he could tolerate the pain while I heard his story and made the examination. His suffering was not dependent upon disorder of the digestive tract; it was due to one of those explosions that attend locomotor ataxia, called "gastric crisis." When that was ascertained, relief was given him promptly. He interpreted the visit made at midnight as solicitude for his comfort and well-being and asked me to become his medical attendant. I accepted gladly, not only because I was seeking patients but because I realized from the first that I had come upon an exceptional human being.

Without apprising him of the nature of his disease, or the necessity of vigorous, intensive, continuous treatment, I told him that I should like to talk to his family. The next morning, it was suggested to his brother, a man of prominent position in the educational and intellectual world, that in view of the seriousness of the disorder and of the fact that the person who made the diagnosis was quite unknown both as individual and as physician, some physician of distinction should be asked to corroborate or deny the diagnosis.

The patient consented and the only medical consultant who at that time had any knowledge of nervous diseases was summoned.

That there was only one seems astonishing now, but in those days physicians admitted ignorance of nervous diseases without sense of shame or humiliation. Students

were not required to study them and rarely had opportunity to observe cases save those the nature of which was so obvious that a layman could recognize them. It was a time when the psychoneuroses were largely "imaginary," other functional nervous diseases "just nerves," and organic disease of the nervous system "incurable." In no branch of medicine has such complete transformation taken place in one generation as in the neurological.

The consultant was a man who for years had chummed the wards and laboratories of Bellevue Hospital with the insistence and assiduity with which Colonel House chummed Woodrow Wilson. He was a wizard and he looked the part.

He corroborated the diagnosis and congratulated the young doctor. My future was assured, my fortune was made. The patient became my mentor, counselor, friend, benefactor. I had not seen his like before, nor have I since. He had all the possessions of a fine man and many of a god. Handsome and distinguished, he was at once courtly and urbane, kindly and humane. He was generous, appreciative, understanding, just. It does not seem possible that a man could have a keener sense of honesty, a deeper comprehension of justice, a livelier recognition of fitness or propriety, more compassion, or less bigotry than he had. In college he was called "Judge" and that is what his friends—and he numbered them by the score—called him all his life. His decisions were rarely questioned, never repealed. Friends loved him, acquaintances admired him, and those who came in casual contact with him respected him. He took his punishment from Pluto with the courage and contempt displayed by T. E. Lawrence

when he was attacked by the unspeakable Circassian, Bey Nahi, and his perverted servitors.

For twenty years and more he contested the progress of the disease, and though he was blind long before he yielded, his head was still unbowed.

Friends rallied to his moral and material support with the alacrity and enthusiasm of crusaders. That gesture was not necessary to testify their bigness, for the majority of them were leaders in the world of finance and business. A few of them became my patients, many my friends, and to a dozen or more of them was submitted later the conception and plan of the Neurological Institute. They became its sponsors and supporters and gave it distinction and the appearancē of solidarity from the start. To them this community is indebted for its usefulness, this country for its example.

It would be difficult to invent a better illustration of pure luck than this. One may say the trap had been carefully and adroitly baited and the trapper had been giving it an attentive eye, but in reality the trapper was a hedonist, bent on pleasure. Had it not been for conditions which he neither planned nor prepared he might never have known that prey had even nibbled at the bait, let alone sprung the trap.

It requires no stretch of the imagination to see my professional career paralleling that of dozens of colleagues, with far greater native endowment, fuller education, and more fertile background who find themselves approaching the last decade of life confronted with the necessity of earning their bread in the sweat of their brows and at the expense of their souls.

Luck comes to everyone. The person who denies it is

one who has been so obtuse as not to recognize it and so stupid as not to avail himself of it.

Luck alone is not sufficient to take one up the ladder of fortune. One must know how to climb. It would be difficult to get a better proof of this than in the story told me by a colleague recently. He had been present at a medical congress and after the scientific business had been disposed of, a physician of the city in which the congress was held took him for a game of golf. On the way to the links, they fell to talking about their professional work, its rewards and disappointments. They were both men of late middle age. Success had come to the visitor abundantly, to the host creditably. The latter regretted that he had not remained in New York where he had had his hospital training for, he reflected, it was more than likely he would have had greater renown and more comfort. He then went on to say that soon after he had settled in——, and while he was still the salaried assistant of a well-known physician, he had been sent one night to a hotel where he had found a man in a state of great agitation and self-concern because of pain and disagreeable sensation through his feet and legs which he thought foreboded paralysis or other serious disease. The assistant took his pulse and temperature, examined his legs and, finding nothing abnormal, prescribed a sedative and told him Dr.—— would see him the next morning.

When his chief went to see the patient the next day, he was told in the jargon of the hotel clerk that the patient had "checked out."

"Do you know," said he, "that man was So-and-so?" naming an individual who, at that time, occupied

one of the most conspicuous positions in this country.

And my friend said to me, "I did not have the heart to tell him that it was from an encounter with that man a few days later that I date my success.

"I was spending my holiday on the North Shore of Massachusetts. One evening about nine o'clock, my housekeeper called me on the long-distance telephone and said it was very important that I should be in New York the following morning. She could not give me any particulars over the telephone, but she said she was sure that I would be well repaid for coming. There was an air of mystery about it that interested me. I reached Boston by motor in time to catch the midnight train. The next morning, a physician from a distant city came to my house and, before telling me about the patient, said it was advisable that his illness should not be noised either here or abroad. We went to the hotel where I found Mr.—— and heard his story. He wasted fewer words than anyone I had ever met. After examination the following colloquy took place:

"'Do you know what's the matter with me?'

"'Yes, I think I do.'

"'What is it?'

"I told him. Fortunately, I was able to tell him that although the symptoms seemed alarming, they were not founded in serious disease and could be overcome. The patient asked two more questions, 'Will anyone agree with you? and 'How much do I owe you?'

"I was able to answer both questions.

"Within a week I had arranged a consultation with the three most celebrated neurologists of the world.

"I was a young man when that happened," continued

the visiting doctor, "and the reason why I discovered his trouble and got his confidence simultaneously was that I examined him. I did not try to reassure him before I knew whether or not it was legitimate to do so."

"Did you beat your friend at golf?"

"No," said he. "When I was examining patients in my plastic years, he was taking golf lessons."

Luck, like the tide, must be taken at its flood.

Sometimes, what is seemingly misfortune turns out to be fortune.

"The greatest piece of luck I ever had," said one of my young colleagues, "came to me in the guise of a blow, and what I considered at the time to be an injustice. I took the examination for a position on the house staff of the Massachusetts General Hospital and one of the questions was, 'Give the treatment of acute rheumatism.' Only the day before an assistant physician had shown us a case and told us specifically what to do. I had noted it in my book and therefore was able to answer the question practically in the words the assistant used. I was 'plucked' because of that answer. The examiner, a man who has now gone into that indefinite field that stands between medicine and applied theology, told me that he did not want a man on his staff who knew so little about his methods of treatment as I did. I felt that I was the goat and that the tin cans of Boston would not provide nourishment for me; so I came to New York and took the Joint Medical Board Examination, got ninth place on the list, and selected —— Hospital for my service, and here I am."

His face was radiant and his chest distended when he finished his narrative. This permitted me to see that

his haberdashery was of a pattern affected by rich Americans, and I knew that he was prosperous. Years of intimate association with him had convinced me that he was inventive, resourceful, and reliable.

In his charming little book called *The Natural History of a Savant*, Charles Richet tells of the great part played by luck in some of the important discoveries of physiology associated with his name, such as how dogs cool themselves by rapid breathing (polypnœa), the discovery of zomotherapy (raw meat treatment), and anaphylaxis (hypersensivity to specific disease, the converse of immunity.)

He had remarked that muzzled dogs got overheated more quickly than unmuzzled dogs who were able to pant. Then a series of simple experiments permitted him to prove that frequent respiration cools the blood by exhalation of water.

Serum-therapy is one of the principal conquests of modern therapeutics and, although it is Behring's name and not Richet's that is popularly associated with it, Richet and Hericourt were the first to demonstrate that by injecting blood one communicates to the injected animal the immunities possessed by the blood injected, and thus were the first to establish the fundamental principle of serum-therapy. Then chance played them false. They selected tuberculosis as the disease in which to try it. Two years later, Behring selected diphtheria, and serum-therapy was established forever.

I shall not attempt to estimate the relative value of luck and the bedside manner, save to say that the latter is a valuable asset in the practice of medicine and, to borrow a phrase from finance, a much more fluid

one than the former. It has the advantage over luck that it is not wholly beyond the individual's reach.

The really first-class bedside manner cannot be acquired, but an indifferent one can be enormously improved. However, it must be said at once that its value diminishes proportionately to its artificiality. The best kind is an integral part of the possessor's personality, like the shape of his nose. It may be dolled up a bit, but like finger nails too highly polished, or lips too deeply coloured, overdoing detracts instead of beautifying. The physician who has it "naturally," that is, who has it as an endowment and who has the discernment to adapt it to time, place, and person, is bound to be a winner in the professional race.

What I have to say of it, both as an attribute and as an asset, is based upon observation and not self-revelation. I have carefully studied and estimated many examples of it, and many varieties also, for neither in material nor pattern is there much uniformity.

In a general way, every bedside manner is one of the following varieties: the brutal and mandatory, the suave and conciliatory, the meticulous and explanatory, the solicitous and hortatory, the casual and cachinnatory, the optimistic and nugatory.

There are the "also-rans" who occasionally win a race though nothing in past performance or appearance suggests the chance of winning. Also there is that considerable number of doctors who are called either "just in time" or "too late." All are members of the He-Saved-My-Life Club.

I fancy the first group is less numerous than it was a generation ago, but I saw it frequently in the dying

years of the Nineteenth Century. The example I recall most vividly was a deep-chested German with hair combed pompadour fashion, who wore a white foulard tie and a swallow-tailed coat, dark in winter, light in summer. His voice had some of the qualities of a steamboat foghorn; each of his questions ended in a semi-chuckle which he always answered himself.

He would enter the sick room, head up, chest out, a half smile of complacence and self-appreciation on his lips, sit down by the bedside, half close his eyes and say, "*Nun, wie geht es Ihnen heute* (semi-chuckle); *besser, ja*?" Should the patient attempt to say that he did not feel better, but worse, he was promptly sat upon, squelched, and subdued; the doctor knew. The patient may have known he had a soul, but he did not dare admit ownership. The concern of parents and children made no appeal to him. The doctor was the whole-important factor and he brooked no contradiction.

One of his peculiarities was that he never looked directly at the person with whom he was talking; he seemed to look beyond, as though into a world peopled by his kind, inhabited by gods. For a quarter of a century he had one of the commanding practices in New York.

His wife was a confirmed nervous invalid.

The second group, the suave and conciliatory, has a large membership. Unlike the first, which is particularly adapted to the needs of women, this one finds great favour with men, most of whom, if their wives are to be believed, are cowards when they are ill, or at least fear they are going to die. The possessors of this particular manner, and they are often men of great ability, are to be found throughout the profession, but it is a favourite

with those who devote their energies to combating disorders of the digestive tract. The reason for this may be that funk and despair are early and persistent accompaniments of such diseases and the physician has learned intuitively or empirically that the possessor will tolerate neither harsh words nor ingratiating sympathy.

The most perfect example of this manner that I have known was in a man of marked ability. With time to formulate an opinion of the nature of an ailment, his opinion was always valuable. To see him enter a sick room was to feel that he had just returned from the Garden of the Hesperides with one of the golden apples. Or that he had been told of the repeal of the Volstead Act. He radiated suavity and reflected solicitude. The coo and caress of his voice as he assured the patient that his examination would cause neither discomfort nor pain would have made any dentist's fortune.

As he proceeded with the examination, his face would light up with a smile, a blend of that to be seen in Da Vinci's masterpiece and upon the faces of Andrea del Verrocchio's madonnas. I have seen this smile spread over his countenance when his erudite fingers had come upon a mass in the patient's abdomen which would soon make his days a torture, his nights a rack, just as I have seen it bloom upon the face of a small boy when a mince pie that he hoped for, but despaired of, was put upon the table. In the conference room, he was deference itself to others, and reconciled disparate views with the ease of a conjuror doing his tricks. He nearly always won out with the doctor, and invariably with the patient.

Each variety of the bedside manner has a number of subdivisions. The suave has the most. The

commonest of them is a combination of expression, speech, and solicitude which says, "I know what you want and I shall see that you get it." The possessors of this subvariety pattern themselves after the sophist of Socrates. Sick persons, like well persons, indeed like all domestic animals save the cat, are partial to praise.

Without admitting that any bedside manner is sufficiently desirable to justify studied effort or daily prayer, I have to say this about this subvariety: it is one of the most hazardous for the reason that it is continuously in conflict with intellectual honesty, and if the possessor is not forever watching his step he is bound to fall into a morass of hypocrisy.

The meticulous and explanatory variety is much favoured by neurologists and pediatrists. This is one of the many things that the former learned from the Germans. I saw it first in full display in a sanatorium in Kissingen. I then realized that what I had seen in New York in the person of a physician who knew much about diseases but little about their victims was but the image of the real thing, and a blurred image at that.

I had an opportunity later to see represented in one of my friends the type which made the Bavarian variety seem affectation and pretense. It might be said of him that he had a specialty within a specialty. The inner one was concerned with telling the patient what to eat and how what he ate should be prepared. Trimalchio's chef never had more specific instructions for a banquet than had my friend's patients on how to cook a banana. He had no printed slips furnished by ferment manufacturers telling what to eat and what to avoid. His instructions were put down in black and white with his own hand, and he did not confine them to diet. Urges,

functions, commissions, and omissions were all regulated and synchronized.

It was one of the most telling therapeutic gestures I have ever witnessed. But lest it be thought that this magician's success as a physician depended entirely upon his bedside manner, I hasten to say that he was *molto simpatico*, as the Italians say, a lovable creature with an uncanny capacity for knowing what was, and what should be, within the human heart. Within his own, there was a fountain of kindliness, difficult to exhaust.

When I say that I never knew a successful specialist of children's diseases who was not something of a martinet, I do not mean to accuse them of pedantry, but by and large they are sticklers for accuracy and small detail. Should Mussolini be removed, or tire of his job, I can suggest one or two doctors whose experience entitles them to apply for the post.

Pediatrists deal with persons who like to be dominated and with those who cannot resent dominion. Detail is a heartless tyrant. I realize that the activities of pediatrists have reduced the infant mortality rate in this country, but we paid a great price for it. One who observes a hundred-per-cent. pediatrist in action can scarcely avoid the reflection: How did our ancestors survive childhood? They were brought up so differently from the children of to-day. Pediatrists are not wholly to blame; parents share the blame with them. But the former made the links of the chain that is fettering us and which prevents us from being what our forefathers were: adventurers, wanderers, explorers.

It is better to have ventured and got lost than never to have ventured at all!

The pediatrist's bedside manner is a composite of sternness, sobriety, sincerity, and sententiousness. Any admixture of humour, imagination, playfulness, impairs it. Those who have it to perfection are laconic of speech, sparing of gesture, lavish of command, and they exact absolute obedience. Some of them carry around a photograph of the Sphinx which they study between calls in order that their features may take on some qualities of its expression. Hermes they hold in horror.

The solicitous and exhortatory manner is especially adapted to general practitioners who make friends of their patients. It conveys a keen interest, not only in their bodily but in their spiritual welfare, and it includes their ascendants and descendants. It promotes the belief that personal acquaintance and time, not investigation and insight, make disease an open book. I have known many who had this variety of bedside manner and in moments of depression I have sometimes envied them. I recall one who after many years of general practice became a dermatologist—a beauty specialist they would call him to-day.

Anyone who consulted him, no matter how trifling the ailment, concentrated his interest as a burning glass concentrates actinic rays. Invariably, this made a favourable impression, and when it was spread over the entire family admiration and publicity resulted. The zeal he displayed to induce patients, their parents and children, to drink milk in a certain way, at a certain time, and in certain amount would have earned salvation for a missionary. Had I not been aware of his probity, I should have suspected that he was subsidized by one of the milk trusts. He was devoid of

humour and imagination, and he had a one-track, a narrow-gauge mind; but his bedside manner won him great favour with the laity. It contributed to his happiness, his prosperity, and his vanity.

A subdivision of this variety, the bedside manner marked by extreme sympathy, is very common. It is usually accompanied by a pudgy hand—one pudgy hand holds the hand of the patient and the other pats it soothingly, while the person to whom the manner belongs murmurs smilingly: "There . . . there, don't be alarmed; we'll take care of you; you are going to get well; you are the most courageous person I know." Nobody in pain wants sympathy; he can give himself all that he needs and more than is good for him. What he wants is something to relieve him, and he wants it quickly. Whenever I have been in pain my medical attendant's bedside manner has not helped me a bit.

The most annoying bedside manner is the one I have called the casual. I recall once taking a patient to a colleague who had this manner to a superlative degree. I told him I had brought her for a decision as to whether her appendix should be removed. The first question he asked her was: "Are you fond of dogs?" She admitted she was, and then for a half hour he told us more about dogs than Romulus or Remus knew about wolves. He kept it up until the visit ended, during which time, of course, he examined her. As we were making for the door he said, quite incidentally, that he thought the appendix was good enough to keep.

I frequently see him at work and he is always avid to talk about anything save the matter in hand, to flutter about it articulately, as it were, as a butterfly

flits in a field of flowers. He is one of the most penetrating diagnosticians of his day and he has a knowledge of his profession that would be becoming to a professor.

I have often wanted to ask him if his bedside manner was a defense phenomenon, a kind of gas mask, but I have never had the opportunity, as when we are together he insists on talking of some incident of our early days in the hospital, something that reflects my alertness and his obtuseness, for he has that most insidious of all forms of self-appreciation which consists in exalting others at one's own expense.

The last, the optimist, is not the least in this instance. But there are varieties of optimism. There is one that is founded in fact; another in the desire to please; a third in the determination to avoid giving pain, another in the knowledge that no matter how blustering, the weather is bound to be fair and warmer frequently. Optimism and scepticism are two essential parts of the make-up of every good physician. Excess of either one is nearly as deplorable as deficiency.

Many years ago, there was a renowned doctor in New York who was a notorious pessimist; he could sentence a man to immobilization, or to death, without the expense of a heartbeat or a drop of perspiration. He had no more humour than a turtle. He was not a good doctor; he was a good diagnostician. The good doctor is one who keeps you from getting ill, tells you how to get well when you are ill, and who takes you to a detective if he cannot designate the variety of your sin.

The man whose bedside manner is one of optimism, armed with negation, that is, the man who feels that he is usually right and his colleague usually wrong, is never

a good doctor, even though he has a following as large as the late Dr. Munyon of uplifted-finger fame. The doctor who pats his patient's hand or slaps his shoulder and assures him that he will be all right to-morrow or next week is frequently right, for nature abhors ill persons and strives to restore them; if she has no chance, she hastens to kill them. This is the kind of doctor who mistakes glanders for grippe and sciatica for sarcoma. He is not so prevalent as he once was, but nearly everyone knows at least one of his type.

This presentation leaves many possessors of distinctive bedside manner undescribed. Something should be said of the pompous and pretentious, the solemn and the subdued, the brusque and the breezy, but it is not feasible to describe them all.

The bedside manner is at times an asset, at other times a liability. What the individual who is really ill or who thinks he is wants to know is whether the doctor has the experience, knowledge, and skill to cure him. The more businesslike the doctor is, the better patients like him and the more he impresses them: "Have you ever had a case like mine, and did you cure him?" is the question they want answered. It does not interest them to know what the doctor's views on materialism or modernism are; or whether he thinks Maeterlinck is a genius or a mystic; Mussolini a menace or a saviour.

They do not want to know the doctor's creed or his politics, whether he has taken up contract bridge, or what he thinks of *Elmer Gantry*. Indeed, if the patient suspects that the doctor devotes much time to these and similar things, or in fact to anything that comes under the head of engrossing interests outside of medicine, the suspicion enters his mind that the doctor

has not time to devote to patients, or perhaps is too superior to combat disease.

Culture is a great aid to life, a powerful antidote to *tedium vitae*. It is good for the doctor, but it has no great value for the patient, when directly applied.

The physician makes an impression upon his patient by his manner as well as by his matter. Often, the patient needs more skilful handling than the disease, and frequently the disease cannot be successfully combated until the confidence of the patient is won. Some persons we like spontaneously the moment we meet them. Patients may have similar experiences with physicians; indeed, they are particularly susceptible, and the first impression is influenced by the bedside manner. It often makes a successful doctor out of a poor physician, and lack of it makes a skilled physician a poor doctor.

As physicians we are constantly made aware that we are serving two masters—patient and profession. Both are exacting. The former requires infallibility and the capacity to give and to give generously on every demand; the latter, a conformity to ethical principles, most of which are ideal, some of which are absurd.

All medical students should be obliged to go to church. There they will learn how attractive the natural manner and how offensive the artificial is.

The clergyman who is speaking more understandingly and appealingly to the people of this country today than anyone in religion is a man whose appearance and manner in the pulpit do not distinguish him from a business man. He presents his thought simply, precisely, and convincingly. He appeals to the intellect and emotions of his auditors, but he does not depend upon rising inflections of words and sentences, rolling of the eyes,

swaying of the body, or gesticulating with the hands. One does not feel on leaving the church that he has been to a camp meeting, a bear garden, or a vaudeville performance as I have frequently felt after listening to one of his brother preachers who refers to him as a Baptist bootlegger.

Should the embryo doctor in search of enlightenment about professional manners stray into another church, not far from the one where Dr. Fosdick preaches, he would see something that it is prudent for him not to imitate.

The bedside manner is, finally, a lever of success. The human impulse is a selfish one and the natural reaction to a tale of woe and to others' pain is an overwhelming desire to air one's own woes and pains. That, however, is not the physician's rôle, and if he is patterned for such a rôle by nature it is up to him to change it. The good doctor always makes the patient feel he is an important factor in the physician's life. This feeling is engendered by his manner and solidified by his matter. Both manner and matter should be simple and sincere, for sincerity and simplicity are the weapons that win the struggle for love and idealism in every aspect of life.

# XII

## SHOULD DOCTORS TELL THE TRUTH?

THIS is not a homily on lying. It is a presentation of one of the most difficult questions that confront the physician. Should doctors tell patients the truth? Were I on the witness stand and obliged to answer the question with "yes" or "no," I should answer in the negative and appeal to the judge for permission to qualify my answer. The substance of this chapter is what that qualification would be.

Though few are willing to make the test, it is widely held that if the truth were more generally told, it would make for world welfare and human betterment. We shall probably never know. To tell the whole truth is often to perpetrate a cruelty of which many are incapable. This is particularly true of physicians. Those who are not compassionate by nature are made so by experience. They come to realize that they owe their fellow men justice, graciousness, and benignity, and it becomes one of the real satisfactions of life to discharge that obligation. To do so successfully they must frequently withhold the truth from their patients, which is tantamount to telling them a lie. Moreover, the physician soon learns that the art of medicine consists largely in skilfully mixing falsehood and truth in order to provide the patient with an amalgam which will make the metal of life wear and keep men from being poor shrunken things, full of

melancholy and indisposition, unpleasing to themselves and to those who love them. I propose therefore to deal with the question from a pragmatic, not a moral standpoint.

"Now you may tell me the truth," is one of the things patients have frequently said to me. Four types of individuals have said it: those who honestly and courageously want to know so that they may make as ready as possible to face the wages of sin while there is still time; those who do not want to know, and who if they were told would be injured by it; those who are wholly incapable of receiving the truth; finally, those whose health is neither seriously disordered nor threatened. It may seem an exaggeration to say that in forty years of contact with the sick, the patients I have met who are in the first category could be counted on the fingers of one hand. The vast majority who demand the truth really belong in the fourth category, but there are sufficient in the second—with whom my concern chiefly is—to justify considering their case.

One of the astonishing things about patients is that the more serious the disease, the more silent they are about its portents and manifestations. The man who is constantly seeking assurance that the vague abdominal pains indicative of hyperacidity are not symptoms of cancer often buries family and friends, some of whom have welcomed death as an escape from his burdensome iterations. On the other hand, there is the man whose first warning of serious disease is lumbago who cannot be persuaded to consult a physician until the disease, of which the lumbago is only a symptom, has so far progressed that it is beyond surgery. The seriousness of disease may be said to stand in direct relation to the

reticence of its possessor. The more silent the patient, the more serious the disorder.

The patient with a notebook, or the one who is eager to tell his story in great detail, is rarely very ill. They are forever asking, "Am I going to get well?" and though they crave assistance they are often unable to accept it. On the other hand, patients with organic disease are very chary about asking point blank either the nature or the possible outcome of their ailment. They sense its gravity, and the last thing in the world they wish to know is the truth about it; and to learn it would be the worst thing that could happen to them.

This was borne in upon me early in my professional life. I was summoned one night to assuage the pain of a man who informed me that he had been for some time under treatment for rheumatism—that cloak for so many errors of diagnostic. His "rheumatism" was due to a disease of the spinal cord called locomotor ataxia. When he was told that he should submit himself to a treatment wholly different from that which he had been receiving, the import of which any intelligent layman would have divined, he asked neither the nature nor the probable outcome of the disease. He did as he was counselled. He is now approaching seventy and, though not active in business, it still engrosses him.

Had he been told that he had a disease which was then universally believed to be progressive, apprehension would have depressed him so heavily that he would not have been able to offer the resistance to its encroachment which has stood him in such good stead. He was told the truth only in part. That is, he was told his "rheumatism" was "different"; that it was dependent upon an organism quite unlike the one that

causes ordinary rheumatism; that we have preparations of mercury and arsenic which kill the parasite responsible for this disease, and that if he would submit himself to their use, his life would not be materially shortened, or his efficiency seriously impaired.

Many experiences show that patients do not want the truth about their maladies, and that it is prejudicial to their well-being to know it, but none that I know is more apposite than that of a lawyer, noted for his urbanity and resourcefulness in court. When he entered my consulting room, he greeted me with a bonhomie that bespoke intimacy, though I had met him only twice—once on the golf links many years before, and once in court where I was appearing as expert witness, prejudicial to his case.

He apologized for engaging my attention with such a triviality, but he had had a pain in one shoulder and arm for the past few months, and though he was perfectly well—and had been assured of it by physicians in Paris, London, and Brooklyn—this pain was annoying and he had made up his mind to get rid of it. That I should not get a wrong slant on his condition, he submitted a number of laboratory reports furnished him by an osteopath to show that secretions and excretions susceptible of chemical examinations were quite normal. His determination seemed to be to prevent me from taking a view of his health which might lead me to counsel his retirement. He was quite sure that anything like a thorough examination was unnecessary but he submitted to it. It revealed intense and extensive disease of the kidneys. The pain in the network of nerves of the left upper arm was a manifestation of the resulting auto-intoxication.

I felt it incumbent upon me to tell him that his condition was such that he should make a radical change in his mode of life. I told him if he would stop work, spend the winter in Honolulu, go on a diet suitable to a child of three, and give up exercise, he could look forward confidently to a recovery that would permit of a life of usefulness and activity in his profession. He assured me he could not believe that one who felt no worse than he did should have to make such a radical change in his mode of life. He impressed upon me that I should realize he was the kind of person who had to know the truth. His affairs were so diversified and his commitments so important that he *must* know. Completely taken in, I explained to him the relationship between the pain from which he sought relief and the disease, the degeneration that was going on in the excretory mechanisms of his body, how these were struggling to repair themselves, the procedure of recovery and how it could be facilitated. The light of life began to flicker from the fear that my words engendered, and within two months it sputtered and died out. He was the last person in the world to whom the truth should have been told. Had I lied to him, and then intrigued with his family and friends, he might be alive to-day.

The longer I practise medicine the more I am convinced that every physician should cultivate lying as a fine art. But there are many varieties of lying. Some are most prejudicial to the physician's usefulness. Such are: pretending to recognize the disease and understand its nature when one is really ignorant; asserting that one has effected the cure which nature has accomplished, or can effect cure of a disease which is universally held to be beyond the power of nature or medical skill; pro-

nouncing disease incurable which one cannot rightfully declare to be beyond cessation or relief.

There are other lies, however, which contribute enormously to the success of the physician's mission of mercy and salvation. There are a great number of instances in support of this but none more convincing than that of a man of fifty who, after twenty-five years of devotion to painting decided that penury and old age were incompatible for him. Some of his friends had forsaken art for advertising. He followed their lead and in five years he was ready to gather the first ripe fruit of his labour. When he attempted to do so he was so immobilized by pain and rigidity that he had to forego work. One of those many persons who assume responsibility lightly assured him that if he would put himself in the hands of a certain osteopath he would soon be quite fit. The assurance was without foundation. He then consulted a physician who, without examining him, proceeded to treat him for what is considered a minor ailment.

Within two months his appearance gave such concern to his family that he was persuaded to go to a hospital where the disease was quickly detected, and he was at once submitted to surgery. When he had recovered from the operation, learning that I was in the country of his adoption, he asked to see me. He had not been able, he said, to get satisfactory information from the surgeon or the physician; all that he could gather from them was that he would have to have supplementary X-ray or radium treatment. What he desired was to get back to his business which was on the verge of success, and he wanted assurance that he could soon do so.

He got it. And more than that, he got elaborate ex-

planation of what surgical intervention had accomplished, but not a word of what it had failed to accomplish. A year of activity was vouchsafed him, and during that time he put his business into such shape that its eventual sale provided a modest competency for his family. It was not until the last few weeks that he knew the nature of his malady. Months of apprehension had been spared him by the deception, and he had been the better able to do his work, for he was buoyed by the hope that his health was not beyond recovery. Had he been told the truth, black despair would have thrown over the world in which he moved, and he would have lived for the brief remainder of his life with corresponding ineffectiveness.

The more extensive our field of observation and the more intimate our contact with human activity, the more we realize the finiteness of the human mind. Every follower of Hippocrates will agree that "judgment is difficult and experience fallacious." A disease may have only a fatal ending, but one does not know; one may know that certain diseases, such as general paresis, invariably cause death, but one cannot be sure that to-morrow it will still be true. The victim may be reprieved by accidental or studied discovery or by the intervention of something that must be called divine grace.

A few years ago physicians were agreed that diabetes occurring in children was incurable; recently they held that the disease known as pernicious anæmia always ended fatally; but now, armed with an extract from the pancreas and the liver, they go out to attack these diseases with the kind of confidence that David had when he saw the Philistine approach.

We have had enough experience to justify the hope that soon we shall be able to induce a little devil who is manageable to cast out a big devil who is wholly out of hand—to cure general paresis by inoculating the victim with malaria, and to shape the course of some varieties of sleeping sickness by the same means.

I am thankful for many valuable lessons learned from my early teachers. One of them was an ophthalmologist of great distinction. I worked for three years in his clinic. He was the most brutally frank doctor I have known. He could say to a woman, without the slightest show of emotion, that she was developing a cataract and would eventually be blind. I asked a colleague who was a co-worker in the clinic at that time and who has since become an eminent specialist, if all these patients developed complete opacity of the crystalline lens.

"Not one half of them," said he. "In many instances the process is so slow that the patient dies before the cataract arrives; in others it ceases to progress. It is time enough for the patient to know he has cataract when he knows for himself that he is going blind. Then I can always explain it to him in such a way that he does not have days of apprehension and nights of sleeplessness for months while awaiting operation. I have made it a practice not to tell a patient he has cataract."

"Yes, but what do you tell them when they say they have been to Doctor Smith who tells them they have cataract and they have come to you for denial or corroboration?"

"I say to them, 'You have a beginning cloudiness of the lens of one eye. I have seen many cases in which

the opacity progressed no farther than it has in your case; I have seen others which did not reach blindness in twenty years. I shall change your glasses, and I think you will find that your vision will be improved.'"

And then he added, "In my experience there are two things patients cannot stand being told: that they have cataract or cancer."

There is far less reason for telling them of the former than the latter. The hope for victims of the latter is bound up wholly in early detection and surgical interference. That is one of the most cogent reasons for biyearly thorough physical examination after the age of forty-five. Should we ever feel the need of a new law in this country, the one I suggest would exact such examination. The physician who detects malignant disease in its early stages is never justified in telling the patient the real nature of the disease. In fact, he does not know himself until he gets the pathologist's report. Should that indicate grave malignancy no possible good can flow from sharing that knowledge with the patient.

It is frequently to a patient's great advantage to know the truth in part, for it offers him the reason for making a radical change in his mode of life, sometimes a burdensome change. But not once in a hundred instances is a physician justified in telling a patient point blank that he has epilepsy, or the family that he has dementia præcox until after he has been under observation a long time, unless these are so obvious that even a layman can make the diagnosis. We do not know the real significance of either disease, or from what they flow—we know that so many of them terminate in dementia that the outlook for all of them is bad. But we also know that many cases so diagnosticated end in

complete recovery; and that knowledge justifies us in withholding from a patient the name and nature of his disorder until we are beyond all shadow of doubt.

Patients who are seriously ill are greedy for reassurance even when it is offered half-heartedly. But those who have ailments which give the physician no real concern often cannot accept such assurance. Not infrequently I have been unable to convince patients with nervous indigestion that their fears and concern were without foundation, and yet, years later when they developed organic disease, and I became really concerned about them, they assured me that I was taking their ailments too seriously.

I recall a young professor whose acquaintance I made at a German university. When he returned home he took a position as professor in one of the well-known colleges for women. After several years he consulted me for the relief of symptoms which are oftentimes associated with gastric ulcer. It required no elaborate investigation to show that in this instance the symptoms were indicative of an imbalance of his nervous system. He refused to be assured and took umbrage that he was not given a more thorough examination each time he visited me. Finally he told me that he would no longer attempt to conceal from me that he understood fully my reasons for making light of the matter. It was to throw him off the track, as it were. No good was to be accomplished from trying to deceive him; he realized the gravity of the situation and he was man enough to confront it. He would not show the white feather, and he was entitled to know the truth.

But the more it was proffered him, the greater was his resistance to it. He gave up his work and convinced

his family and friends that he was seriously ill. They came to see me in relays; they also refused to accept the truth. They could understand why I told the patient the matter was not serious, but to them I could tell the facts. It was their right to know, and I could depend upon them to keep the knowledge from the patient and to work harmoniously with me.

My failure with my patient's friends was as great as with the patient himself. Fully convinced his back was to the wall, he refused to be looked upon as a lunatic or a hypochondriac and he decided to seek other counsel. He went from specialist to naturopath, from electrotherapist to Christian Scientist, from sanatorium to watering place and, had there been gland doctors and chiropractors in those days, he would have included them as well. Then, he migrated to the mountains of Tennessee, and wooed nature. Soon I heard of him as the head of a school which was being run on new pedagogic lines; character-building and health were the chief aims of its pupils; scholastic education was incidental. He began writing and lecturing about his work and his accomplishments, and soon achieved considerable notoriety. I saw him occasionally when he came North and sometimes referred to his long siege of ill health and how happily it had terminated. He always made light of it, and declared that in one way it had been a very good thing: had it not been for that illness he would never have found himself, never have initiated the work which was giving him repute, happiness, and competency.

One summer, I asked him to join me for a canoe trip down the Allegash River. Some of the "carrys" in those

days were rather stiff. After one of them I saw that my friend was semi-prostrated and flustered. On questioning him, I learned that he had several times before experienced disagreeable sensations in the chest and in the head after hard manual labour, such as chopping trees or prying out rocks. He protested against examination but finally yielded. I reminded myself of how different it had been fifteen years before when he clamoured for examination and seemed to get both pleasure and satisfaction from it, particularly when it was elaborate and protracted. He had organic disease of the heart, both of the valve mechanism and of the muscle. His tenure of life depended largely on the way he lived. To counsel him successfully it was necessary to tell him that his heart had become somewhat damaged. He would not have it. "When I was really ill you made light of it, and I could not get you interested. But now, when I am well, you want me to live the life of a dodo. I won't do it. My heart is quite all right, a little upset no doubt by the fare we have had for the past two weeks, but as soon as I get back to normal I shall be as fit as you are, perhaps more so."

We returned to New York and I persuaded him to see a specialist, who was no more successful in impressing him with the necessity of careful living than I was. In despair, I wrote to his wife. She who had been so solicitous, so apprehensive, and so deaf to assurance during the illness that was of no consequence wrote, "I am touched by your affectionate interest, but Jerome seems so well that I have not the heart to begin nagging him again, and it fills me with terror lest he should once more become introspective and self-solicitous. I am

afraid that if I do what you say it will start him off again on the old tack, and the memory of those two years frightens me still."

He died about four years later without the benefit of physician.

No one can stand the whole truth about himself; why should we think he can tolerate it about his health, and even though he could, who knows the truth? Physicians have opinions based upon their own and others' experience. They should be chary of expressing those opinions to sick persons until they have studied their psychology and are familiar with their personality.

Even then it should always be an opinion, not a sentence. Doctors should be detectives and counsellors, not juries and judges.

Though often it seems a cruelty, the family of the patient to whom the truth is not and should not be told are entitled to facts or what the physician believes to be facts, At times, they must conspire with him to keep the truth from the patient, who will learn it too soon no matter what skill they display in deception. On the other hand, it is frequently to the patient's great advantage that the family should not know the depth of the physician's concern, lest their unconcealable apprehension be conveyed to the patient and then transformed into the medium in which disease waxes strong—fear. Now and then the good doctor keeps his own counsel. It does not profit the family of the man whose coronary arteries are under suspicion to be told that he has angina pectoris. If the patient can be induced to live decorously, the physician has discharged his obligation.

I recall so many instances when the truth served me

badly that I find it difficult to select the best example. On reflection, I have decided to cite the case of a young man who consulted me shortly after his marriage.

He was sane in judgment, cheerful in disposition, full of the desire to attract those who attracted him. Anything touching on the morbid or "unnatural" was obviously repellent to him. His youth had been a pleasant one, surrounded by affection, culture, understanding, and wealth. When he graduated he had not made up his mind what he wanted to do in the world. After a year of loafing and travelling he decided to become an engineer. He matriculated at one of the technical schools, and his work there was satisfactory to himself and to his professors.

He astonished his intimates shortly after obtaining a promising post by marrying a woman a few years older than himself who was known to some of them as a devotee of bohemian life that did not tally with the position in society to which she was entitled by family and wealth. She had been a favourite with men but she had a reputation of not being the "marrying kind."

My friend fell violently in love with her, and her resistance went down before it. His former haunts knew him no more, and I did not see him for several months. Then, late one evening, he telephoned to say that it was of the greatest importance to him to consult me. He arrived in a state of supressed excitement. He wanted it distinctly understood that he came to me as a client, not as a friend. I knew, of course, that he had married. This, he confessed, had proved a complete failure, and now his wife had gone away with another woman, one whom he had met constantly at her home during his brief and tempestuous courtship.

I attempted to explain to him that she had probably acted on impulse; that the squabbles of early matrimony which often appeared to be tragedies were adjustable and, fortunately, nearly always adjusted.

"Yes," said he, "but you don't understand. There hasn't been any row. My wife told me shortly after marrying me that she had made a mistake, and she has told me so many times since. I thought at first it was caprice. Perhaps I should still have thought so were it not for this letter." He then handed me a letter. I did not have to read between the lines to get the full significance of its content. It set forth briefly, concretely, and explicitly her reasons for leaving. Life without her former friend was intolerable, and she did not propose to attempt it any longer.

He knew there were such persons in the world, but what he wanted to know from me was, Could they not, if properly and prudenty handled, be brought to feel and love like those the world calls normal? Was it not possible that her conduct and confession were the result of a temporary derangement and that indulgent handling of her would make her see things in the right life? She had not alienated his love even though she had forfeited his respect; and he did not attempt to conceal from me that if the tangle could not be straightened out he would feel that his life had been a failure.

I told him the truth about this enigmatic gesture of nature, that the victims of this strange abnormality are often of great brilliancy and charm, and most companionable; but that it is not a disease and, therefore, cannot be cured.

In this instance, basing my opinion upon what his wife had told him both in speech and in writing, I was

bound to believe that she was one of the strange sisterhood, and that it was her birthright as well as her misfortune. Such being the case, I could only advise what I thought might be best for their mutual and individual happiness. I suggested that divorce offered the safest way out for both. He replied that he felt competent to decide that for himself; all that he sought from me was enlightenment about her unnatural infatuation. This I had only too frankly given him.

Two days later his body with a pistol wound in the right temple was found in a field above Weehawken.

That day I regretted that I had not lied to him. It is a day that has had frequent anniversaries.

# XIII

## REFLECTIONS ON MENTAL HYGIENE AND THE UP-BRINGING OF CHILDREN

ONCE upon a time the word hygiene conveyed as little meaning to the person who heard or saw it as the word paranoia does to-day. He knew it had to do with health, just as he knows paranoia has something to do with the mind. To-day practically everyone knows that hygiene is that department of knowledge which is concerned with the maintenance of health. But when we say "health" we invariably mean bodily health. Although no one now believes that insanity is the disturbance that results from the advent and activity of a demon within the mind, it is not yet considered a manifestation of ill health as typhoid fever or gout is.

The rules of health that have been formulated are as explicit and mandatory as the commandments of Moses but they are concerned only with the health of the body, with its fueling, running, upkeep, and repairs. Psychiatry, which means that branch of medicine which treats of diseases of the mind neither deprecates nor underestimates the importance, of bodily health. It insists that bodily health without mental health is useless. Formerly it was held that if the body were healthy the mind would be. It was an assumption without foundation in fact. The body and mind are often ill simultaneously but frequently the body is ill alone, and *vice versa*. To-day we have a different concep-

tion of mental disorders and a more comprehensive understanding of it than when an adage was made of Juvenal's *Mens sana in corpore sano*. We know now that all mental disorder is (a) expression of failure on the part of the individual to adapt and adjust himself to the exigencies of life, (b) reaction of the tissues of the body to poisons, exhaustions, and infections, (c) manifestation of structural changes in the substance of the brain due to injury to or encroachment upon it, or to normal process of decay occurring at abnormal time, (d) something which we must still call an inheritance, meaning thereby a germinal predisposition to mental disequilibrium.

One of the easiest things to be dogmatic and at the same time ridiculous about is the relative importance of heredity and environment in the causation of mental disease. Physicians whose work is chiefly with the mentally disequilibrated recognize daily that the majority of their patients have had mentally disordered forebears. Therefore they proclaim the importance of psychopathic antecedents as a causation of insanity. On the other hand, physicians whose work is chiefly with children and who see the beneficial and the baneful effects of environment deny the importance of heredity and vaunt the superiority of surrounding and upbringing. They are both in error but the pediatrist is more deeply submerged in it than the psychiatrist. The latter recognizes that obedience, self-denial, and recognition of authority are indispensable for the development of stable personality and for the assurance of happiness, and insofar as these are provided by environment it becomes of prime importance. He also realizes that environment can do much to correct and

to compensate the deficiencies imposed by heredity, but these admissions do not blind him to the fact that it is a safe insurance against mental ill-health to be blessed with parents and forebears free from those diseases now called the neuro-psychoses and from insanity.

He does not, however, take sufficient cognizance of the fact that the majority of those who are considered normal mentally may have a close relative, antecedent or collateral afflicted with some variety of nervous or mental disease. Most of them do not know it, and therefore it does not interfere with their happiness. Those who do know it deny it to others but admit it to themselves; they live in a state of chronic apprehension. Scarcely anyone feels humilated by the admission that he has had near relatives who suffered and died from diseases traceable to stupidity, ignorance, and neglect, but practically everyone looks upon the occurrence of insanity in the family as a bar sinister. It is not bad form to admit that an aunt died of cancer or tuberculosis, but if the admission is dragged from you that an uncle had alternate attacks of excitment and depression and that during the severest of them he was taken to a hospital for the insane, it is good form to lower the eyes and droop the head. Many have said, "It is no disgrace to have insanity in your family," but few have believed it. And until we are more successful in preventing mental disorder than we are to-day, and in shaping its course when it does occur, it will probably continue to be looked upon as calamity and dishonour. Parents with blood relatives afflicted with mental disease have a more serious obligation to their children than those without. Their obligation to themselves is to

purge their minds of fear, lest they develop mental illness, and to avoid the things that are known to precipitate mental disorder.

Every disorder of the mind save those due to infection and injury of the brain can be traced back to the pre-school age and the late childhood of the individual. Heredity furnishes the soil which environment fertilizes to productivity. The most potent fertilizers are bad habits, personality peculiarities and defects, delinquent trends, and everything that demotes bodily health. The designation "bad habits" is no longer synonymous with masturbation. It includes ways of thinking as well as acting. Everything that goes to make up the tyrannical man of Plato is material from which bad habits are made. Teachers and parents would do well to assimilate the marvellous chapter of *The Republic* which has had a strange re-birth in Freudianism. It is difficult to make the average parent realize that his child should be submitted to the rigours of discipline before it gathers reason or understanding, and as there are ways of solving the immediate problems that demand less head, heart, and time than discipline does it is usually substituted or delayed.

We must look to the schools to disseminate and enforce the principles of mental hygiene, but before they can accomplish much they will have to devise a method of suiting instruction to the individual rather than to the class, that is the arbitrary method of grouping now employed. It is easy enough to say this but it is going to be very difficult to effect the change in the public schools. Ungraded classes do not even approximate the beginning of a solution.

The laity has mistaken notions about the trans-

missability of insanity which novelists and dramatists nourish. What the laity should know is that there is such a thing as germinal predisposition to insanity and that mental diseases converge in one family and diverge in another. Family predisposition is unquestionably one of the most important determinants for the development of mental disease, but to contend, as Mr. Eugene O'Neill has recently done in *Strange Interlude*, that the predisposition will find expression in disease in generation after generation is not only beyond fact but it should be beyond fancy. Because one has had an insane mother, uncle, or first cousin, it does not follow that on a certain day he will lose his mental balance, or that he cannot contend with the ups and downs of life as safely and successfully as one whose forebears were sane. One often hears it said that it is dangerous to marry into a family in which insanity has occurred. It may be, but it is not nearly so hazardous as to marry into a family that is petering out. If the motive of marriage is parenthood, the chances are greater that the individual who marries into the family which has revealed psychopathy will procreate acceptable children than the one who marries into the family that is dwindling and becoming sterile.

In his efforts to adjust himself to his surroundings, man sometimes loses his mental equilibrium. The better equipped he is by inheritance and the better prepared he is by example, education, and exhortation to overcome the barriers his environment presents, the less chance there is that he will go crazy. Environment is multiform, and science and civilization constantly make it more so. That is why insanity has kept pace with the complexity of life which enlightenment and

prosperity have increased. It remains to be seen whether what we call enlightenment is not still so contaminated with ignorance that it is responsible for what seems to be a paradox.

We know better than our forebears did how to keep well bodily. The question is, Can we stem the tide of insanity by learning how to keep well mentally? There is reason to believe that it can be accomplished. The surest way of preventing disease or disorder is to discover its cause, and either eliminate it or prevent contact with it. Man has a weakness for or is beholden to many of the agencies that contribute to the production of mental disorder. Alcohol, for instance. We know that at least one quarter of all the insane have been addicted to the intemperate use of alcoholics, but we do not know that were man and alcohol kept from contact that insanity would be diminished 25 per cent. It is more than probable that alcohol, used with discretion, keeps many persons sane, aids them to adjust themselves to their environment and to solve the problems that life submits to them. Therefore it follows that insanity might increase rather than diminish, were the law of this country enforced.

There is one variety of insanity and probably more that is caused solely by syphilis. We can confidently look forward to the prevention of general paresis if we are able to get the infected individual and the doctor to work upon the case early and to keep at it late.

When physicians, parents, and patients realize that every disease displayed in the body may predispose to disease of the mind, even precipitate it, either by causing structural alteration of the brain or in some unknown way disordering its mechanisms, we shall have

made a long stride forward in the prevention of mental diseases. At present warnings of the possible danger to mental health of such trifling illnesses as measles, whooping cough, grippe, and symptoms resulting from disorder of the ductless glands fall on deaf ears. But the day will come when such ears will be receptive. There is a definite relationship likewise between structural alteration of the blood vessels incident to disease of the kidneys, heart, and other internal organs of the body and disorder of the mind, which must be recognized by the general practitioner if we are to be successful in stemming the tide of insanity. And there is a closer relationship still between the constitution of the blood and mental disturbance. Every case of serious alteration of the blood stream is a potential psychopath.

Occupation and drug addiction once stood in close relation to insanity, but now hygiene and law have largely destroyed the relationship, just as enlightenment and attention have decimated the insanities that had their origin in childbirth. It need scarcely be said that anything that injures the brain, be it blow, fall, or disease, may be the immediate cause of mental disorder or may lay the foundation for its display later. The pattern of many a case of psychic disorder in adult life is determined by slight inflammation of the substance or covering of the brain during or following some acute disease in which the mental symptoms were so transitory or trifling that they were either not recognized or thought of no importance.

Every illness of the body is a potential illness of the mind.

Once it was widely held that insanity was caused by excessive natural and unnatural sex indulgence. Though

we have known better for a long time, we have not been able to persuade the laity to share our enlightenment. They will have it that masturbation is a competent and a common cause of insanity, and by implanting the delusion in their own young and those of others they furnish them the material of conflicts from which flows disturbed peace of mind, amounting at times to in-insanity.

Masturbation is not a cause of insanity. Insanity is a cause of masturbation. Whatever the psychopath does, he does intemperately.

Sex repression has replaced sex expression as a popular cause of mental disorder. Environment is replacing heredity. We shall be fortunate if, in our determination to deny, we still preserve the capacity to make some admissions. Heredity plays an important rôle in the causation of insanity, while the reproductive act and its substitutes a minor one.

It is widely held that physicians know more about sex than other instructed men. Why should they? There is nothing in their training that entitles them to pose as experts; there is nothing in their experience that entitles them to authority. What their experience teaches them is that misinformation about sex causes nervous and mental disease. Continence may be contributory to mental health for some, for others it may contribute to mental imbalance. Indulgence, with healthy individuals does not lead to disease, with unhealthy individuals it does. Unnatural indulgence injures self-respect and self-respect is essential to healthy mentality. An automobile driven at top speed over a rough road wears out more quickly and smashes more easily than one driven at moderate speed over a smooth

road. Reckless drivers have more accidents than prudent ones. I have few more pathetic cases than those of educated men who attribute their symptoms to "youthful error" a half century back.

The way to secure sanity from the perils of sex is to tell children the truth about it. When should it be told? When are told all the fundamental facts of life. When do we begin to tell them the things we believe but which are beyond proof? Almost from their infancy. And we continue telling them until they reach the age of reason. It is nearly impossible to begin too early. What shall we tell them? What we know, and if we are ignorant we should get information from the biologist and psychologist, not from the physician and clergyman. The latter are concerned with the health of the individual here and his welfare hereafter and the sex question does not enter those fields.

Sanity is a matter of personality, character, and conduct. Everything that obstructs and encroaches upon them tends to cause insanity. Gradually, it is becoming more widely accepted that character and conduct are determined, as Freud and the psychoanalysts maintain, by the child's instinctive tendencies, and that between the latter and society, ethics, convention, and tradition there often develops conflict leading to repression and the formation of complexes whose activity disorders the mind.

Psychiatrists by and large do not admit that they are followers of Freud, but in my contact with them I detect their discipleship in their conversation about the subject of their investigation, in their interpretation of the phenomena of mental disease, and in their determination to direct the patient to recovery. One can see and testify

the merits of the Jewish or Roman Catholic faith without subscribing to either, and one may avail himself of help to conduct his life from the teachings of Mohammedanism without enrolling beneath its banner.

Freud maintains that the sex instinct is the ultimate basis of every impulse, energy, motive. Character for him is a mosaic of sublimated sex impulses, sublimation being the capacity to exchange an aim which was originally sexual for another which is no longer sexual though it is psychically related. Sex longing is man's fundamental drive. Social traditions and ideals of society demand that he curb and camouflage it. To do so sometimes drives him crazy; at other times it makes him lie, steal, forge, or have fits, and the procedure by which this is accomplished is called conversion.

Had Freud defined more specifically what he means by "sexual" he would have had fewer brickbats to dodge. For him, it means not only what is commonly meant by it, but includes also sympathy, friendships, affection, envy, jealousy, cruelty, comradeship, inquisitiveness, and other emotions.

That which is called the Freudian hypothesis has not been widely accepted but psychiatrists and pedagogues are finding that it throws a brighter light on their path and gives them more help in solving their problems than anything propounded heretofore. Neurologists are likewise coming more and more to believe that complexes operating in the part of the mind called unconscious, a part that is assumed to exist but of which there is no proof, and which is explorable chiefly by dreams, slips of tongue and pen, and purposeless conduct, underlie the majority of the neuro-psychoses. There are certain features of Freud's libido theory, such

as the Oedipus complex, the kernel of the neuroses, according to him, which they cannot accept. Nor is it necessary to accept them.

Many do not realize that much of what passes for Freudian doctrine to-day has been contributed by Jung and by Adler. The former has suggested that the psychoanalytic theory should be liberated from its purely sexual dependency. All psychological phenomena should be looked upon as manifestations of energy, just as physical phenomena have been considered energic manifestations since the time when the law of the conservation of energy was discovered. The term "libido" has a wider connotation for Jung than for Freud. All the instincts taken together constitute the libido and human behaviour is an expression of this psychic urge. If the libido lacks an outlet, or meets an obstacle it cannot overcome, it turns back to an infantile attitude toward life, and if it is unable to adapt itself to its ever-changing environment, it seeks shelter behind a neurosis. For Jung, every new step in life means a new adjustment of the libido. "The object of psychoanalysis," he says, "has been wrongly understood to mean the renunciation of gratification of the ordinary sexual wish; in reality, the problem is one of sublimation of the infantile personality or, expressed mythologically, the sacrifice and re-birth of the hero." This conception is far more acceptable to the majority of thinking people than Freud's theory, and particularly it must be acceptable to educators, for it holds that children not only need sex instruction but encouragement to adapt themselves to the world outside their own homes, and to be shown how to do so.

It is the child's early feeling of inferiority that fetters and lames him, according to Adler, who maintains

that the instinct of self-preservation is even more fundamental than the sex instinct. If the child is abnormal in size or has a subnormal organ, if he has a pug nose, freckles, or flat feet, his ego instinct is thwarted. Inferiority feeling accentuates the danger instinct, fear follows and then repression. Organ inferiority is the material from which conflict is fabricated. Nervous disorder, character defect, personality twists result from over-development of self-assertiveness. The child tries to overcome inferiority feeling by compensation through achievement. When it does not succeed, compensation is found in the line of regression, parent of misconduct and crime, or in the line of repression, parent of the neuroses.

The character traits that develop in the attempt to compensate inferiority are beyond enumeration. This theory explains the kicker, the grumbler, the grouch, the snob, the dodger, and the coward. In fact, it explains all mankind save the humble. Its dissemination and acceptance by the English-speaking world were due largely to Dr. W. H. R. Rivers, who pointed out that the war neuroses flowed from the conflict between the instinct of danger with its accompaniment of fear and the convention that fear is disgraceful.

Psychoanalysis of whatever stripe or complexion has united to demonstrate that fear is the foe of sanity, therefore the ally of insanity.

Dr. John B. Watson, who sponsors a special brand of pyschology called "behaviourism," maintains that the whole concept of instinct is academic and meaningless. Everything that we have called instinct is a result of training—belongs to man's learned behaviour. Habit formation starts in all probability in embryonic life,

and even in the human young environment shapes behaviour so quickly that all the older ideas about what types of behaviour are inherited and what are learned break down. He thinks psychoanalysis is based largely upon religion, introspection, psychology, and voodooism and is slowly being replaced by his own conception. For him, behaviouristic formulations and methods can account adequately for all psychological problems. He has been presenting and advocating his theory for sixteen years and each year has become more confident that he is right.

He maintains that physicians know little of behaviourism. They know enough about it to realize that all his claims for it are not consonant with fact. If the knowledge which physicians have of behaviourism were as meagre as that which Dr. Watson displays in his writings of psychopathology, it might be justifiable for him to take the tutorial and magisterial attitude toward them that he does. He has taken a fundamental psychological principle established by a Russian physician Pawlow, to which the name "conditioned reflex" is given, and applied it to human activity. (When a dog sees meat its mouth fills with saliva. That is a reflex. If a bell is heard at the same moment that the meat is seen, and the procedure is repeated many times, eventually the sound of the bell alone will cause the rush of saliva. That is a conditioned reflex.) Dr. Watson has come to certain conclusions about human adjustments. Neither physician nor psychologist denies the reality or verity of some of them, nor has the former failed to utilize them, especially the pediatrist who can use them more effectively than others.

Their partial acceptance of the theory, however, does

not seem to them sufficient warrant for discarding all that is known of instinct, or of disregarding such evidence of instructive reaction as that furnished by some recent experiments of Dr. Charles R. Stockard. He crossed a Belgian wolf bitch and a basset hound. The offspring had some features of both parents, the long head and long tail of the police dog, the short, crooked legs of the basset hound. They were reared by the police dog mother, but the first day they were set on the trail of game, their noses dropped to the ground and off they went baying as they ran. It would be difficult to find even the pattern of a conditioned reflex in that.

When Lord Curzon was a young man, he wrote a book on Persia. A reviewer said of it, "Mr. Curzon seems to be under the impression that he has discovered Persia and that, having discovered it, he now in some mysterious way owns it." Dr. Watson admits he discovered behaviourism and his writings indicate that he believes he owns it. He says he once hoped to live long enough to train a man thoroughly in behaviourism before he went into medicine. I hope to live long enough to see all men who go into psychology trained in logic and disciplined in toleration.

It is not only untrue but absurd to claim that physicians concerned with nervous and mental disease fail to orient themselves chiefly by study of the patient's personality or that they do not recognize that many of our beliefs, attitudes, habits, prejudices, motivations are of the same cloth as mental disorder, only of a quieter pattern. It is equally untrue and absurd to suggest that they do not realize that the problem of mental hygiene is to excite human beings from the day of their birth, by word, example, or deed, to bodily and mental reac-

tions which, repeated, build a foundation and form habits whose display will testify a well-balanced personality.

The mental hygienist is striving to do for the child's mind things similar to what is done for its body which, if left undone, would earn for us the charges of barbarism. Children's digestions are regulated, their metabolism studied, their adenoids removed, their tonsils investigated, their ocular deficiencies compensated, their teeth examined, their spines straightened, and it is all considered part of the day's work; but their night terrors and day explosions, their tantrums and fears, their inferiorities and arrogancies, their cruelties and selfishnesses, their jealousies and covetousnesses which have their origin in complex emotional factors, in improper training and inadequate discipline, are left to fend for themselves or to the resources of ignorant nurses.

The charge has been brought against mental hygiene that it is indefinite and unspecific; that the rules of bodily hygiene are not only specific but subject to little change, that those formulated by the school of Salernum in mediæval times are with a few additions those in use to-day. The charge is admitted. We have been long familiar with man's body and with the things that make for its preservation and its destruction. The knowledge we have had of his mind has been proved, in part at least, erroneous. We shall soon have fuller and more reliable information concerning it. Eventually, we may hope to know as much and as accurately about it as we do about the body. When we do, we shall be able to formulate commandments which, if followed, will insure mental health.

It has been said that much neuro-mental disorder flows from inability to adjust oneself to life. But what is life? Is it the same to-day, and will it be the same to-morrow as it was yesterday? Is it the same in Patagonia as in Paterson, in Moscow as in Boston? If we may judge by the change that has taken place in the past two generations, it will be very different in 1978 from what it is to-day. The individuals who will appear on the scene between now and then will have to adjust themselves to its gifts and exactions, and doubtless many of them will seek to appropriate the one and avoid the other and thus lose their mental equilibrium. Apparently rules for safe conduct of an airplane across the Atlantic cannot be formulated until physicists and meteorologists provide more information. The mechanism of flight has been perfected but the other things that will insure safety—the location of radio beacons, adequate landing stations properly lighted, the plotting in mid-air of atmospheric conditions wirelessed from land or sea—await development. In the same way we must familiarize ourselves with the conditions that have wrecked the ship of the mind and take precaution that it shall not encounter them in the future or, if it does, shall smash and surmount them. The people of this country are confronted to-day with a problem which they neither recognize nor admit: How to cope with enormous widely diffused material prosperity, and how to handle its entailments. As much character is needed to manage prosperity as to confront adversity. The reply of the unthinking and the smart aleck is, "I'll take my chances with prosperity." But money brings two of the most difficult things in the world to handle: power and privilege. Everyone admits that discipline and

training are essential if they are to be handled with any great success.

The alarming increase of mental disorder in this country is a result of our wealth and our determination to order our lives by law. Enlightenment is the only thing that will counteract it. How to get such enlightenment is the question. Our present educational system does not give it and the Church has no longer the ear of the public. Money properly spent might do it. Were the Rockefeller Foundation persuaded to shift its expenditures from man's bodily to his spiritual health for the next generation it would be wisely advised. A calamity may be necessary to make us aware of our peril.

Fear of God may be the beginning of wisdom, but fear of the world is the beginning of unhappiness, incompetency, bigotry, narrow-mindedness, eccentricity, shallowness, and fatuity.

There are as many varieties of fear as there are of real and imaginary things. The foundation of them all is laid in infancy and early childhood. So long as fear continues to be used as a disciplinary and informative measure we shall not be able to make headway against it as a deforming, crippling agency of the spirit. We hear it said that certain fears are wholesome: fear of fire, of reptiles, of poisonous shrubs and fungi, of fly and mosquito, of firearms and sharp knives, of disease and public opinion. We really mean that enlightenment about these things makes for safety and welfare. There is a better way to get such information than to be burned, bitten by a snake, or suffer a dermatitis from poison ivy. One does not have to be knocked down by an automobile to learn how to cross streets prudently, nor does he have to be shot to find out the revolver was loaded. There are safer ways to

learn about the destructiveness of illuminating gas than to blow it out and lie down to sleep. But how can one teach a child whose mind is not yet even a pattern that contact with certain things is injurious and dangerous? In the same way as it is taught to do anything, whether it be "Patty-cake, patty-cake . . ." to sit on a pot, or to say "bye-bye."

From experiment and observation, Dr. Watson has shown that there are two things that cause fear reaction in young babies: loud noises and suddenly disturbed support or balance. He believes that many of the fears of child and adult life are the co-associates of these primal fears, conditioned fears, he calls them; that is, when the child sees a dog, for instance and hears a loud noise simultaneously, it will be afraid of a dog even when he appears without the noise. He offers sufficient evidence to warrant parents in taking the greatest pains that their infants be safeguarded from these primordial fears. He does not suggest that babies should be brought up in soundproof rooms, that pianos be scrapped, steel construction abandoned, or dogs tabooed. He advises that parents do the best they can to lessen the possibility of loud, sudden sounds occurring in the house, that they control their tempers and use their intelligence. His observations on what are called negative or withdrawal reactions of infants (pulling away from a hurt), which he maintains are all home-made, are highly suggestive. He thinks the potentiality of injury in the parental "don't" is largely bound up with the noise made in uttering it, and with the hurt that it causes.

One of the most difficult things for the intelligent parent to decide, determined as he is to bring up his child in the way that will best facilitate the develop-

ment of a wholesome, equilibrated personality, is how to "break" him so that when he becomes sentient he will conform to convention, subscribe to ethics, support government, and at the same time be wholesome, healthy, and happy. Experts tell parents to praise instead of punish, to encourage instead of forbid, to urge instead of inhibit, and when he puts these theories into practice he finds the accessible china, glassware, and bric-à-brac smashed, the domestic animals tortured or maimed, portable property stolen, destroyed, or eaten, the character of the members of the household assailed, while the little individual himself is given over to sloth, filth, anger, or lust, has burned the house, fallen from a tree, or dropped his little sister into the well. So the parent picks up the pieces, calls an ambulance, renovates the house, thrashes the child, and goes back to the old way of bringing up children which has thrust inferiority, hypocrisy, bigotry, inefficiency, and infantilism upon so many of us.

I am not writing on how to rear children generally, but on how to insure their freedom from nervous and mental disease when they shall have ceased to be children. We must build their minds as we now build their bodies, fortifying inferior materials, supplying new ones if possible, and never making use of anything but the best; and we must build on a secure foundation.

The time to begin training a child is the day it is born. Training should be kept up constantly, day and night, for ten years. After that it does not matter. The first five are the important ones. A human being never grows out of anything; it grows *into* things during the years of growth. After those years have been lived one may decorate, but building is no longer possible.

"What shall I do when my child gets naughty?"

"Discipline and punishment are not synonymous. Don't get angry, don't hurt it with blow or word. Deprive it of something it likes, prevent it from doing something it is keen to do, make it do something it does not like to do, and reason with it."

From birth to death our single problem is to adjust ourselves to the requirements of environment, what is called facing life. Life consists of one long struggle to transform ourselves from monsters of selfishness to prodigies of altruism. There are many varieties of original sin; to be born with the conviction that we are monarch of all we survey is one of them. During the first months of life we are treated conformably with that conviction. As time deprives us of helplessness, it takes our kingdom from us; soon there comes a day when all is changed. We are neither despot nor dictator, we are subject and suppliant. We are told that if we do not conform to what seems to us artificiality and error, we shall be punished. We do not believe it and comport ourselves accordingly, and then the punishment comes. From that time on, we do under cover what it has been found unsafe to do in the open and are fearful lest we be detected. Thus arises the first great conflict. It is one of our hardest lessons, that self-gratification imposes consideration of others.

If, however, we hold with Freud that fear is a by-product of the libido, the task is much harder. If we accept the theory of Rivers and Stekel, namely, that fear has its origin in unsolved conflict, then the problem is how to teach and induce the child to adapt himself to his environment and obligation. Even though we have no organ inferiority there is abundant material

for conflict between desire and prohibition, piety and sin, primitive and civilized, sex and taboo.

Aside from realization of the unfairness of seeking fulfillment of desire at the expense of others, and the necessity of giving homage in order to receive it, the most vital thing for the individual wishing to attain sanity and self-realization is that he form good habits of doing and thinking.

There is much agreement as to what constitutes bodily bad habits and they are universally recognized. At least two of the seven deadly sins are vicious habits of the body, and vicarious sex satisfaction will never cease to be a subject for preachments; the greatest care and pains are taken to prevent and eradicate them. But there is no agreement about mental bad habits, such as daydreaming, dawdling, procrastinating, evading, nor any general recognition that they and envy, jealousy, vindictiveness are the material from which mental disease is wrought, and very little effort is made to prevent them or to cure them when they are curable.

How can such habits be avoided or overcome? In the same way as any other habit is prevented or broken. The behaviourist will say they should be deconditioned and re-conditioned; the disciplinarian, that they should be reformed, but the intelligent parent knows that he need only use common sense and his own experience. There is no hard or fast rule that is applicable; the procedure varies with the individual. It is only the fundamental principle which is constant: enlightenment is the implacable enemy of evil. But you cannot hand it to a child as you would an orange, for time plays a great part in its effect.

The fundamental mistake that parents make with

children is that they do not recognize that they are potentially and actually individuals. They think of them as part of themselves and act accordingly. All human beings need some degree of solitude and they should start getting it from the day they are born. Proportionally with the realization of self, the need for privacy increases.

The hardest thing for parents to learn is to leave the child alone. They must be forever tending it, amusing it, fondling it. It is left to itself only while it sleeps and not always even then. "But, if we leave Clayton alone, he plays with the matches, eats the soap, climbs the stepladder, and attacks the piano with a hammer." The answer is, "Give him the sort of a room that is provided maniacs, and remove padding gradually as he acquires sense and understanding from observation and imitation, suggestion and training."

The number of children who, given a fair amount of freedom, injure themselves bodily is small indeed, compared to the number injured spiritually by curtailment of comparatively free activity. It is not unlikely that the reason why more Lincolns and Whitmans, Napoleons and Mussolinis, Fords and Edisons, Wrights and Lindberghs come from the lower and middle classes than from the higher is that they were not subject to the inhibitions and restrictions placed upon children of the upper classes, and they had the good fortune of having mothers who, though obliged to fend for them, did not call to their aid threats, curses, and kicks.

Naturally, children have to be cared for, but they do not have to be treated like hothouse plants or handled like eggs. Every fall does not kill and every sore throat is not diphtheria, and the child who sees solicitude trans-

muted into panic every time he is ill is likely to become so habituated to the condition that he convinces himself he cannot get on without it, and loses all perspective of himself. I recently had lunch with educated parents and their two children, aged twelve and ten. After the children had eaten an amount of beefsteak that would have satiated Gargantua, they were bribed to eat "just a little more." Food appropriate in nature and amount should be put before a child and he should be taught how to get it to his mouth and what to do with it when there. Should he leave it, both he and it should go unnoticed, but he should be given special attention when he clamours for food an hour or two later and it is not food-time. If more attention were given to what comes out of the body and less to what goes into it, there would be fewer invalids and hypochondriacs.

It will be said that children are given far more freedom in this country than in any other, and that the doctrine of "free activity" has contributed to their reputation for pertness and irreverence. They must be given more licence in this country, otherwise our industrialized civilization would make mental robots of them. Although we have for a long time recognized that activity is one of the most important elements in life and that children should not be fettered, and although many have busied themselves to spread information on this point, by tongue and pen, public education still receives it with blinded eyes and deaf ears. Children learn chiefly from imitation, not from admonition. They must be brought into contact with people, and the only ones who will suffer them, save at intervals, without pay are parents. Hence the importance of parental conduct. Children are born detectives and natural dissimulators.

They observe, reflect, and act upon information furnished them by their environment, especially by their parents, without discrimination. They have more means of getting their own way than a porcupine has quills, and they have greater dislike of responsibility than a hobo has of soap. Like chauffeurs, they almost invariably want to go the wrong way and they resent instruction unless it is given most tactfully.

The up-bringing of children so that they will be healthy and sane is a problem that can never be solved satisfactorily save in theory. In practice we must be content with approximation to perfection. Children differ and civilization changes. There are no rules that apply to all children and the environment of to-day is not what it will be to-morrow. There are few ideal children save our own. There is no ideal environment, and if there were it would be difficult to persuade anyone to live in it. The best that can be hoped is that, by utilizing the experience of others and our own intelligence and by practising self-renunciation, we may influence the former and shape the latter.

Parents and society insist that the child shall learn certain commandments and more or less conform to their teachings. Now that children are insisting upon their rights and getting them, especially in this country where the family's very scheme of living is built around them, they should say to parents:

"I am thy child whom thou hast brought without my consent into a world of natural harmony and artificial discord and put into a house of bondage. It is thy bounden duty to help me release myself, to start me on the street called Straight, and to see to it that I acquire the courage and health to make the journey of life; to

teach me to know myself that I may know others, to respect myself that I may respect others, to understand myself that I may love others, to restrain myself that I may help others restrain themselves," and they should exact conformation to these rules:

I Thou shalt have other interests outside of me, lavish neither adoration nor idolatry upon me, nor exact them from me.

II Thou shalt make other images of thyself so that I may cast the fetter of selfishness, and by learning early the value of concession, may participate in the social scheme of my world.

III Thou shalt remember that the iniquities of fathers are visited upon the children, hence initiate heredity and create environment that will make for my own efficiency and self-realization and for the welfare of my brothers.

IV Thou shalt love me if I am lovable, punish me if I am at fault, care for me in illness, solace me in distress, orient me in error, but allow me to make my own peace and order my own life, in the light of reason.

V Thou shalt not lie to me, neither shalt thou bear false witness by presenting to me as truth in the days of my undiscernment statement that thou knowest is at variance with fact, and above all, thou shalt tell me why I should resist temptation and what the rewards of resistance are.

VI Thou shalt not close my mind nor fetter my feet save as it is essential for my safety.

VII Thou shalt never punish in anger nor use threats, fear, and coercion as a means of correction. What thou sayest thou wilt do, that do; what thou wilt do, do after deliberation, not on impulse. Revenge is sweet, but remembrance of it is bitter.

VIII Thou shalt not kill me with over-solicitude nor unfit me for the world of which I am to be a militant member by trying to adapt it to my pleasure; rather shalt thou prepare me mentally, physically, and emotionally to face it and meet

its demands. Remember my affect as well as my intellect; nurture my eudæmonism and starve my egotism.

IX Thou shalt not forget that, though my mind and body are the instrument upon which the tune of life is played, I have a soul and that the welfare of the former should not be obtained at the expense of the latter.

X Thou shalt not steal my personality in an effort to make it a likeness of thine own; rather shalt thou allow it to develop in harmony with my nature and in keeping with my individuality. Honour thy child by treating him as a potential and actual individual; be friend as well as parent, companion as well as counsellor, but be neither slave nor master, neither dictator nor worshipper.

Their clamour to parents should be, "Teach me, only teach me as I ought; I will speak thy speech, think thy thought."

THE END

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